May 26, 1934

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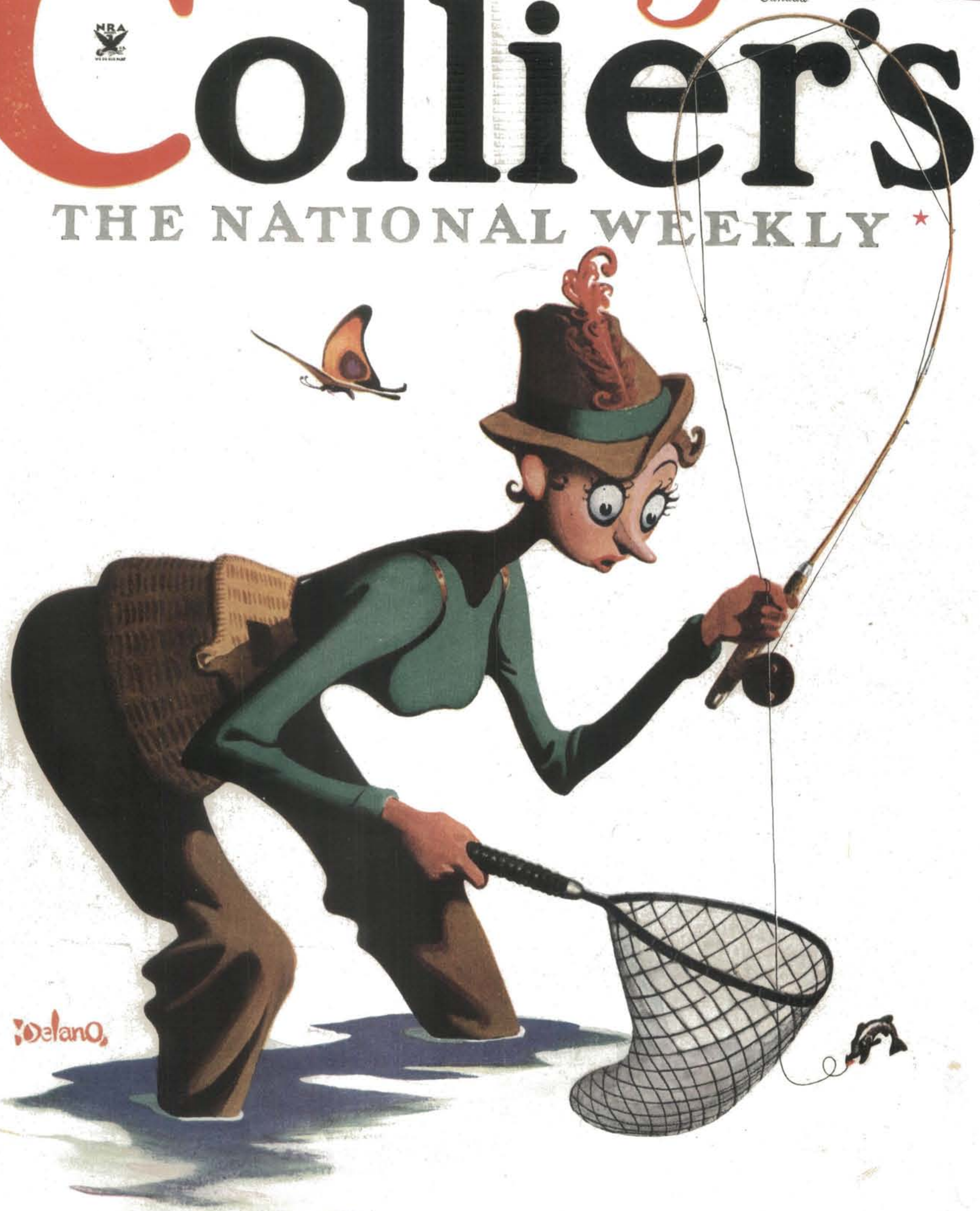
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★



The Girl who Bet

a short story by

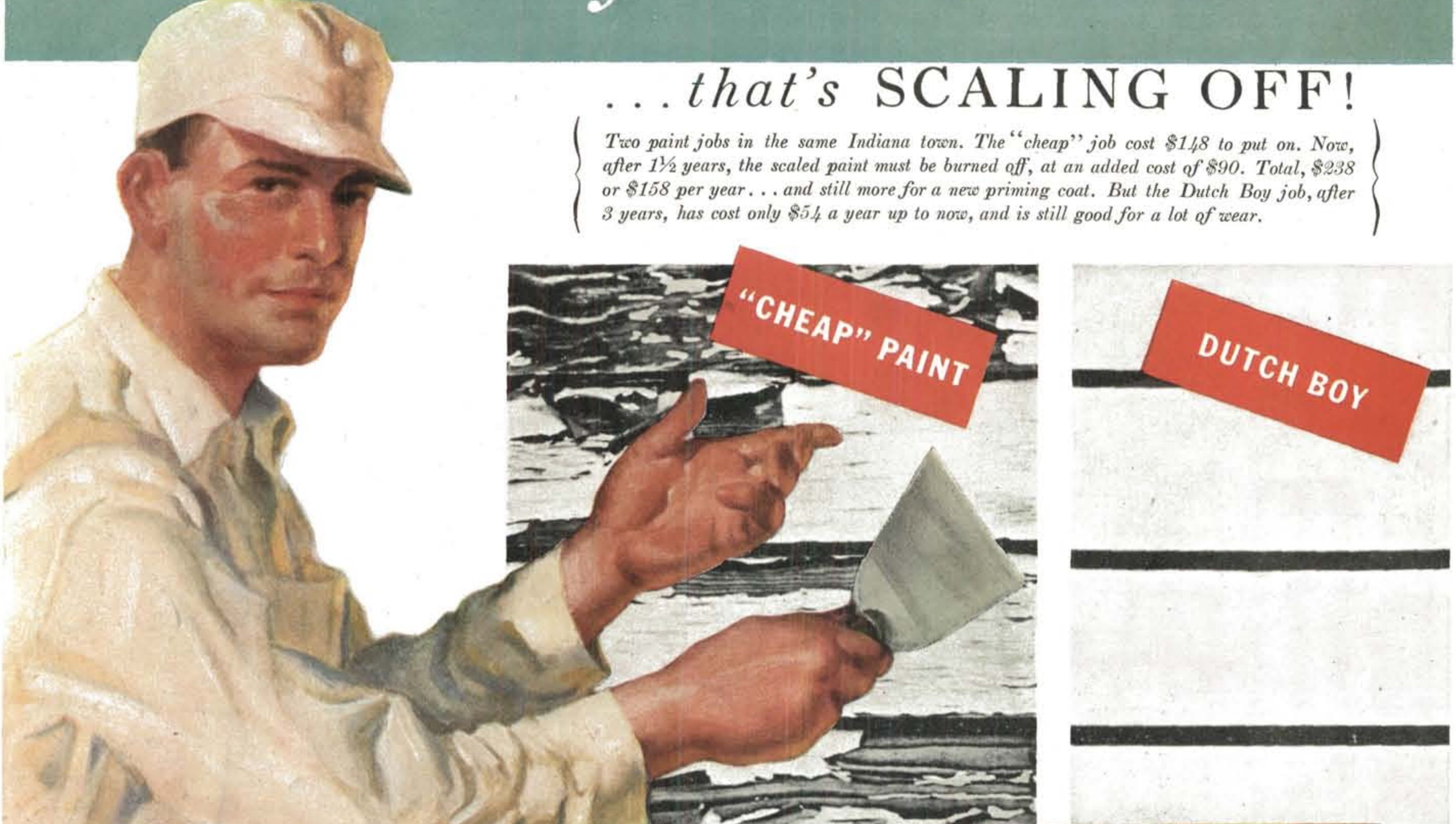
George Agnew Chamberlain

MAY 26, 1934

It's Somebody's MONEY...

...*that's* SCALING OFF!

Two paint jobs in the same Indiana town. The "cheap" job cost $148 to put on. Now, after 1½ years, the scaled paint must be burned off, at an added cost of $90. Total, $238 or $158 per year... and still more for a new priming coat. But the Dutch Boy job, after 3 years, has cost only $54 a year up to now, and is still good for a lot of wear.



"JUST look at that paint.

"Maybe I shouldn't say 'paint'; maybe a better name for it is 'remains'... it's now such a *dead loss*.

"And yet I run up against jobs like this time and time again. I dread them, too. For I'm the one who has to break the bad news to the owner. I'm the one who has to point out the mistake he made... how he now has to *un*paint before he can *re*paint.

"This owner, for instance. He faces a bill for $90 to take off what's left of his 'cheap' paint that he paid $148 to have put on. And after it's off he'll have to pay for a new priming coat... still more bad news!

"Now take a look at the Dutch Boy job. There's no money scaling off of that!"

* * *

Dutch Boy White-Lead does not crack and scale. Instead it *resists* the weather. And wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking, which leaves a perfect surface for new paint. When you use Dutch Boy, no burning and scraping are needed at repaint time. And there will be no need for a new priming coat.

Don't risk *your* "money's scaling off". When *your* house needs repainting...see a Dutch Boy painter. He mixes Dutch Boy to meet the requirements of your job and tints his paint to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

The booklet below was written to help people get better paint jobs. Tells how to pick a good painter. Shows how to save money and get long-time protection of your property. Send for "The House We Live In" today. Address nearest branch.

Dutch Boy does not crack and scale... it resists the weather.

"Save the surface and you save all"

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 4th Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

HOUSE WE LIVE IN

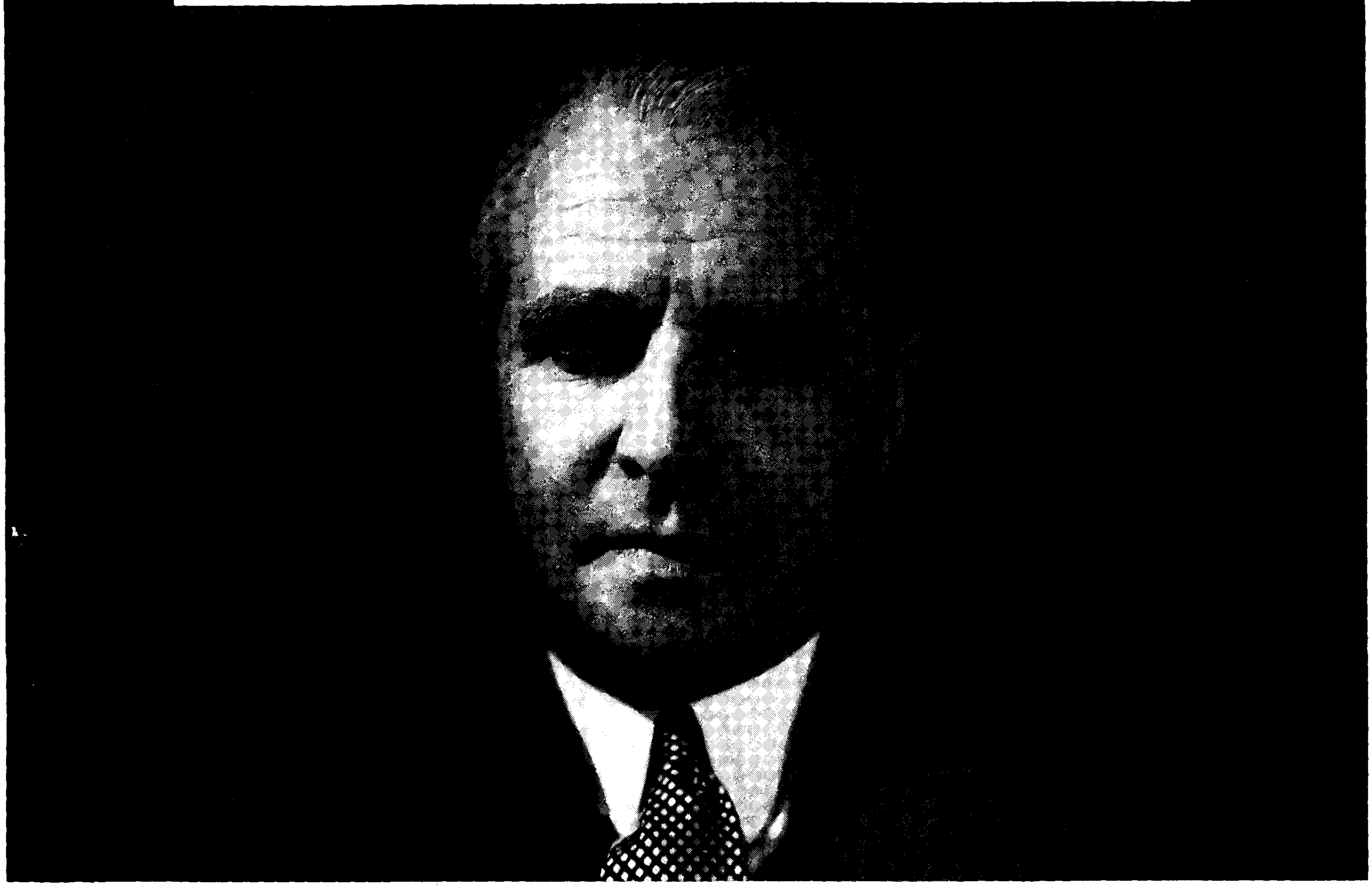
"The House We Live In" covers details you don't want to overlook when you're planning to paint. (Just one example: how neighboring houses affect the color of yours.) Includes every point you ought to discuss with your painter. Send for it. It's free. Address Dept. 109, nearest branch.

DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

Good Paint's Other Name

NRA

"Boss"—to 40,000 Men but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the Same!



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" BEGAN IT—

"Pink tooth brush" is a threatening condition of the gums which should be dealt with at once. Use Ipana with massage

This man started in at the bottom—in a two-by-four factory. All anybody has to do is to utter the words, "It can't be done"—and this man does it. And he's been doing it steadily ever since he wore overalls at seventeen.

He's a natural "boss." And a natural individualist. He takes orders from no one but himself.

That may be the reason he just jerked his shoulders in 1924 when his dentist told him that his gums were unhealthy and flabby, and needed massage. Catch *him* massaging his gums!—even when a New York dentist told him in 1927 that tender gums which bleed are a danger signal, and that he had better massage his gums—with Ipana—every time he cleaned his teeth.

The same dentist told him that "pink tooth brush" is often the first step toward gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and other serious gum troubles—that it sometimes endangers sound teeth.

Today—he's paying the piper. For now he's a Dental Cripple.

If your own gums seem a bit tender, and leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste and follow this routine: clean your teeth with Ipana and then rub a little more Ipana into your gums. Ipana contains ziratol, and this aids in bringing back firmness to the gums.

Your gums need daily massage, with Ipana, because today's foods are too soft to give them exercise. Ipana, with massage, helps to counteract the effects of these soft foods. Begin with Ipana *today*.

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N.B.C. STATIONS

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TOOTH PASTE

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IPANA
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name..

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City............................*State*....................

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

EVERY wife has a different job. Some just have to be beautiful and wear jewels. Some have to keep a house livable. Sandra Cleed's job was to help her husband, Eric, out of his entanglements with other women. Sandra believed in carrying out a bargain—no matter how bad. With a gallant disregard of her own feelings she devoted herself to advancing Eric's career in the foreign service and safeguarding his reputation. Until Madame Bibescu fastened upon him. And someone, mistaking identities, opened fire on Sandra with an automatic pistol on the Cherbourg road.

That marks the end of Sandra's endurance and the beginning of a whirlwind of Paris intrigue and adventure in James Warner Bellah's short serial, "Woman of Honor."

THE City Hall in Pretoria, South Africa, has a new set of chimes. Or will have soon. And all because of the World's Fair in Chicago.

That's just one of the ripples set up by A Century of Progress. Nearer home the effects were more striking. The Fair put twenty-three million people into circulation, people who had been quietly drifting in backwaters, waiting for the depression to blow over. Well, the depression blew over—and the Fair helped blow it. Now it's opening again in a new and more gorgeous version. W. B. Courtney tells its dramatic story.

"DOCTORS Should Never Marry." No one knew that better than Dick Brainard. Just in case he should forget, he had it printed on a card which he kept in his desk at the office. But that was no protection against Paula Van Ness, who was rich and beautiful and used to having her own way. Dick had one protection against her, though, right at hand—and he'd never noticed her. Elaine Sterne Carrington writes the story.

JOE KIBBY was a good baseball player, but nobody could remember him. There was something lacking in Kibby. Glamour, the papers said. "You've Got to Get Glamour," his teammates told him. Joe could never figure out just what they meant. Richard Connell tells you about him and about Miss Ansie Florry, who had glamour to spare of her own.

HAROLD LAMB writes the story of an odalisque—"Behind the Veil." Dr. Fu Manchu continues to haunt Sax Rohmer. Stories and articles by Laurie York Erskine, Owen P. White, Quentin Reynolds, MacKinlay Kantor, Ray Tucker and others impatiently await your attention. How about you?

This Week

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May 26, 1934

Cover by Gerard C. Delano

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
The Girl Who Bet. Won by seven eighths of an inch. What a race! Page 7

RAY TUCKER
No More Charmers. Streamlined diplomacy. Page 9

JOHN T. FLYNN
Cincinnati Quits Burlesque. Municipal corruption takes the count. Page 10

JACLAND MARMUR
Dondra Head. The story of a man who followed the lure of far places. Page 12

JOHN R. TUNIS
Husband of the Champion. The love story of a famous woman. Page 14

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
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ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
The Case Against Mrs. Ames, Conclusion. Kernochan foiled. Page 17

MARIE BEYNON RAY
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ERNEST HAYCOX
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SAX ROHMER
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FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Grist for your mill. Page 62

EDITORIAL
Your City and Your Money. Page 74

●

Any Week

WE'VE just been wandering around the South a bit. We bought lots of newspapers here and there, interested, of course, in what was going on. We might have bought one in Birmingham, Alabama, anyway, but the black boy who was selling them left nothing to chance. At first we didn't quite hear what he was saying. "Papeh, papeh," he moaned. "Git yo' papeh and see who daid. Folks dyin' every day. Might be yo' own kin. Git a papeh and see who daid. Papeh. Papeh."

See who daid

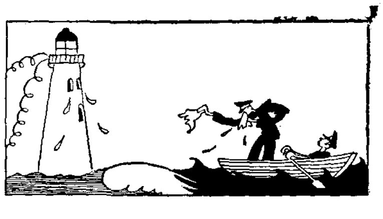
WHAT we, sentimental oaf that we are, would like to do here is to fill this column with the purifying beauties of the Great Smokies and the Cumberlands. Maybe it's just as well that we don't. Every time we elect to soar we have our wings clipped. Here's Miss Helen Potter of Grand Junction, Colorado, for example. We had an article not long ago about that still beauteous show girl of a past generation—Fay Templeton. Kyle Crichton wrote it. In it he turned a nice sentence: "The girls . . . are slightly more on the side of lusciousness than a like crowd of females recruited from Miss Wooley's dancing school in Grand Junction, Colorado." Says Miss Potter: "Now I come pretty close to being that Miss Wooley. I have one of the three dancing schools in the city. Does the author refer to physical appearance when he used the name Wooley? Also our town is not so obscure as to warrant the writer's safety in using it so lightly."

TO COUNTERACT that one we give you a few words from Mr. F. Vernon Smith of Indianapolis, Indiana. "I am a candidate for mayor of Indianapolis," says he, "on the Republican ticket. I am basing my platform on Collier's article, 'Baltimore Makes Wolf Soup.' "

AND this too. Mr. Frank Kincannon of McGehee, Arkansas, calls upon the critics of President Roosevelt to lend an ear. "When President Roosevelt devaluated the dollar," writes Mr. Kincannon, "they told us that we'd have to pay more for everything we buy. As usual, Collier's produces the overwhelming reply. My Collier's has increased from an average of fifty-two pages a week to eighty this week. I shall have to write to my congressman demanding that they devalue that dollar some more."

WE FIND Mrs. Florence R. Goebels of Sioux City, Iowa, in the deepest quandary they make these days. She wants to know about "this constitutional business." Maybe you can help us. "Every day," *complains* she, "the lawyers say that the NRA isn't constitutional. These same men used to waste whole weeks proving to us that prohibition wasn't constitutional. But it stuck around —prohibition—until the people decided it was worse than unconstitutional. The people decided it was a nuisance. But of course these lawyers wouldn't like to go into the subject of nuisances."

"AND I," laments Mr. Ed Lomax of San Francisco, California, "have my own pet grievance against the CCC and the CWA. They'll have the last ounce of romance peeled off our once lovely country. The CCC has taken death out of Death Valley. They've found water there and have even piped it to where the wanderer can easily find it. That leaves Death Valley just another valley. Also this New Deal has taken the first step toward abolishing lighthouse keepers. They're substituting the electric eye for the romantic keeper of the light. What is to become of romance?"



OUR advice to Mr. Lomax is to keep as calm as possible and look elsewhere for his romance. Run into it in the most unexpected places. We wedged ourselves into an elevator in Knoxville, Tennessee, not long ago with a huge colored woman who, plainly enough, wasn't any too trustful. This lift started with a nasty jerk and the apprehensive lady dropped her bundle and flung her arms around the neck of the operator, uttering a reverberating squawk. He stopped that elevator with a wrench. "One thing at a time, lady. One thing at a time," he protested.

AND Miss Ann Lord of Houston, Texas, has found the authorities there pretty well disturbed about morals. Somebody has been detecting the odor of gin, whisky, etc., on the breaths of the schoolgirls. They've found that the girls aren't drinking at all but are using lipsticks flavored with liquor. The girls say that it gives them "a sporty standing with the boys without having to drink the nasty stuff."

CHEER up, Mr. Lomax.

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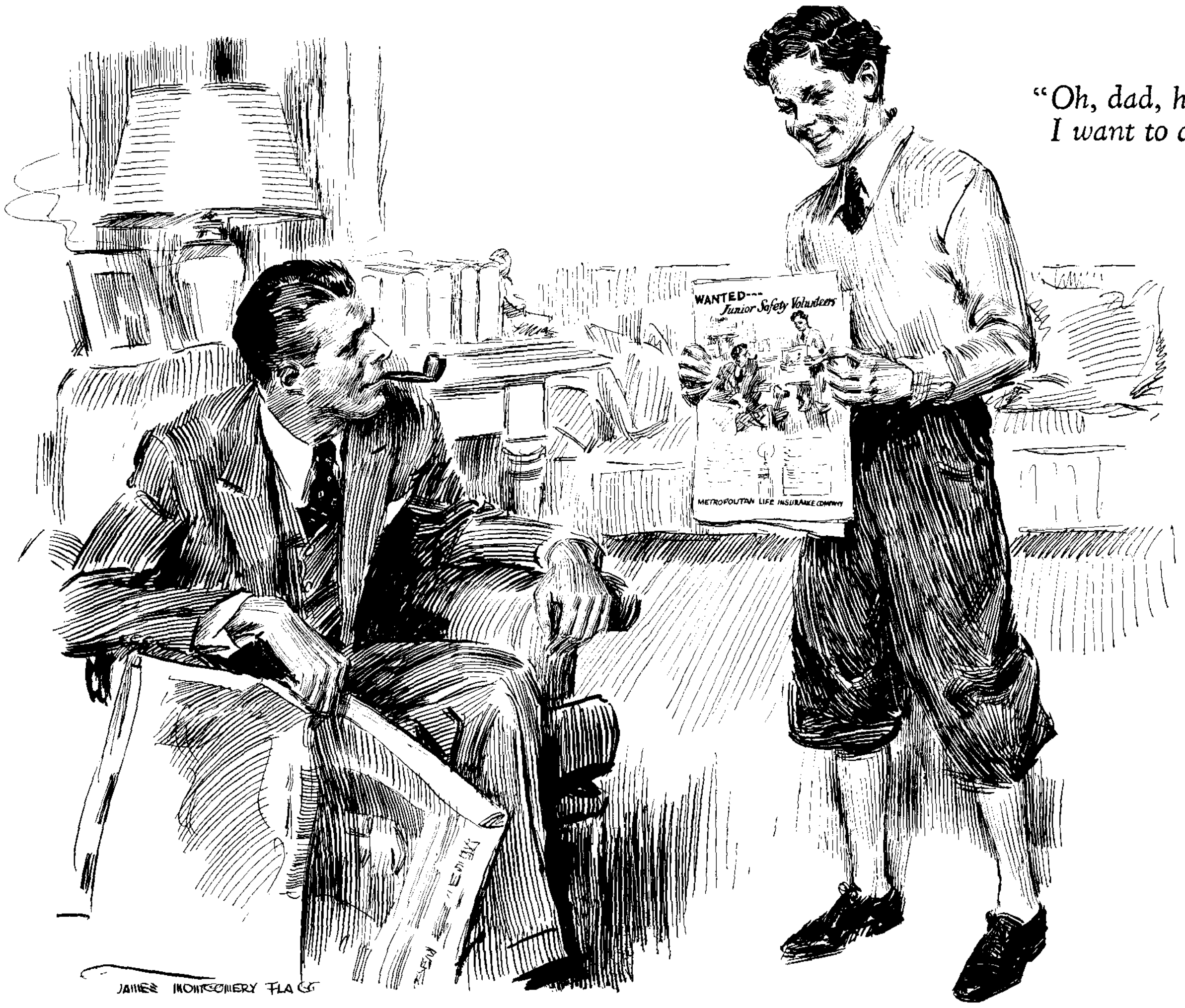
WANTED---
Junior Safety Volunteers!



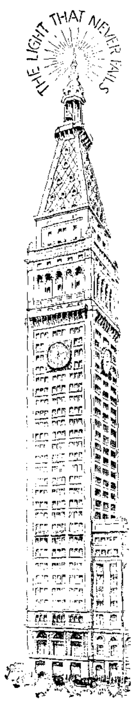
"Oh, dad, here's something I want to do."

WOULD you like to be a Junior Safety Volunteer and have a booklet with pictures in it showing how you can help to prevent accidents? Your booklet will have a place on it for your name.

Of course you are smart enough to take care of yourself on the street, and you surely know how to keep an eye on kids who forget to look where they are going—especially the little ones.

If you save someone from being killed or having his bones broken you will remember it as long as you live. And you will be on the lookout for just such a chance.

More than a thousand children a month are killed by accident in our country and more than a hundred thousand are hurt — many of them seriously — in spite of all that has been done by fathers and mothers, teachers and traffic officers to keep boys and girls from being injured.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

The Metropolitan hopes that when Junior Safety Volunteers are on the alert, all over the country, there will be a very different story to tell about accidents next month and the months to follow.

Print your name and address on the coupon and be one of the first Junior Safety Volunteers in your neighborhood. While being careful about yourself you can do a grand job looking after schoolmates, or possibly grown people who will not know so much about accidents as you will after you get your free booklet. Who will be the first to volunteer?

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Dept. 634-C
One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I want to help prevent accidents. Please send my copy of "The Junior Safety Volunteer."

Name ____________________
(Print plainly)

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ____________

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Gem alone works with a Barber Stroke

This actual photo proves *how Gem reproduces the stroke and slant of the Barber's Razor.*

Gem doesn't scuff the skin with short, choppy, *stubble-twisting* strokes. It *slides* through the toughest whiskers with the velvet action of the barber's razor, because it *also* uses wedge-edge, *rigid* blades in a straight, *full contact* holder.

Gem's design *compels* correct shaving. Its slanted, bevelled top meets the bristles at *root-level* and right angles and removes the beard in swift, tugless, *face-length* glides. Like the barber's stretching fingers, Gem tightens all folds and wrinkles, reaches the hairs that *wrongly*-shaped razors *miss* and leaves clefts and nostril contours clean as a whistle.

Dual Alignment (patented feature) sets the blade so accurately and *unbudgingly* that Gem can *safely* use such *sharp* blades that a *once-over* will keep the blackest jowl socially fit for twenty-four hours.

We build Gem Blades of super-tough, 50% *thicker* surgical steel, and strop 'em 4840 separate times for *long* use on *strong* beards. They remain keen so *indefinitely* that economy scowls at the money wasted on softer, thinner, *shorter-lived* substitutes.

Gem Micromatic Razors are fool-proofed, and guaranteed *forever*. One piece with no take-down parts. Adjusted with a twirl—cleaned in a jiffy. Handsomely boxed sets sold everywhere at $1. Or a regular dollar holder with two blades to any "Doubting Thomas" who'll *spend* a quarter and *send* this coupon.

Gem Safety Razor Corp.,
Dept. C16, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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NRA

Enclosed find 25¢ for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

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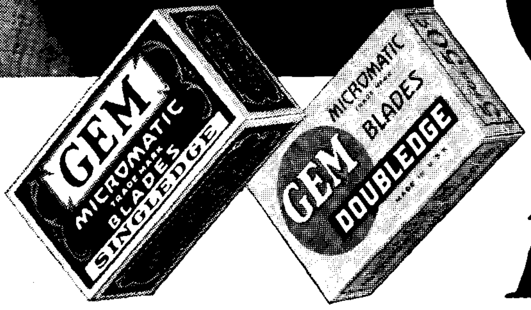


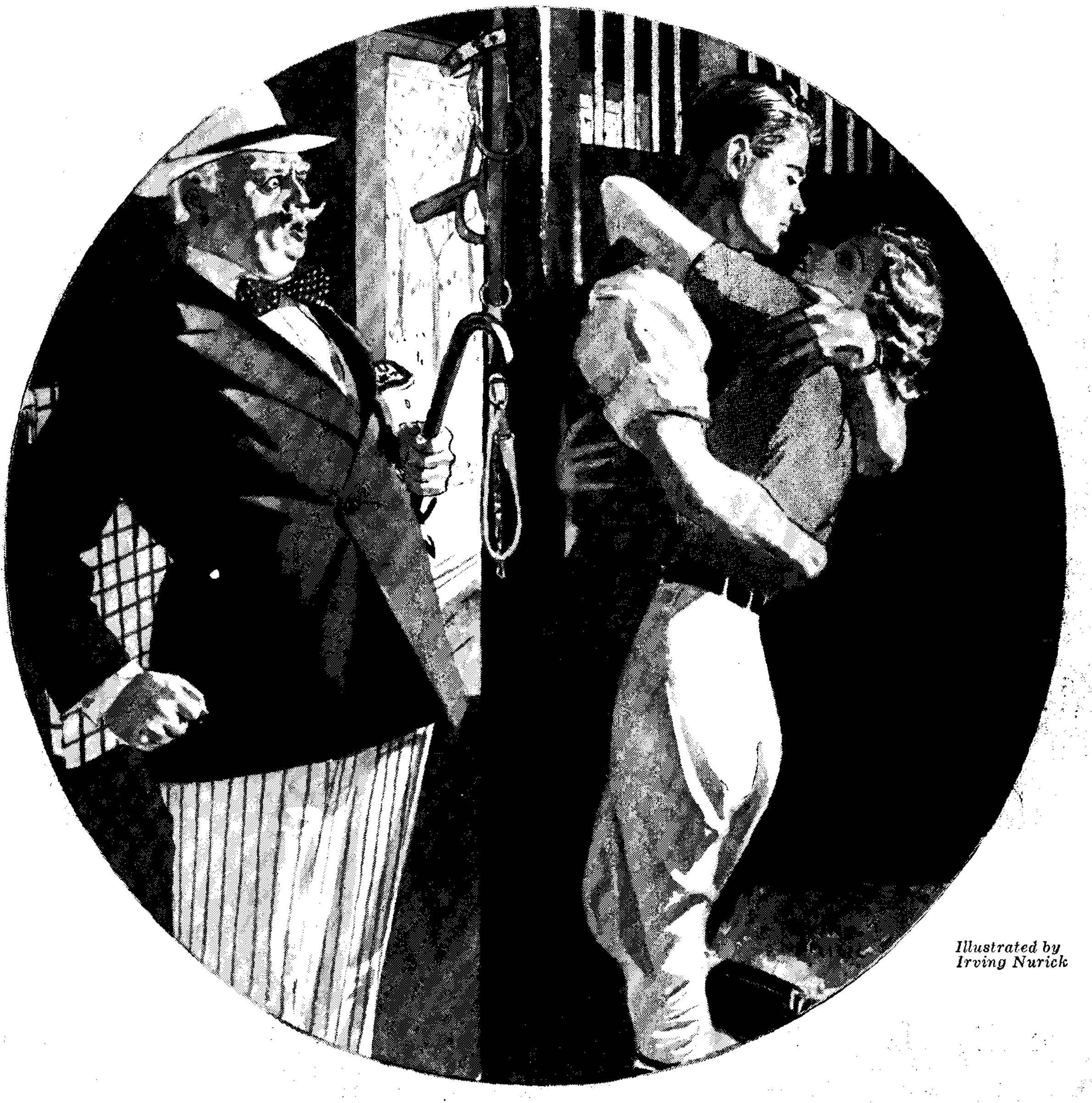
GEM

MICROMATIC

Razor and Blades

The Girl who Bet

Of a horse race for love, not glory—a tense, tempestuous story which the vast, breathless crowd never guessed



Then Nemesis, the apoplectic major roaring, "What's this? What's going on?"

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

BY GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

THE old Bracket house, masked in immemorial maples, looked sidewise out of green-shuttered windows at the broad acres of Major Stewart Furlong, famous throughout the Grand Circuit for his trotters and his temper. He was rich, rubicund and had bulbous blue eyes whose glare was terrifying to everybody except his lone daughter, Mara. Up to very lately there had been another exception—Starbuck Bracket. Last of the long line of Brackets of Bracketsville, Star had grown up in the assumption that an all-wise Providence had created the major to be his second father and thrown in Mara for good measure as a younger sister. It now appeared he had been wrong on both counts. At a given moment, easily determined, Mara—nineteen, brown-eyed and straight as a taut rein—became obsolete as a sister and simultaneously young Mr. Bracket assumed the rôle of red rag to the bull in the major's make-up.

It had happened in Mad Peter's stall. Star had straightened from examining a ringbone on the famous sire's pastern, to behold a Mara he had never before seen, a familiar picture suddenly filled with the breath of life and endowed with startling sweetness and power. He had known the ordinary hobbledehoy Mara almost from the hour of her first arrival on his own fifth birthday, but this girl, standing in the slanting light from the high, square window, was something new, untouched, amazingly moving. She stirred him deep down inside as if his heart had been seized by a grappling iron. He drew close to her, laid his fingers on her curly head and let them slip down across her cheek, his eyes fixed wonderingly in hers.

Instantly she was in his arms with a generous yielding of all her body. "Star, Star," she whispered, "I've loved you for ages. I thought you'd never—"

THEN Nemesis, the apoplectic major roaring: "What's this? What's going on?"

"Nothing, sir," said Star without looking around, "except I guess I want to marry Mara."

"Nothing? You black-hearted whippersnapper, let go that girl!" The major took no time out to remind himself he had often dreamed vaguely of Mara's marriage to Star. Jealousy wrung his widower's heart; for the time being he hated the boy he had loved and made no bones about it. "You're just an unhatched country lawyer! How much have you got to marry on? A hundred thousand?"

"No, sir," said Star, coloring. "You know I haven't."

"Fifty?"

"No, sir."

"Ten?"

"No, sir," murmured Star almost inaudibly.

"This is getting funny," said the major, unsmiling. His eyes hardened. "When you can show a measly ten thousand I'll talk to you from across the fence. But in the meantime Mara doesn't speak to you, or it's all off. Perhaps that won't give her a chance to grow up! Get along now, Mara; I'll follow you."

Star went home in a strange condition of duality—one half of him depressed, the other as buoyant as a toy balloon. Something wonderful had happened to him, like waking up at the moment of a bursting sunrise. The joy of discovery of Mara, of himself, blinded him; the feel of her warm body lived in his veins. But ten thousand dollars—how soon could he lay hands on that paltry sum? He owned the Bracket homestead, but no thought of selling or mortgaging it entered his head; nobody had to tell him that would be merely to reduce his worth. As for other property, there was twenty-eight hundred remaining out of the insurance left by his father and—and a half-interest in a ridiculous colt named Baby Bumble. He blushed at counting in the colt at all, but the money was real. Two weeks later, with two thousand of it, he played a long shot; he backed Blackadder Bergen at eight to one to win the Hambletonian—and lost.

The news leaked out as such news will. The major, of course, heard about it. And so did Mara.

"Well, Mara, my dear," he rumbled at breakfast next morning, "I'm certainly glad it happened. We're lucky to have found out in time."

"Found out what?" breathed Mara tremulously.

"About his being no good," pursued the major confidently.

Abruptly Mara's head went up for battle. "I think you're horrid to talk about Star this way. Who taught him horses? You. Who used to wear him for a pad on one knee and squash him almost to death in a brush? You. Who had stirrups nailed on top of the shafts as soon as his legs were long enough to straddle a colt's rump? You. You adored him. You liked him until—until—"

"Go on," challenged the major thickly. "Dare you—double dare you!"

"Up to the very minute," whispered Mara, "you caught me kissing him in Mad Peter's stall."

"Yes, sir!" thundered the major, bringing his fist down with a bang, "and today proved I was right." He rose. "I know he's no good, you know it and he knows it. That makes it unanimous, doesn't it?"

HAVING delivered his unjust, illogical but final verdict, he stalked out and away from her troubled face. There ensued weeks and months of unrest for everybody concerned. Mara went off on a series of visits to friends, leaving the major to fume in loneliness. Star worried his maternal aunt to a frazzle because he would not eat. But no run on the black can last forever, and a day dawned at last which was to usher in a streak of light.

The conductor was Old Man Galloway. He sat in a hickory chair tipped back against the sunny side of the stable shed at the abandoned Bracketville track, a mile oval surrounded by ramshackle training quarters and a tumbling grandstand. Ostensibly he was watching the workout of the major's yearlings, all that was left to him since the Furlong top-line trotters had been handed over to his hated younger rival, Trainer Dagger MacDonald. But in reality his attention was fixed on the personal Galloway string, now reduced to a half-interest in Baby Bumble, owned share and share alike by himself and Star Bracket.

The colt was out of Strike Fire by Warrior the Great, with a glorious background of noble blood lines. At the Old Glory sale he had looked like a joke to everyone. But Star had bought him *on his breeding for a hundred and sixty* dollars—a low for the day—and Mr. Galloway had agreed to board and train him for a half-share. Incidentally, at the same session, Major Furlong had blown eight thousand iron men on Abbey Prince Charming.

BY a fluke Baby Bumble had been well named; he was black, he looked like a bumblebee, he was too short in the barrel and too long in the legs. These can be good points, but not when carried to extremes. Up to very lately the hangers-on around the track had broken into guffaws every time the ungainly colt was led out, but abruptly laughter had lessened into smiles and smiles had given way to puzzlement. Nobody knew exactly what was happening but something big was on its way. It was at this point that Mr. Galloway, with a sigh, had decided to hand over to young Bracket and resign himself to a place on the side lines.

"There's something in him, Star, and when it breaks loose them long legs is goin' to shorten up so you won't see nothin' but a belly passin' under the wire." His gray brows drew into a knot. "Forget your law study for a spell, 'cause from now on you got to do the workin'."

"Not me!" protested Star. "I'm certainly not such a gump as to take the colt out of your hands just when he begins to show."

"Ain't you?" The old man's pupils sharpened to pin points. "You don't get me, Star. Listen. They's only one thing you and me wants more'n anything else in the world—me because it will put me on top again, and you because it might git back your gal."

"Give it to me," said Star.

"With Baby Bumble," said the old man in a cautious whisper, "it looks like perhaps we got a chance to take the major, and when it happens, I sort of reckon on you to be doin' the drivin'."

The blood surged into Star's neck, his cheeks, his ears, and was distilled into glistening water in his eyes. "Gee! Mr. Galloway," he managed to gulp. "Aw, gee!"

Today it was the third time out for the colt, and Mr. Galloway, watching him swing into the last quarter of the last mile of the afternoon, realized that the time was rapidly approaching when Baby Bumble must have the chance to show his stuff lest he begin to spoil. He called for Slime, the colt's nurse, but got no answer.

Little Slime Johnson was the best swipe in or outside the Grand Circuit—when sober. His proudest boast, however, had nothing to do with horses. "I'se so black," he averred, "daytime, night-time, the Old Man has to strike a match to find me." He was not among the birds roosting along the finish fence; he was alone up by the turn and when the Babe swung into the straightaway, all held in, suppressed power trembling in every nerve, it was simply more than the darky could bear.

"Hoick!" he exploded.

Slime's yell pulled a trigger, slipped a switch on the dynamo. It took a second for Star to realize what was happening, and in a second a trotter can travel forty feet. The Babe did it. Instead of saying plum-plum, plum-plum, his hoofbeats had burst into the song of Brrrrrrruuuuuuu. Mr. Galloway gave a grunt of rage, but before it could form into a shout, Star had come alive, caught the forward grips and sunk his heels into the brackets.

"So, now, Baby, so-ho, so-ho!" he soothed, and presently conquered.

"What happened?" the old man asked as soon as they reached the privacy of the stable. "Did he see a shadow, or was you trying to show off?"

"Shadow?" muttered Star. "What started him was a yell like a pistol shot."

MR. GALLOWAY, noticing Slime's breathlessness, needed no further enlightenment. He seized the swipe by the collar, raised him off the ground and shook him half out of his coat. "You Slime, you, you tryin' to do me *and yourself out of a living?"*

"You taken yo' hands offen me, Mr. Galloway!" spluttered Slime. He paused for breath and continued malignantly, "You been doin' me wrong a long time now."

"Doing you wrong?" gasped Mr. Galloway, famed for kindness to his help.

"Yassir. Ain't you worked me to skin and bone grooming Baby Bumble when effen you'd only let him step his last quarter he'd curry hisself on the wind?"

When Star and Mr. Galloway got through laughing they enrolled Slime in their conspiracy, thereby adding cubits to his stature. Star slipped into his polo coat and started for home and a bath. Just as he issued from the long tunnel of the shed a smart roadster, top down, swung up to the track and a voice that was rare music to his ears called out to Handler Ed Beecker, on his way in with a sorrel filly:

"What are you working next, Ed?"

"There ain't goin' to be no next, Miss Mara; we're through for the day."

"Oh." She went into first to make the round turn and as she passed close to the corner of the stable Star stepped to the running-board beside her. "Get off," she said without looking at him, "you know I'm not to speak to you."

"Fine!" said Star, tightening his grip on windshield brace and door handle. "I *can tell you the great news without your butting in at the best part."* He caught his tongue in the nick of time and switched with a touch of genius to a safer subject. "Mara, darling, I love you. The major can't stop me. You can't stop me. The President, the Army and the Navy of the United States can't—"

Like an aviator about to zoom to a crash Mara leaned forward and clicked off the ignition. The car rolled to a stop just inside the exit gate. She folded her arms across the wheel, dropped her face and began to sob as if her heart would *break. Star snapped open the door,* slipped into the seat beside her, pushed her halfway over and took her in his *comforting arms.*

"Mara, darling, my dear, go ahead and cry. Trust me, trust Star, because you and I are going to laugh. We're going to laugh last and laugh a long, long time."

"It isn't fair," sobbed Mara to the world in general. "He says all those things to me, and I c-c-c-an't answer back!"

"Hold it," said Star, setting her straight again as he eased himself out *of the car. "Hold it, watch and pray."*

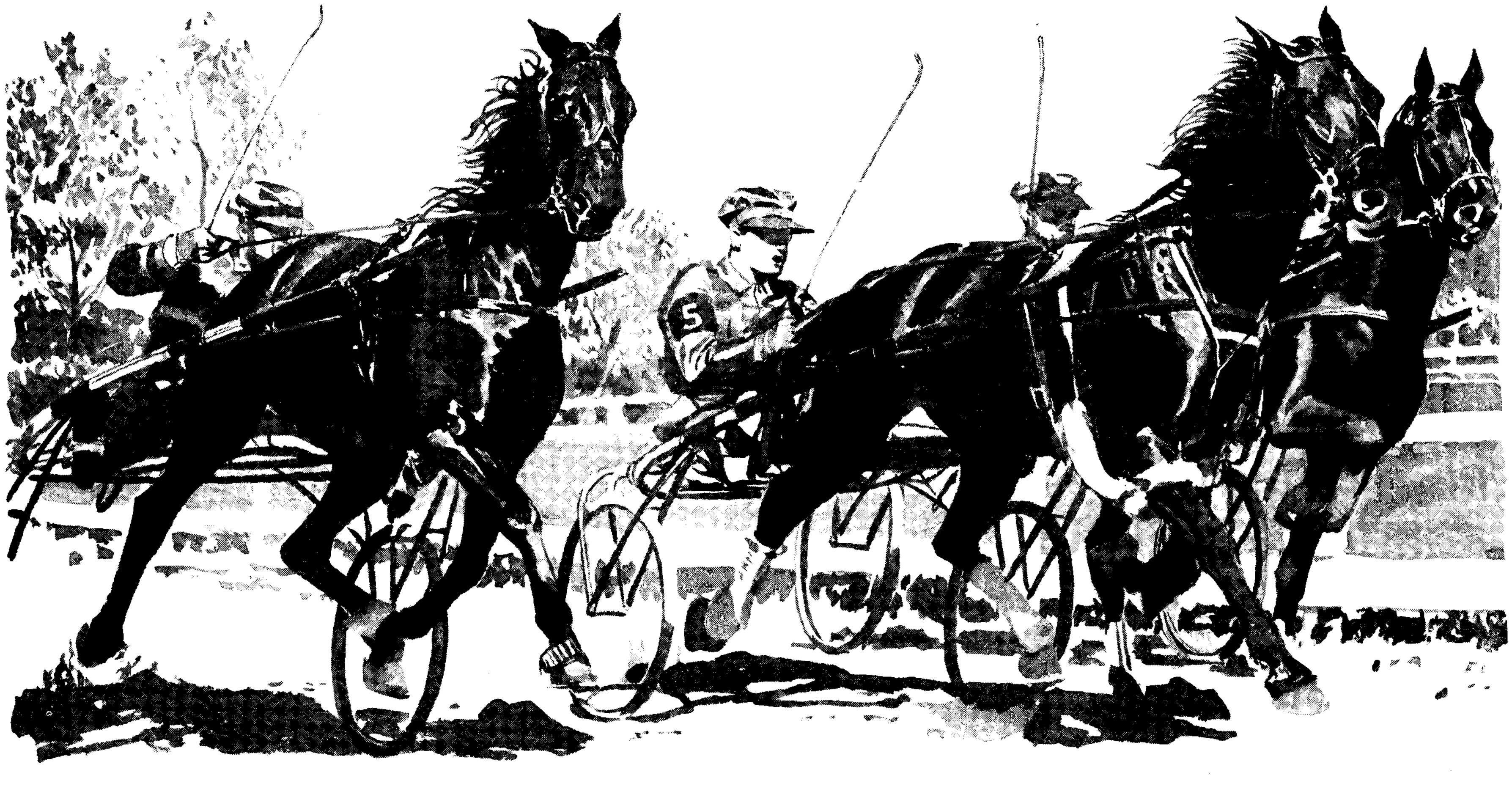
WITH those cryptic words he left her. Followed a month of the stiffest working ever handed to a two-year-old, for Baby Bumble was quick to prove he could take it. Though wide-awake now, the gallery was still baffled by the Old Man's cunning; only he and Star knew where the Babe was going to be allowed to step and for how far.

"Full moon tonight," murmured Mr. Galloway one morning. "Jog the Babe for all of his three miles."

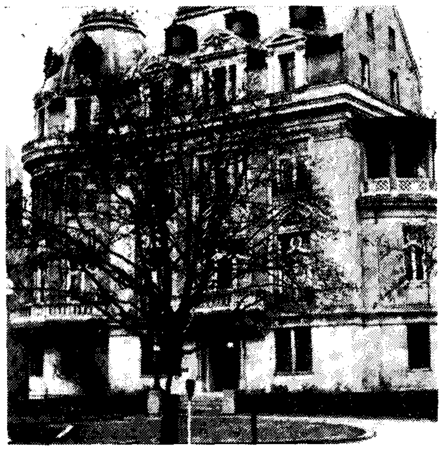
At ten o'clock that night, with the track as bright as day but as lonely as the Sahara, the Babe scored thrice, the first two times with uncertain ardor, but the last with thundering hoofs. "Go!" They were off. Star failed to clock the flying colt at the eighth. Fool! Was he a driver headed for a stake

(Continued on page 48)

Thus far he had spared the Babe, now he picked him up with a single hoarse yell. The colt reached out and dug, struck and drove



Alexander Troyanovsky, Soviet Russia's first ambassador to the United States



France's Embassy at Washington, now in the charge of Ambassador André de Laboulaye

"Mike" MacWhite, minister from the Irish Free State, with Mrs. MacWhite

No More Charmers

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

The embassies in Washington are not what they used to be. Courtly and bespangled diplomats of the old order are giving place to men who can talk turkey in words of one syllable. There's less gold braid and Old World charm, and now, every once in a while, you can see an ambassador working

THERE is something imposing and intriguing about the foreign embassies and legations at Washington. Besides being foreign soil in a legal sense—and this was a lucky break for thirsty natives during prohibition days—they are redolent of a strange and exotic atmosphere. Visiting them, even in prosaic hours, is like stepping from everyday reality into a fanciful realm, whether you prefer the suave manners and cold prints of the Japanese embassy, the excitability and gorgeously vivid murals of the Mexican embassy, the strong beer and Black Forest gloom of the German embassy, or the stately, solid folk and furnishings of that outpost of the empire where dwells the modern black knight, Sir Ronald Lindsay of Great Britain.

Their appeal attracts all ages and classes. For the dowagers there are noblemen garlanded in rainbow sashes, stars and garters and velvet collars, and for the sub-debs there are handsome gallants who, upon meeting and parting, click their heels, bend at the hips and kiss the hand, mademoiselle, in a discreetly dainty manner which no American can emulate even if he wants to. For the men there is always a buffet loaded with "hotcha" dishes and liquors outranking the domestic variety, and sometimes a worth-while exchange of viewpoints on world affairs, the American counting himself the gainer if he gets court and Old World gossip in return for his pontifical opinion of politicians on Capitol Hill.

Romance Takes a Holiday

Among the younger attachés are such romantic figures as duelists bearing scars, equestrians, soldiers, scholars, poets, authors, athletes, and maybe a dreaming Disraeli or Bolivar. In fact, you never can tell what you will come upon in these alien settlements in our midst, which makes the search always new and diverting.

Even the most vociferous patriots in Congress share the yearning to mingle, or at least to be seen, in an atmosphere of charm, courtliness, forms, precedence and supposed intrigue, although they may not want the voters back home to know of their Egyptian, Persian and Turkish nights out. It's in the democratic blood, and it breaks out like a royal rash whether Republicans or Democrats rule the social and political set at the capital.

Such divergent figures as the aristocratic "Ham" Fish, President Roosevelt's neighbor and descendant of Grant's Secretary of State, and Sol Bloom of Harlem, who began his career by building the midway at the 1893 Chicago World Fair, beg for assignments to the House Foreign Affairs Committee so that they may become fixtures on the diplomatic pleasure list. Even Cabinet members spend the day after a diplomatic digression in relaying what "Ambassador So-and-So said to me last night." Lately the officers of women's societies and fraternal organizations have been writing in from faraway cities to suggest that they would like a chance to talk over international matters at first hand, preferably at the next swanky party.

But Americans seeking this form of escape should cultivate their diplomats while they may. The corps is undergoing a transformation that may eliminate some of the romance and brilliance which have commended this isolated community to the visiting firemen. The old-fashioned diplomat who reveled in pomp and parties is passing from the Washington scene under the pressure of new and more materialistic forces. With its emphasis on domestic rather than foreign questions, on economic rather than traditional world problems, the Roosevelt Administration has caused great mortality among the corps and forced a change in the customs and character of its personnel.

The gold braid and grand manner no longer constitute the chief qualifications of a diplomat in a world dominated by such uncongenial and practical statesmen as the Stalins, the Hitlers and Mussolinis. Even President Roosevelt has done away with the system under which a newcomer, in presenting his credentials at the White House, used to deliver a long, meaningless speech which inspired the President, even though war might impend, to grow eloquent about the "traditional friendship between our nations."

"We'll give these to the newspapers because we have to do it," he says, in effect, to the bespangled plenipotentiary. "But there's no reason why you and I should read them. We'll just swap. Now, let's sit down and have a talk."

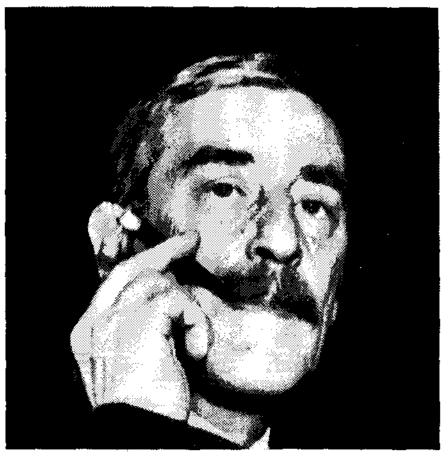
A New Kind of Diplomacy

An ambassador must be able to do more than look important when he bows himself into Secretary Hull's office and submits a note from His Majesty's government. As a result, there has been a turnover of almost fifty per cent among the fifty-five ambassadors and ministers since President Roosevelt's election. Although he has been in Washington only four years, Sir Ronald is now the dean of the corps.

Sir Ronald, a quiet, reticent diplomat of the old school, who needs only a suit of armor on his huge frame—he stands six feet, eight inches high—to delight Hollywood as another Richard the Lion-Hearted, now knows what it is like to be a merchant, to be in trade. When this country was trying to make a deal with Great Britain for an exchange of our hogs for their whisky, he lowered himself cautiously into a chair in the office of R. Walton Moore, Assistant Secretary of State. Instead of talking treaties, alliances and the far-off things of ancient diplomacy, they discussed the comparative merits of Iowa porkers and Scotch whisky.

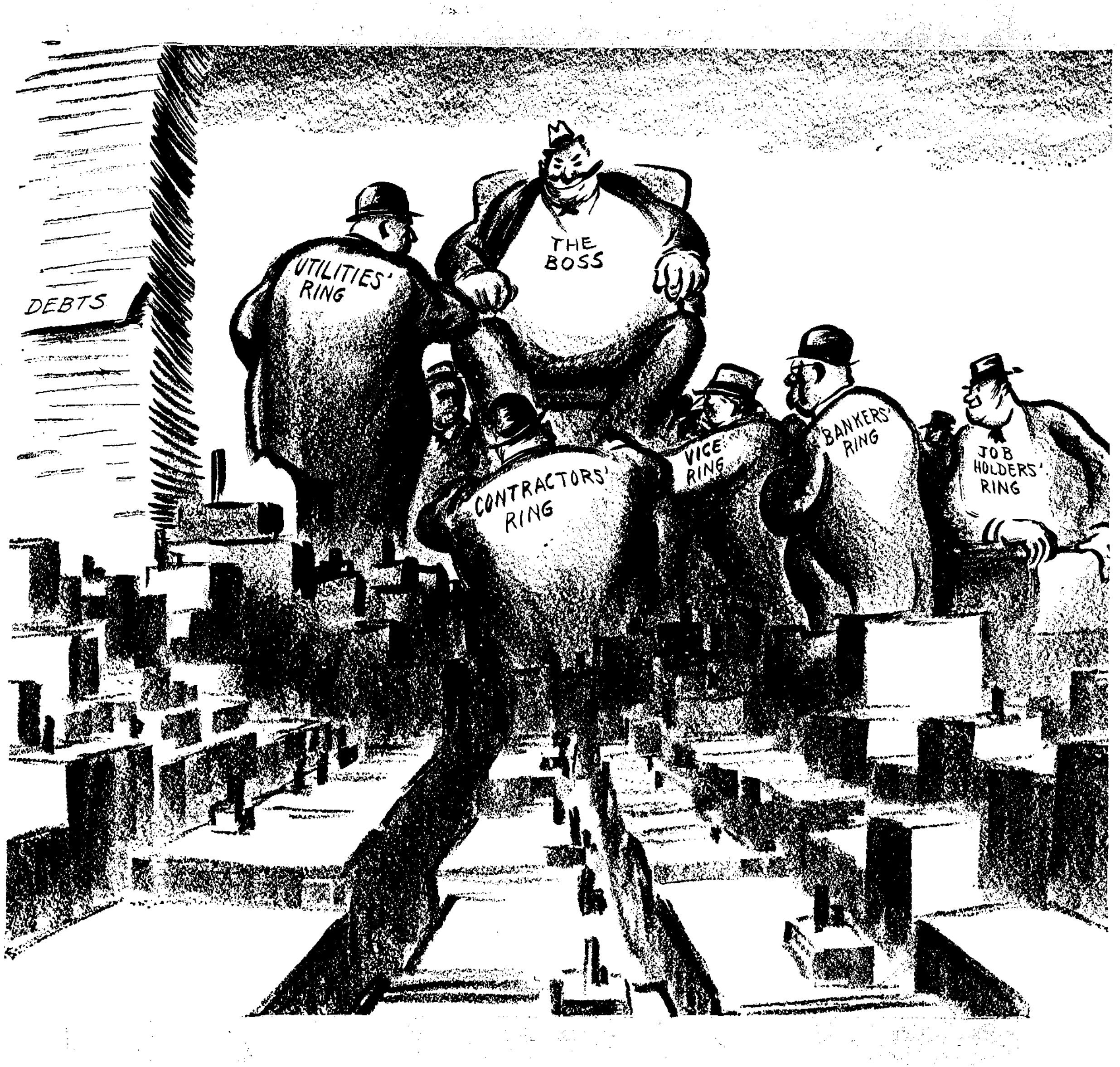
Nor was the earthiness of their conversation elevated by the fact that subsequently Mr. Moore sent the ambassador a Virginia ham, and the latter reciprocated with several bottles of rare liquor. They acted like statesmen, of

(Continued on page 59)



Reading down: The German Washington Embassy and Dr. Hans Luther, Germany's ambassador, whom nothing in the Roosevelt administration's cupboard of remedies can astound. The new British Embassy and its director, Sir Ronald Lindsay, dean of the Washington diplomatic corps after four years as England's ambassador

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer



While Cincinnati's streets and city buildings crumbled, while bills went unpaid and city employees were forced to take days off every month, the corrupt rings waxed fat on political pickings

Cincinnati Quits Burlesque

By John T. Flynn

Cartoons by D. R. Fitzpatrick

THE next time someone tells you *nothing can be done about it*, ask him about Cincinnati.

New York was one of those cities which in the easy-money twenties thought nothing could be done about anything. The world belonged to the strong. They would do as they pleased no matter what the citizens thought of it. Here, then, is a tale of two cities in a nutshell.

On January 1, 1926, Jimmy Walker was crowned as monarch of Bagdad-on-the-Subway. At the same moment, little noticed by the rest of the world, Cincinnati was swearing in a new city government with Murray Seasongood as mayor. Eight full years have knocked us all about pretty roughly since that day. Now Cincinnati finds that, despite all the hard knocks, she owes some four or five million dollars less than she did then. New York owes $680,000,000 more than she did on that fateful New Year's morning in 1926.

What were the Jimmy Walkers doing in New York and the Murray Seasongoods in Cincinnati to produce such opposite results? There must be a reason. Here it is:

For twenty years Cincinnati enjoyed the dubious distinction of being the worst-governed American city. For many years Boss George B. Cox had ruled it from his office over the Mecca saloon. In 1925 Cincinnati was an outlying dependency of a burlesque circuit. It was then ruled from an office over the Columbia "Burlycue" Theater on Seventh Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, New York, by Rudolph C. Hynicka.

Hynicka was a pupil of Cox. Cox had been a bar-fly down at Dead Man's Corner in Cincinnati. He rose to be president of a bank, owner of the Cincinnati Reds and absolute dictator of Cincinnati politics. His chief lieutenants were Rud Hynicka, who had been a reporter on the Enquirer; August (Garry) Herrmann, who ran the waterworks and looked after the Reds, and Mike Mullens, leader of the notorious old sixth ward, alderman and Cox's contact man with the utilities. They are all dead now and when I was in Cincinnati preparations were under way to build a $10,000 monument to the memory of the sainted Mike.

When Cox died, Rud Hynicka stepped into his shoes, both as boss of Cincinnati and as a figure in that elevating influence in our cultural life known as burlesque. As the years went by, Hynicka spent more and more time running his slapstick and hootchy-kootchy revels in New York and directing the affairs of the Queen City perched "on the beautiful river" from his burlesque headquarters. The mayors of Cincinnati and the cuties of the burlesque wheel, judges and hoofers, comics and sheriffs, police chiefs and wigglers, all owed their artistic and political lives to the same lordly autocrat.

A City in Shameful Ruin

The corruption was classic. Contractors' rings, utilities' rings, officeholders' rings, bankers' rings, vice rings fed upon the city's bones. A city is a business. It has a plant. Cincinnati had one worth $175,000,000. It was crumbling to ruin. The holes in the streets got a national reputation. Layers of filth and soot settled on City Hall, the floors rotted, the walls grew black, the windows opaque with grime, a fitting mural scheme to go with the rottenness which went on under its roof. There was no money to pay city bills. The police were forced to take a day or two off every month and as they died were not replaced.

All this need shock no man familiar with the tragic history of American cities. What is not so easy to fathom is the loyal support which a large city's blue-bloods gave to vulgar grafters like Hynicka. Murray Seasongood, Cincinnati's first reform mayor, put it this way:

"You cannot have burglars without fences. You cannot have political machines without the support of respectable citizens." Hynicka, in an official investigation and under the protection of immunity, testified that there were millions in Cincinnati graft. He was himself, while county treasurer, caught red-handed and forced to disgorge $58,000 of interest paid by banks on city moneys, which he had held onto. All this did not prevent the best citizens of Hamilton County from serving faithfully at the court of this strange dictator.

Cincinnati owns the Southern Railroad from Cincinnati to Chattanooga—a strange, yet a profitable ownership. Trustees of the courts were called on to name trustees for the railroad. The dignified judges went dutifully to the House of Mirth on Seventh Avenue, New York, for their instructions. A county commissioner died. Leading citizens thought a certain prominent citizen should be named. They formed a committee and waited until the burlesque czar should visit his colonial outpost in Cincinnati and then appeared before him humbly to petition that he should permit their man's name to appear on the ballot. He was polite to them, but named his own man.

The councilmen were asked to vote a rate increase for the local power company. It was so raw that even the gang-owned councilmen rebelled. From Seventh Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, Hynicka sent a wire. The new rates had been fixed by the party in collaboration with "our friends"—the power crowd. The councilmen were directed to pass the ordinance. They did so. But that telegram burned itself into the consciousness of many a Cincinnati citizen. It remains today a highlight in the shameful records of Hynicka's absentee régime.

Revolt at the Ballot Box

Then came the end to all this through the unnoticed activation of certain small germs. Home from the wars in '18 and '19 had come many young warriors—second louies and such—eager to continue in Hamilton County the patriotic energies that had been unleashed in Flanders. They organized the Cincinnatus Association and took it out in talk. That's a good way to start things. Presently Hynicka's lumbering organization planned an extra tax levy on the citizens to keep the half-bankrupt vessel afloat. The Cincinnatus Association developed considerable heat about that. Murray Seasongood in particular, a well-known lawyer with a gift for public speech, grew wroth. They decided to fight the extra levy. They talked, they resolved and—to their own amazement—they conquered. They beat Hynicka.

Then they began to feel their muscles. Could it be that the citizens in this free city actually had some strength left in their good right arms? Or did Hynicka have a glass jaw after all? Then came the moment of fate. The mayor, deprived of the hoped-for revenues by the tax defeat, desperate, announced that he would close the Branch Hospital.

This was used as a tuberculosis hospital and housed four hundred unfortunates. It was a bad break for Hynicka that a man named Henry Bentley was president of the Anti-Tuberculosis League. He is a slight, wiry, incisive lawyer who had, without knowing it, a deadly talent for politics. He clapped his hat on and sped to the mayor's office.

"Do you mean to tell me you are going to turn four hundred dying people into the streets?" he asked. The mayor allowed that was his intention. Bentley, being a lawyer, rushed to his law books. There he discovered that the county and not the city should support the hospital. He rushed over to the county commissioners. He demanded they take over the hospital. They refused. Bentley knew it was the day for the weekly Rotary Club luncheon. He telephoned and asked for twenty minutes on the program. When he talked to them he had the convincing manner of a man stirred by righteous indignation. The Rotary Club not only heard; it whereased the county commissioners vigorously on the subject.

Next day Bentley inflamed the Kiwanis Club to more resolutions. He went from luncheon to luncheon and from hall to hall. The resolutions flooded in on the mayor. Then someone called to suggest that Mr. Bentley ought to call on Mr. Hynicka. Bentley would have called on the devil to keep those dying people in their beds. When Bentley got to Hynicka he found that suave impresario deeply disturbed. He urged Mr. Bentley to go again to the county commissioners. Bentley found the commissioners waiting for him. In half an hour the matter was settled; the county took over the job and the hospital was saved.

But Bentley's mind now, like Seasongood's, was on fire with strange thoughts. These mighty gentlemen in the city hall and the courthouse were plainly frightened. Immediately the Cincinnatus Association took the lead in having the whole city studied. That study resulted in what was called the Upson Report. It showed:

That Cincinnati hadn't balanced its budget in ten years.

That one-half its revenues went to pay debt service.

That it had issued $7,000,000 of bonds to pay running expenses of the city and another $14,000,000 for improvements which ought to be paid out of current revenues.

The End of Government by Graft

It showed plenty more—enough to rouse the Seasongoods and Bentleys and, by this time, young Charles Taft (son of the late President) to meditate definite action against the Emperor Rudolph. They had noticed that the strength of the gang lay, as might be supposed, in the ignorant Basin precincts. They had noticed also that votes piled up here on all offices where voting could be done by emblems but not on offices which had to be voted for by name.

Down on the river front the poverty-stricken colored voters were instructed to vote for "the bird with the short pants" or "the chicken with the short legs"—which was the Republican Eagle. A movement was started to do away with emblem voting. The Democratic supporters stamped the rooster; the Republican stalwarts stamped the eagle.

The new movement planned to abolish the rooster and the eagle. It declared that citizens should vote not for birds but for men. It called itself the "Birdless Ballot League." That was the beginning of the end.

Before long the leaders had decided that what Cincinnati needed was not merely a new kind of ballot but a new form of government. Before they got through they had a full-fledged campaign on for a new charter for Cincinnati. This proposed a real revolution. It proposed to do away completely with all the old forms and set up the city-manager form of government.

Bentley became the campaign manager. Seasongood became the leader of the storm troops on the hustings. A battle of unprecedented fury and bitterness ensued and ended in an overwhelming victory for the reformers. The new charter was adopted and the next step was to elect the men to administer it. Here is the kind of government they had launched:

1. The citizens were to vote for no administrative officials. They would vote for nine councilmen. The councilmen would elect one of their number mayor.

2. The mayor would have no executive duties. He would be a ceremonial official purely.

3. The council would name a city manager to run the town. After six months he would be irremovable save for cause and then only after a public hearing. He would make all appointments and all contracts.

4. City employees would be appointed under strict civil service rules.

5. No city employee would be permitted to officiate either inside or outside the polls on election day, to contribute to a political fund or to electioneer. The penalty fixed was instant dismissal.

6. The members of the council were to be elected by a system of proportional representation.

Here was certainly a different dish from that to which the average American city government sits down. Yet not only did the charter leaders put that charter over, but in the ensuing election they won seven out of the nine councilmen, and thus captured the city government. As Bentley said, they had everything a city government needed but a burlesque circuit. The council named Murray Seasongood as mayor and Colonel C. O. Sherrill of Washington, D. C., as city manager. It was this government which went quietly into office on January 1, 1926, as Jimmy Walker took over City Hall in New York and prepared to open up the flesh pots.

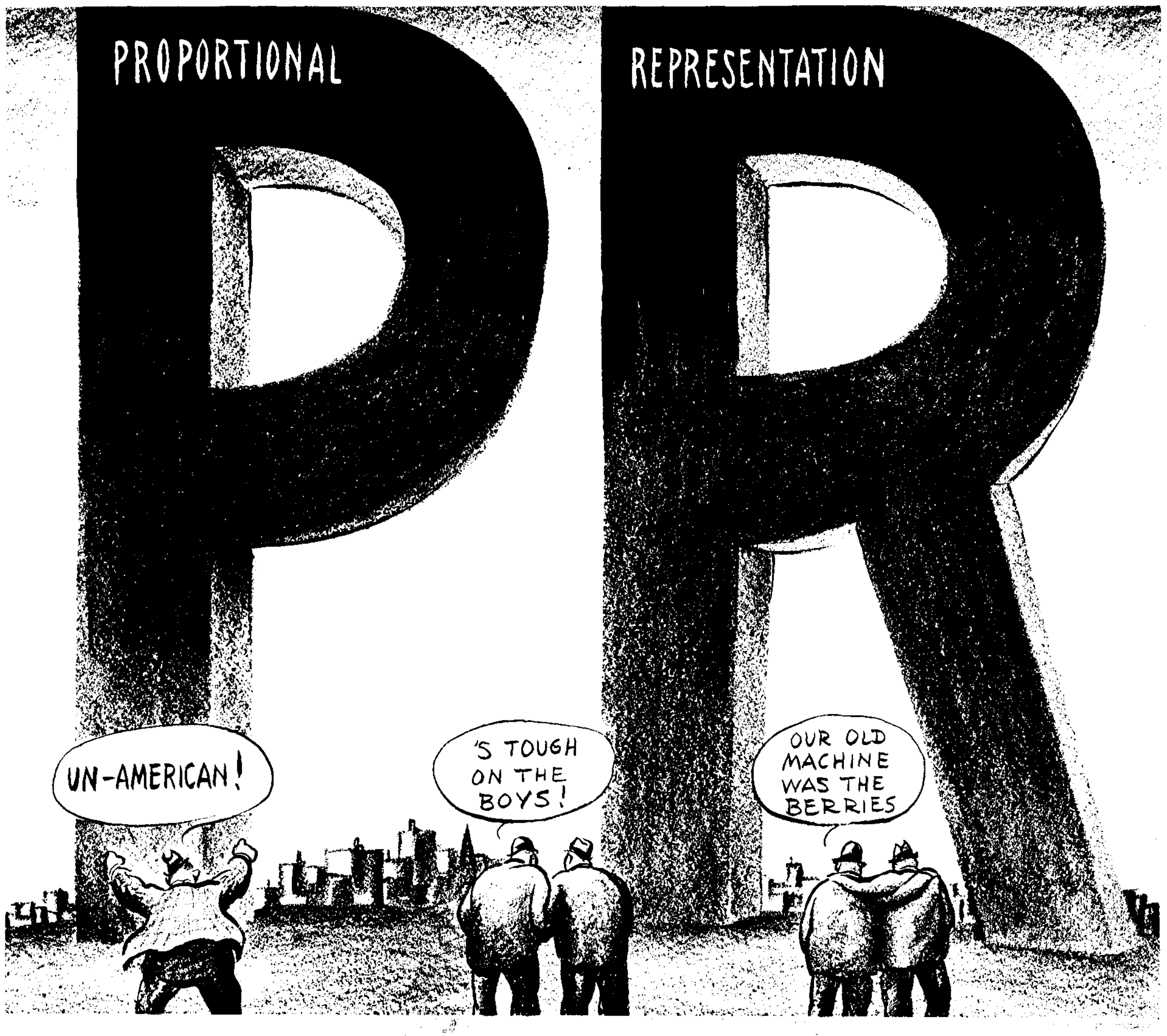
"Just another bunch of reformers," is what the boys said in Cincinnati. "They throw the gang out, go into office and in two or four years the gang throws them out and starts on another long journey of power."

A Reform that Lasted

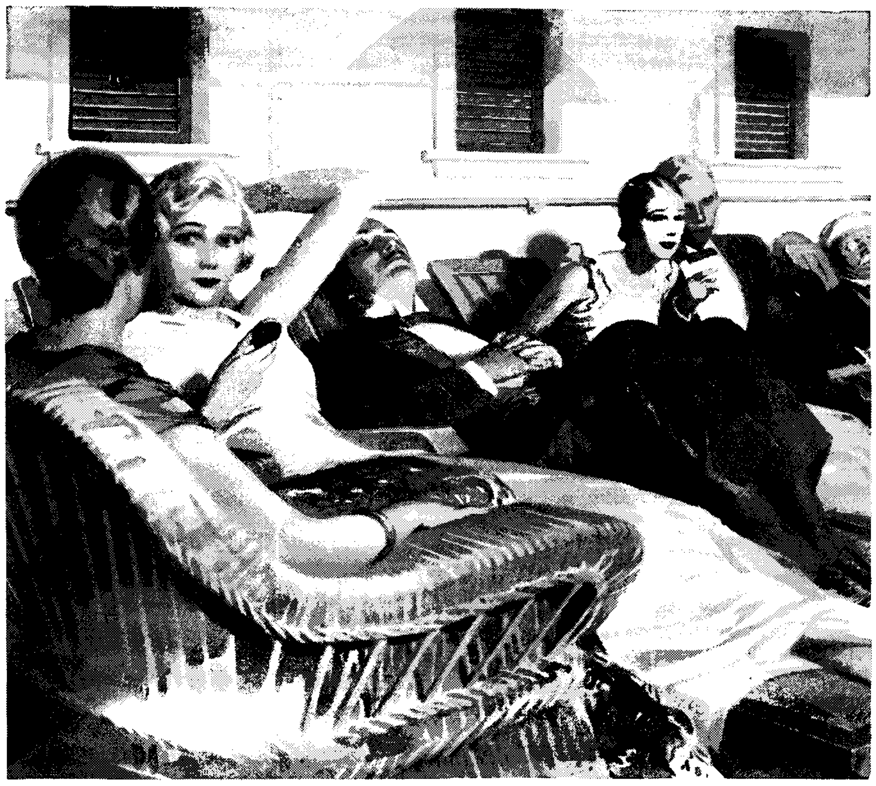
But the boys were badly fooled. The Charter Party has won five elections in a row. In fact, it has won seven elections—five for the offices and two on the extra levy and the adoption of the charter. The reason is that this was not just another crowd of reformers. They did something much more radical than just change officials. In New York and Pittsburgh they merely changed mayors. In Baltimore they merely shifted from loose business methods to better business methods. But in Cincinnati, they didn't just change mayors and aldermen. They changed the form of government. Then they demobilized the enemy's army of mercenaries and refused to build one of

(Continued on page 62)

If the city or town you live in sent you monthly bills for services rendered — for public schools, water, street lighting, police, protection against fire —you'd see that city government is a business. And you'd insist that yours be run along business lines. Here's the story of Cincinnati, a city that tried business management and liked it. That's something of a change, for Cincinnati used to be run by a political boss from a burlesque theater in New York City


PROPORTIONAL
REPRESENTATION
PR
UN-AMERICAN!
'S TOUGH ON THE BOYS!
OUR OLD MACHINE WAS THE BERRIES

Proportional representation is a radical innovation designed to do away with majority rule. It's un-American; it does away with party responsibility, you hear, but it put Cincinnati on its feet and ended bossism



It wouldn't do to let them know. It would spoil their holiday

Dondra Head

Their name is legion—physicians like the young ship's doctor in this glorious story of the sea. They may miss fame and fortune. What of it? Heroes they are, one and all, and rich in the way Dr. Edward Norgard was

By Jacland Marmur

Illustrated by Dan Sweeney

ON THE open promenade where the doctor and his companion stood at the ship's rail, there was merely a discreet and persistent throbbing to remind them that the liner drove eastward at full speed through the Indian Ocean. She had to circle the wide earth in eighty days on her tourist cruise, and she gave them all to know that with such a schedule she could stand for no nonsense. She swayed a little in the restless undulations of the heaving sea, and made white snow of the purple water at her forefoot. There was a hissing along her hull, and the occasional faint slap of flying fish at the end of their frightened flight in the sunshine.

To leeward the monsoon clouds mobilized for sunset, bombshells of scarlet and blue and silver-white in the hot damp brilliance. The Laccadives were behind them some place, as they had always been; but the liner had no time. The deck was deserted, except for a nursemaid and two small children who laughed ecstatically in their play as though they, at least, knew where they were and what it meant. The rest of the passengers were dressing for dinner.

Doctor Edward Norgard, lean and trim in his starched linen uniform, all white with the gold shoulder straps, inhaled his cigarette with pleasure. He wasn't going to miss any of this. Not the least bit of it. It meant that much to him. The man who stood beside him, leaning with the careless ease of a panther on the rail as he pulled at a crooked cheroot, was also a physician. But a passenger on a holiday. Doctor Pythias Grady of New York, the renowned diagnostician and surgeon. He was a very much older man than the ship's officer, with bright, warm eyes in a wrinkled face that said quite clearly he knew enough of human pain and understood how very little he could do about it.

HE LOOKED curiously at Doctor Norgard's youthful face. Something about it he seemed to remember. He supposed he looked like that himself once. Eager, full of fire and strength and guileless faith. He wanted to tell that young fellow a few things about the profession he was just entering. But he couldn't bring himself to say, "My boy," to a ship's officer in tropical drill with gold at his shoulders. . . . The sun caught Norgard's cheek. He turned his head.

"So you remember her too, Doctor Grady? Decent of you to say so."

"Why, of course. A lovely girl. Lovely. She'll be a grand woman. Grand. She has character. And a good nurse, too. Are you married yet?"

The young doctor shook his head and smiled, staring off at the violet and purple of that fabulous sea. Ah, it was well enough for the great Doctor Grady to say things like that. How easily the familiar words slid out. Courteous. Polite. But he couldn't know the whole truth of it. How could he? He was too old for that sort of thing. It wanted youth and the courage of young faith to understand Ethel Doran.

"Ethel waited," Doctor Norgard murmured wistfully, "she waited through my entire interneship. It hasn't been beer and skittles, you know." Funny, how you told things down in these latitudes. "We have strange notions, Ethel and I, about this doctor stuff. I don't want to be a pill-trading peddler. There are things I think I ought to know. That's why I'm here. There's more than blood gets pumped through the human heart. I—I want to know." He hesitated. "Ethel will wait. Some women are like that," he added softly. "They wait."

The famous Doctor Grady looked obliquely at him and churned his memory. Doctor Grady's memory was a mystical legend in the cities of two continents. He discussed with patients he hadn't seen in ten years the minutest details of their past. Jocularly once—for he had a dry sense of humor—he had told the press that he remembered and identified people by their ears. It grew into a legend, that infallible memory of Doctor Pythias Grady. Medical writers wrote lengthy papers upon the "Grady Ear Theory of Identification" and defended it hotly with incontrovertible evidence. They demanded the establishment of such a system in the Criminal Identification Bureau, with themselves at the head. The truth of the matter was that Doctor Grady had a remarkable and unfailing filing system.

BUT the liner's doctor had told him enough. He did seem actually to remember a youngster who had assisted some years before in an appendectomy at the university where he lectured. Norgard? Certainly. This must be the same chap. He'd gone flying to the West Indies in his fourth year as a laboratory assistant in that rotten epidemic they had down there. Got him now. Yes; he remembered—faintly.

"Well," he said, between pulls at his cheroot, "glad you've been admitted to practice. Always thought you had remarkable talent. Fancy finding you ship's doctor on this cruise, though! Humpf. You can't make fees out here."

"There's something better than earning a fee." Norgard grimaced. Then the grimace gave way to an amazingly frank and open smile. "You know, my grandfather was a seafaring man, Doctor Grady. A master mariner. It meant something in those days. He died in my father's house at eighty-five. I've the charts and things he left. Lord! The names that are on them. It's in the blood, perhaps. I want to know. I've got to know! I—"

"What? Sailors?"

"Yes; in a way. What keeps them at it? What have they got that we—"

"Humpf. Found out?"

"No." Ed Norgard shook his head. "Not yet. Here . . . this liner . . . they're in such a bloody hurry to get it over with. Makes you dizzy. Not what I want at all. . . ." He tossed his cigarette overside, turned squarely, and shot the famous surgeon that ingenuous smile of his. "What a rum go," he laughed with sudden good nature. "Me talking to you like this. You must think—"

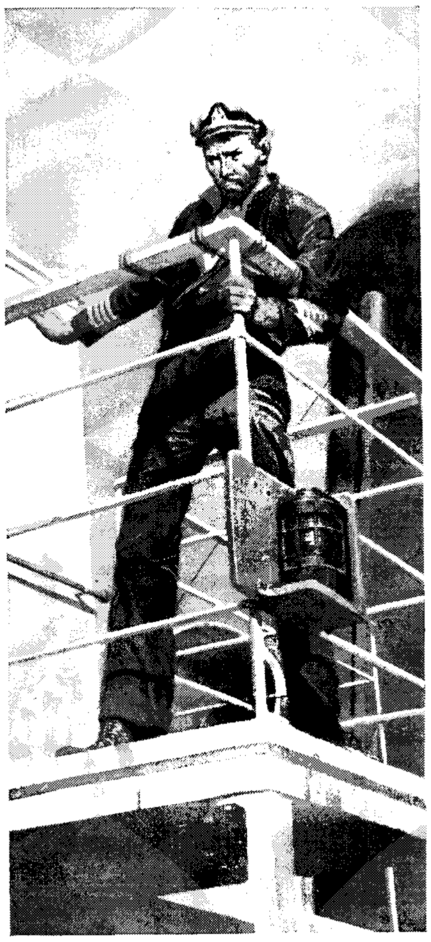
"Not at all. Not at all. Curiosity, that's what. Natural curiosity of a scientific mind." Doctor Grady smiled indulgently. "Or perhaps it's just that you want a fling at adventure, glamour?"

"Well, you have to pay your fee for that, too, sir."

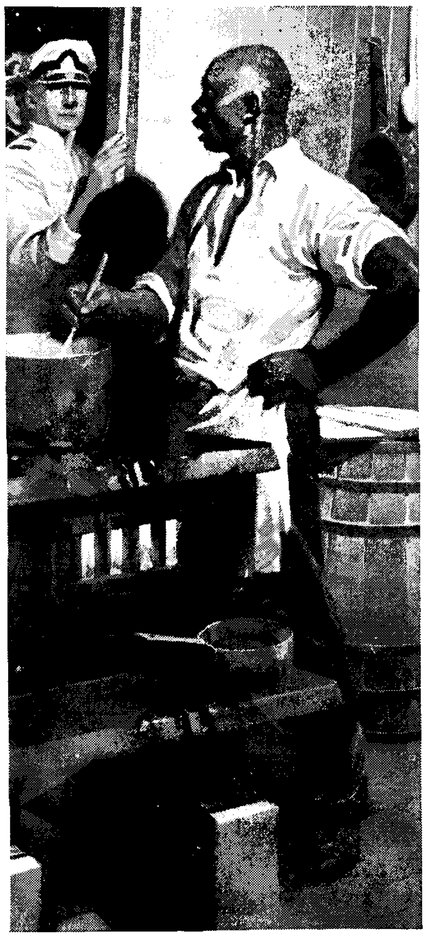
"Yes; I expect so. . . . And Miss Doran will wait while you learn things, eh?"

"Ethel?" Doctor Norgard's eyes lit up. He nodded. "Yes; Ethel will wait."

THERE didn't seem to be anything more to say. Not toward sunset on that sea where the world began. The ship's doctor in starched white and the surgeon on a holiday remained silent and gave over speech to the monsoon's chatter past the funnel stays and the tramp of the watch officer on the bridge.



He remembered, too, the master of the ship Natuna, lashed to his bridge



"Can't do nothin' but sing and cook. Got to keep my dander up. I'm scared"

The ship drove on, throbbing with sullen patience. Sheets of sunfire dropped through slits in the horizon clouds. All the colors of sea and sky stained the western board. A black squall drove up from windward, swift and fierce. Water from the sky raced madly across the sea, but it missed the liner where the two men stood.

The sun shone on, dipping hurriedly. When the squall passed and its hissing ceased, a dark hull soiled the horizon, almost as if a curtain had parted to reveal her standing there in a preordained place, streaming brown smoke for the wind to tear. She seemed motionless, except for the mound of foam at her muzzle. And as the tourist liner bore rapidly down on her, a string of flags could be seen at the stranger's signal halyard above the bridge.

She was a small ship, old and dilapidated. An Island coaster, perhaps, some relic out of the past when that sea was young. Doctor Norgard pointed to her. It seemed a singular sight. But his companion at the rail, having trouble with his soggy cheroot, merely grunted.

On the bridge the watch officer put glasses to his eyes and sent a cadet to call the master. A moment later the telegraph bells rang. The liner swung from her course to the urge of those flimsy colored buntings whipping from the tramp's signal stay. The commander appeared. They could hear his deep quiet bass and looked up toward him. He had a thick book in his large red hands—the International Signal Code.

THE liner slowed down, barely nosing the slapping seas. A moment later a cadet came hurrying along the liner's deck.

"Beg pardon, Doctor, the captain would like to see you."

Norgard nodded, and the cadet walked away.

"Like to come up with me, Doctor Grady?" he asked politely. "I'm sure Captain Hasting would be glad to give you the courtesy of the bridge."

"Well . . . Humpf. . . . All right. Thanks."

The master had his book open on the binocular rack, his thick finger pointing a place. Colored flags and signal pennants broke from the halyard over his head. The mate of the watch, glasses to his eyes, waited to read the answer across the sea.

"Ah, Doctor Norgard," Captain Hasting growled. "They have sickness aboard there. What can we do for the poor beggars? Her skipper wants the advice of our surgeon."

"Sickness, sir? It's hard to say. What sickness? Can he tell us something of. . . ?"

"I am asking." He turned his red face. "Well, Mister? What does she fly now?"

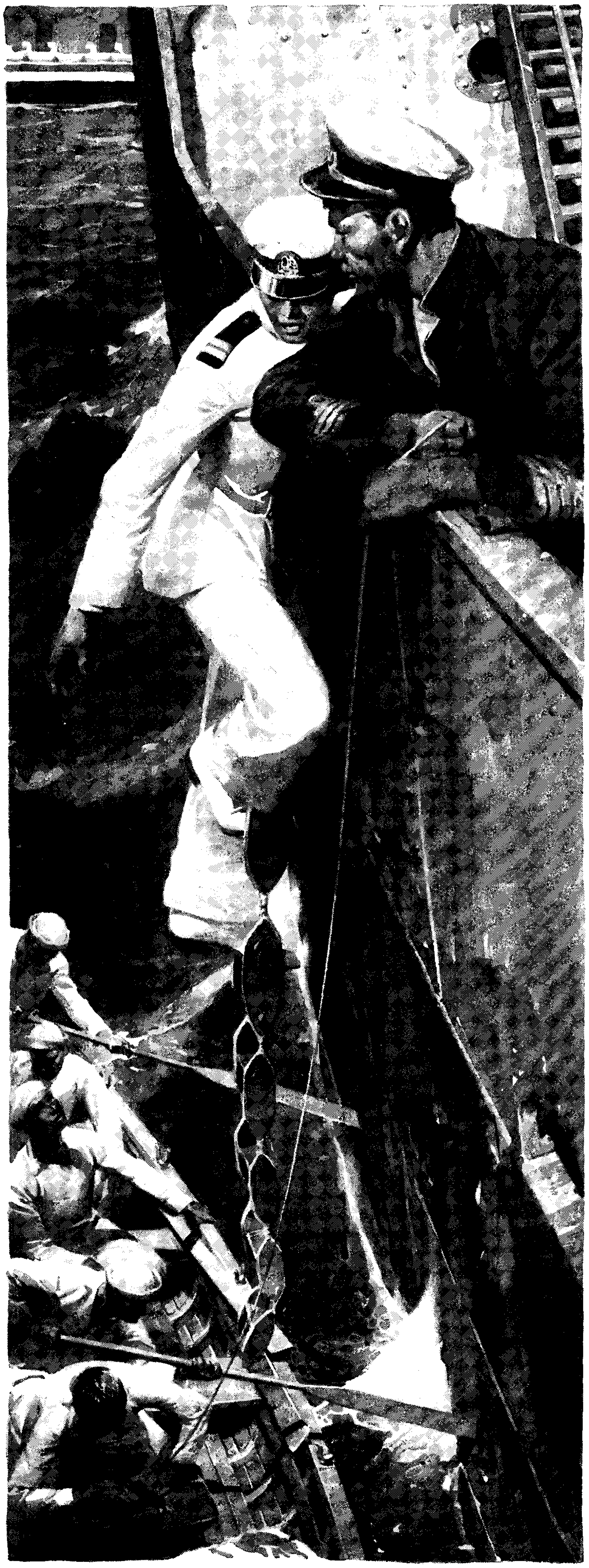
The mate passed the binoculars without a word. Captain Hasting took them, spelled out the reply from his code book, and dropped the glasses in the rack. He frowned severely and shot Doctor Grady a piercing look from under shaggy brows. Norgard saw it, and wondered.

"This is Doctor Grady, Captain," he explained. Surely everyone had heard of Doctor Pythias Grady! "Doctor Grady, you know, sir," he repeated.

"Sorry," the New York surgeon murmured and backed toward the ladder. "I had no intention of intruding."

"No, no. Quite all right in that case," the master said sharply. "I understand doctors are discreet." He coughed. The furrows between his brows deepened. "They have plague."

"Good God!"



He climbed aboard. His little medical chest and surgeon's kit came up on the end of a line

THE exclamation broke unwittingly from Norgard's lips. He turned his head to look at her again. Plague! She merited another look. Across a half mile of noisy sea she wallowed in the swells, darkly desolate against a deepening heaven, her low rail lipping the spray in now and again. Patiently asking for counsel. A doctor's advice. Clear out of it: that was the best advice. There was a moment of silence on the liner's bridge. The young doctor's face was drawn and a little pale.

"Well," he whispered, almost to himself. "Well, this is it. . . . I'll be up directly, sir, with some things."

He turned and went down the ladder. Doctor Grady and the liner's master looked at each other. Queer chap. This is it, he said. What the devil did he mean by that? Almost as if he'd been waiting for something like this to happen. Sure it would. And here it was. He was ready for it. Plague wasn't nice. Grady was a medical man, and he knew that. But he didn't know what it meant at sea on a crummy little tramp like that.

"He can't do anything, sending them stuff, Captain," he said. "Plague? It might be half a dozen things. It's no good shipping them pills and drugs from your medicine locker! Quarantine and fumigation's what they want. They—"

"I know. Yes, I know. But . . ."

Moments passed. The passengers on the promenade were buzzing with gay talk, gesticulating across the darkling sea. The monsoon blew cool and damp, laden with the smell of rain and jungles and spice. Doctor Norgard came along presently and climbed the ladder again. He had a surgeon's emergency kit in his hand. On the deck below him his room steward stood guard over a small chest he had hurriedly filled.

"All ready, Captain," he said quietly.

"Very well. I'll have a boat over. You can send them whatever you—"

"I am going myself, sir."

Captain Hasting's eyes widened a little. "You . . . That's nonsense! You'll—"

"UNLESS as master of this ship, sir, you deliberately forbid me to leave her, I'm going across and see them through it. But you won't do that. I know you won't. The Bills of Health are all made out for the next port entrance. The seasickness pills are all handily labeled in my room. Doctor Grady here is acknowledged the best medical man in New York. They ought to be proud to have him for a ship's surgeon for the balance of the voyage. Sign him on the articles if you have to. I mean to finish the voyage on that tramp there."

Somehow, Captain Hasting knew he meant it. Doctor Pythias Grady touched his arm.

"You're a fool!" he said calmly. "If it's plague they've got, you don't know what—"

"You're wrong. I do. I put in six months in the last West Indian epidemic. I know well enough."

The surgeon shrugged, hiding his innate tenderness beneath the ironic dryness of his voice. "Perhaps I'd do the same at your age. Maybe this is that adventure you've been hunting so long? Eh? You'll find out things, all right."

(Continued on page 44)

Husband of the Champion

By John R. Tunis

Concerning an ordinary young man who married a queen of the courts. You will not be reminded of any tennis story you've ever read before

USUALLY after the finals of a tennis championship the crowd has only one desire: to get away as soon as possible. But today, instead of rushing off to the car park or over to the station and the waiting specials, the gallery remained dazed and uncertain, dissolving slowly, trying to discover what it was all about.

Everyone had seen it but no one understood what they had seen. The porch of the clubhouse hummed and buzzed with excitement. Where was the champion? Someone said she had jumped into a taxicab without even bothering to change! Important-looking gentlemen wearing badges were assailed for information by the curious. Everyone asked everyone else the same question: *What had happened to the champion?*

NOW this is not really the story of Gracie Fields at all, but the story of Hank Fields, the husband of the champion. Visualize a big, six-foot, hundred-and-ninety-pound giant—a lad who had played a first-class end for three years at college—and you have him.

In all probability Hank Fields would have finished as successor to his father and eventually as senior partner in the firm of Fields, Stone & Co., 15 Broad Street, New York (also offices in Limón, Panama City, Medellin, Salvador and Bogota). He would have—had it not been for one thing. That was the crash of 1929.

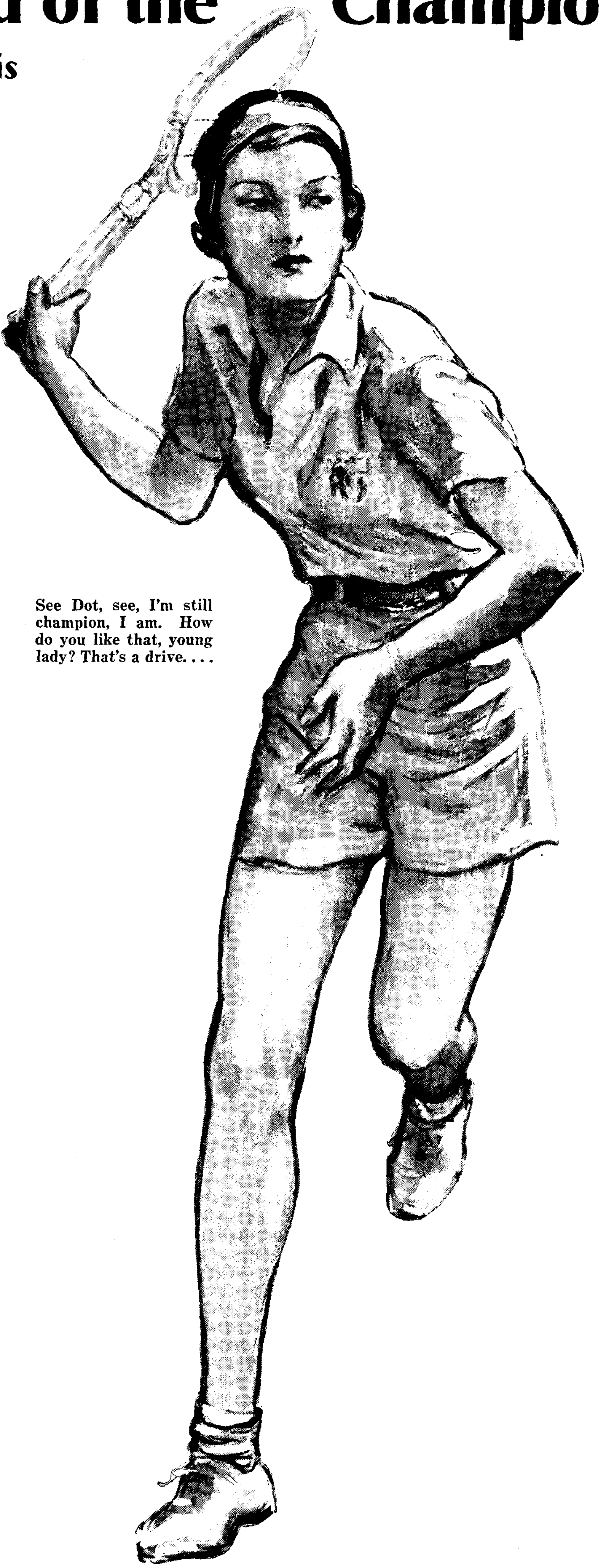
You remember? Yes? Well, the crash did several things to the fine old firm of Fields, Stone & Co. It bankrupted them within a year; it sent Old Man Fields to his grave. And Hank, instead of sitting at a big desk in a corner room in lower Manhattan with a junior partnership and a view down the harbor, found himself with a lovely lady for wife and no particular means of supporting her. No, not even a plain, ordinary job, because engineers—even engineers like Hank, who spoke Spanish fluently by virtue of having lived down there off and on with the Old Man—were as useless, at that time, as charming young customer's men.

If you can imagine Hank driven to making a living of sorts, thanks to the indirect help of his wife whose name got him into places he ordinarily couldn't have crashed in sixty-eight years, you can guess just how happy he was as the husband of the champion.

It was a hot, stuffy afternoon in mid-August, the Thursday of the national championships. The Fieldses—Hank and his wife—were in the sitting-room of their hotel suite. Hank, his coat off, his shirt open at the neck, his head on the back of the chair, seemed tired. A rumpled white tennis costume lay on the bed and several others, not rumpled, hung in the half-opened closet; a dozen rackets stood in one corner. Tennis was in the air.

"So then . . . what?" Hank looked over to where his wife sat.

"Well, maybe then we can take a vacation."



See Dot, see, I'm still champion, I am. How do you like that, young lady? That's a drive. . . .

"On what? Not on me. Know what I made in the past twelve months? I figured it all out this morning: twenty-seven fifty-eight. Five years out of Yale with a Sheff degree in my pocket . . . and look at me! I'm glad Father never lived to see this."

Gracie got up and walked across the room. She sat on the back of Hank's chair and stroked his head.

"And look here, dearie," Hank went on, "don't think I imagine your side is easy. I see how hard it is for you. Why, sure, you'd have quit tennis last year if you hadn't been helping me in 'business.'"

She put her hand over his mouth. "Sh-h . . . you mustn't say those things, dear. You know how much I love tennis and how I love to play . . . why, it's a part of me."

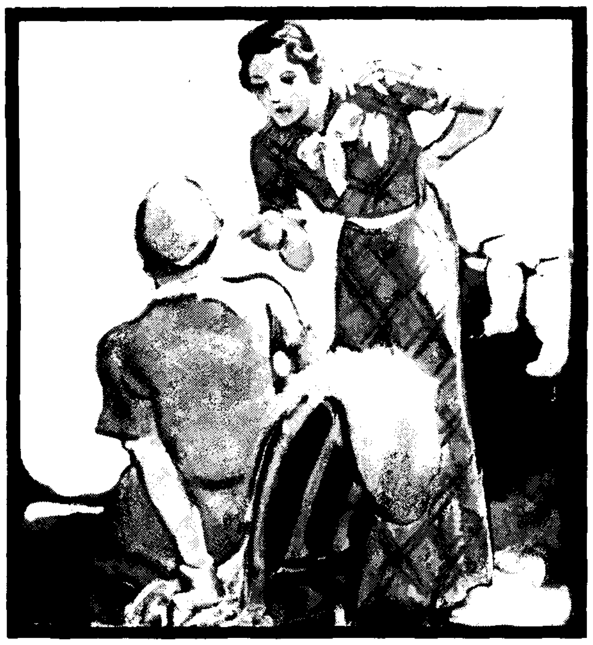
"YEAH. But you don't love to play when you have to spot that Peters child ten years on a hot afternoon in midsummer. I know perfectly well—"

The telephone jangled. Gracie went over and picked up the receiver. "Who? Oh . . . tell her to come right up!" She put down the receiver with a wistfully appealing glance at Hank. He knew she had to tell him something he wouldn't like. "It's Dorothy. I forgot, she's coming to dinner."

Dorothy Sands, who since Gracie became champion had been her best friend, represented everything that went against Hank Fields. She was the self-made (and not dissatisfied with the maker) advertising manager of the second largest store in New York (the youngest person to hold such a job in Manhattan), good-looking, immensely clever, efficient, capable, successful, sought after. In short, Dorothy Sands was one of those perfect creations of the twentieth century: a self-supporting, self-sufficient woman.

Like everyone who knew the champion, she loved Gracie, but it was chiefly for her achievements that she admired her; after all, five championships and five titles in succession demand recognition. Funny thing about Dorothy—or maybe it wasn't so funny either, since like usually attracts like in this world: she knew only the big shots. Sort of a girl whose connections were many and varied in different walks of life but always with the elect of earth in different *milieux*. You'd see her lunching at the Aldernon with various celebrities, dining at the Park-Royale with famous business men—"successful" men whose incomes ran into hundreds of thousands. They liked her and she liked them.

Admiring Gracie, she seemed to feel that the champion's affection for Hank Fields was a sort of blot, a weakness. "What's Hank like? Oh, he's all right, I suppose, if you have to have a man about all the time. But, my dear, I should think Gracie really would get a little fed up occasionally. The way she waits on him and caters to him is awful! And of course everywhere he goes he's just the husband of the champion. Why,



"The way you've carried that egg along is a joke of the sport world. Let him go, dear"

Ruth, he hasn't had a decent job for years."

More than once husband and wife had it back and forth over Dorothy Sands. "Yeah, I know her kind. Always hanging about the folks in the news. There were birds like her in college, forever bumming in my room, not because they really liked me but because I was an All-America end, they . . ."

"HANK FIELDS! I wish you wouldn't say such things about a fine girl like Dorothy. She's done things, she has. Besides, you hardly know her."

"No. You mean she hardly knows me. I don't earn twenty-five thousand a year."

"Stop it, Hank." The more her husband talked in that vein the more ardently the champion defended her friend. She was thinking of the way the two persons in whom she was most interested invariably clashed, when the door opened and the lady in question sauntered gracefully in, greeting the champion with a kiss and greeting the husband of the champion with a more restrained salutation. High tension in the atmosphere. Sparks.

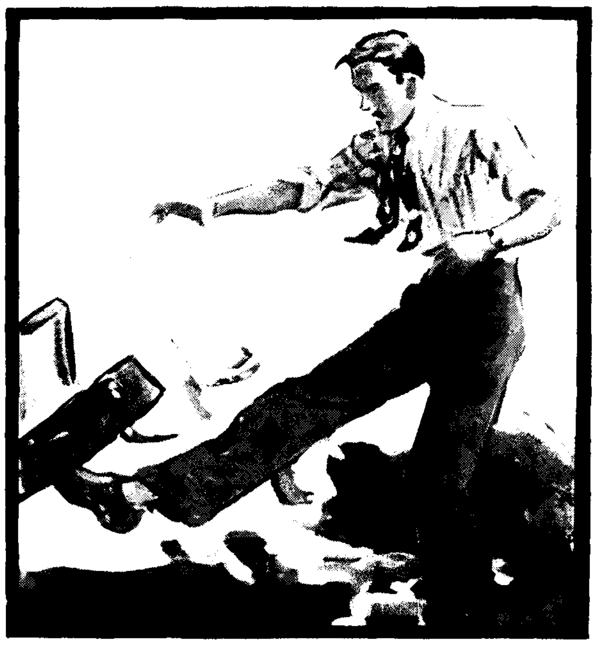
Dorothy sat down and lit a cigarette. She waited a moment to have Hank offer a light. Hank, stretched on the bed, did nothing. ("If they're so darned efficient they can light their own cigarettes," he used to tell his wife.) Dorothy smoked briskly, as she did everything, with quick little taps against the side of the tray, very determined, sure of herself, trying hard not to betray her dislike of Hank. Succeeding badly.

"Well, Dorothy, how's big business?" There was the suspicion of a sneer in Hank's tone and one in her reply.

"Oh, we're not doing so badly, thanks."

"Yes, I strolled into your emporium today. Pretty busy it looked, for the middle of summer."

"We haven't had a bad August. Sales up four per cent over last year, which was the best August we ever had. And sixteen per cent over 1932. We look ahead to a good fall if things keep up." Figures rippled from her exquisitely modeled mouth in well modulated sounds. "The head of the Steinberg stores in Cincinnati tells me the fall will show real gains. Well,



He kicked a suitcase across the room. "We'll go to South America. I will, anyhow!"

Gracie, I'm sorry I couldn't get down this afternoon. See you won okay."

Before the champion could reply there was a knock at the door. She went over and took a telegram from the boy. "Now what? Why . . . why, it's from old Tommy Thurber. It's for you, not me, Hank."

He reached out eagerly. "Tommy Thurber . . . what do you think . . . gee, that's great . . . he's coming up . . . landing tomorrow from the Santa Marta . . . the nineteenth; yep, that's tomorrow. Well, good for Tommy."

The advertising manager of the big store was politely interested. "Who's Tommy?" she asked.

Gracie explained. While she explained, Hank Fields, holding the telegram in his hands, lost the hot room and the tennis rackets in the corner and girls in white. He was transported to a big open space crossed by wide chalk lines: "Fields and Thurber, ends for Yale. . . ." "Ross stopped in his tracks by Thurber, and what a tackle that was! . . ." "Fields downs the ball carrier with a loss of six yards . . . and a substitute going in at the right end for Yale. . . ."

". . . . ever since, he's been down there in some sort of engineering job in South America." The voice of his wife brought him to.

"Oh," responded the advertising manager politely. There was just the right amount of implied scorn in her voice, exactly the correct distance between a mining engineer earning three thousand a year in Bogota and the youngest girl in Manhattan holding a fifteen-thousand-dollar job, with responsibilities accordingly. Her voice, her tone, jarred Hank.

"Yeh, and he's some guy, too. Saved the company's plant from the revolutionaries six months ago by walking out and pasting the ringleader on the jaw in front of his whole gang. That's the sort of boy he is; now they are making him boss of the district, I suppose. . . ."

"Sounds like a Richard Harding Davis hero. I'd enjoy meeting him." This tartly.

THE champion saw the storm clouds gather. Why, oh why did they always react on each other this way? Hastily she intervened. "Well, I'm hungry. I've played two sets of singles and three sets of doubles since my last food time. What about something to eat?"

The other two instantly forgot their sparring. They were, they decided, hungry also.

"Fine. I know a nice quiet little chop house over on the West Side," said Hank.

"Pete's sakes, do let's go somewhere amusing. This is my party," interrupted Big Business. "We'll just shoot up to the Richter Roof . . ."

"The Richter Roof? Why spend all that jack to eat a simple meal? Now what I say is a good chop. . . ."

"I said this was *my* party, Hank." Once again the storm clouds loomed. Once more the champion jumped in desperately. Heavens, they even fought about places to eat, those two! "All right, it would be nice and cool up there. You don't need to dress, dearie."

Hank pulled on his coat as if to say he'd be damned if he'd dress. The other girl remarked: "And one sees such a lot of interesting people there; that's one reason I like it, Gracie." Hank thought, "And a lot of interesting people see you walk in and sit down with the champion." That's what he thought. But he restrained himself and said nothing. Great self-control, that was, for the husband of the champion.

The next afternoon, Friday, was the day of the semifinals, and to Gracie's surprise and disappointment she missed her husband from his usual place in the front row of her box. Dorothy was there in his chair, although to get there she had thrown half a dozen persons from her office, and cut a sales conference with the general manager. Carefully she watched the first match brilliantly won by her friend's opponent—an eighteen-year-old star; and then the long battle in which, finally, Gracie qualified for the finals the next day.

"WHERE'S Hank?" Dorothy asked—she and Gracie were walking back to the clubhouse together.

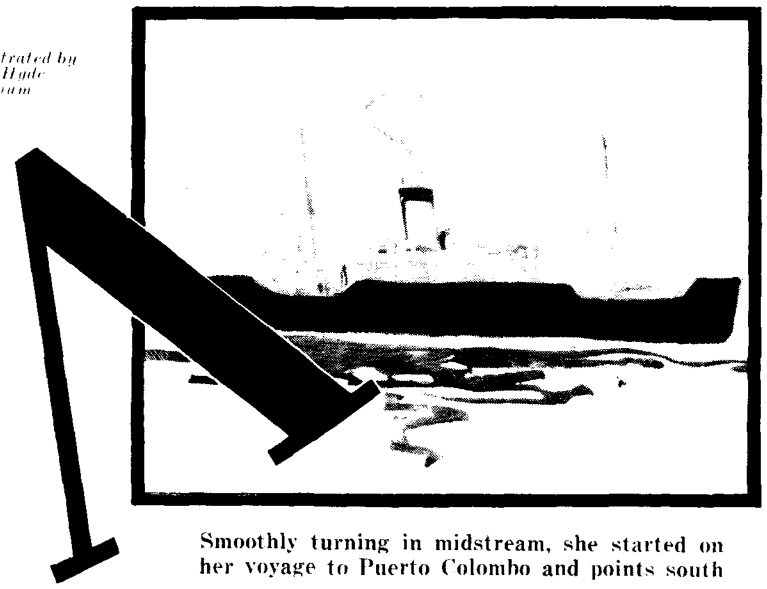
"Can't imagine. Except that Tommy got in this morning—maybe he and Hank . . . I don't really know. . . ."

"Oh, so the great Tommy arrived. Well, that match was close, Hank should have been there, Tommy or no Tommy." There was a note of reproach in Dorothy's voice. "I must run back to the office and clean things up. I'll drop in this evening—want to tell you some things about that child's backhand."

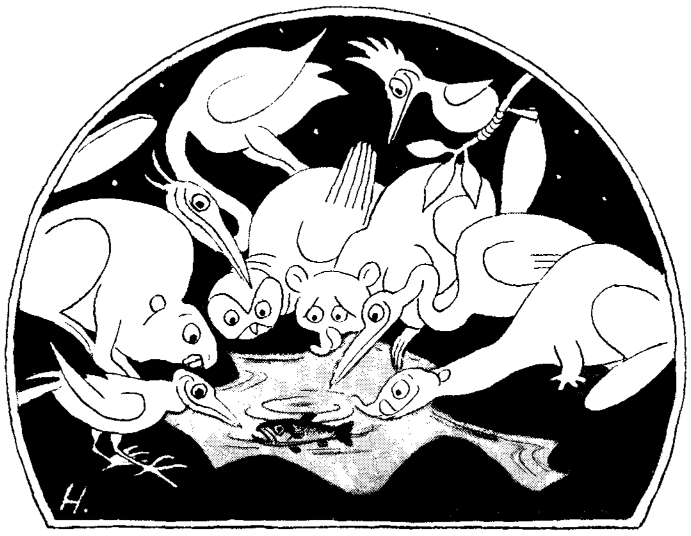
The champion bathed and dressed slowly and returned to the hotel later. "Mr. Fields back?" she asked the clerk. "No, Mrs. Fields, haven't seen him." This worried her. Upstairs the apartment was as tidy as she had left it; no signs of Hank or his usual disorder. When she was about to telephone his office, the door banged open and there he was.

(Continued on page 28)

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum



Smoothly turning in midstream, she started on her voyage to Puerto Colombo and points south



A trout has more enemies than an income-tax collector

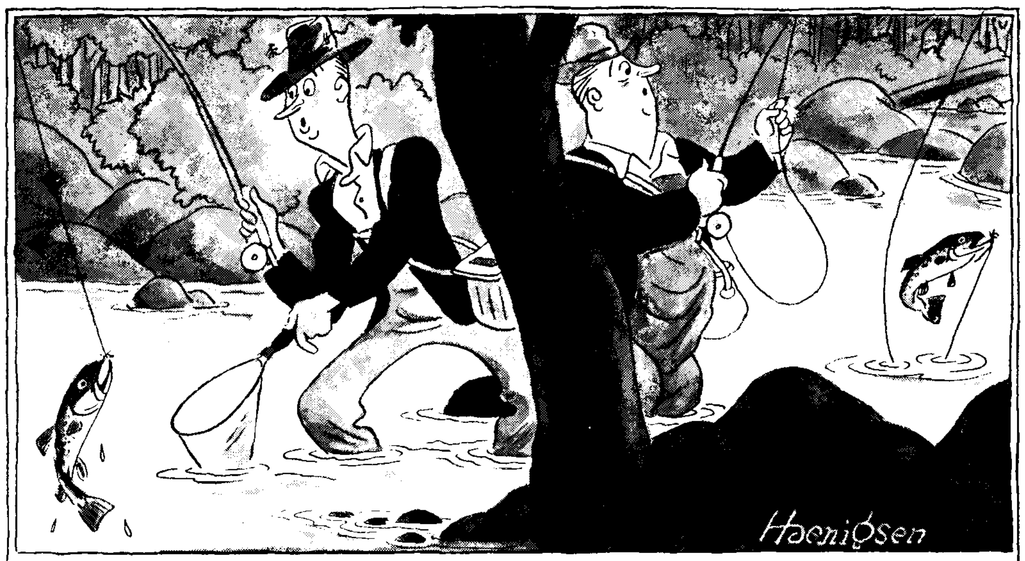
Anglers Away!

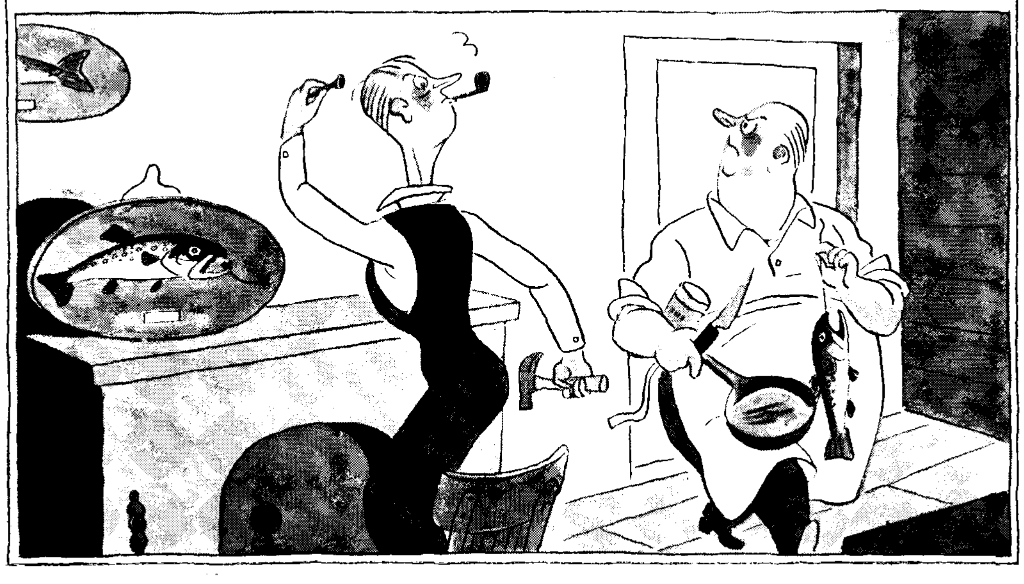
By Quentin Reynolds

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

In raising trout, man improves on nature. Hatchery-bred fish are healthier, heavier and better insurance risks than their wild brethren. It's all in the baby diet—no milk or spinach, but plenty of beef liver. Come into the trout's dining-room and watch them lap it up

Mere neophytes usually feel a twinge of pity for their first trout





There are two schools of thought on the subject of trout utility

"NOW, my good man," the Lord of the Manor said, "I am having some people down from London tonight for dinner. No doubt they have had nothing to eat for weeks except the beef and the chops which ignorant cooks of the great city prepare. I want to give them something that will tickle their palates; that will make all other meals but sorry memories; a meal that will live in their consciousness as long as they live, such a meal as will make all other meals seem dull and uninteresting. So, my good Barker, see to it."

Now Thomas Barker was an artist and his talents were twofold. First, he was one of the foremost anglers of his time, and his time, may we mention, coincided with that of the great Izaak Walton. Secondly, he was a very famous cook. This combination was a source of great joy to his master, for Barker not only caught food for the manor but he prepared it. On this occasion both talents were challenged. Barker decided to give his master's guests a fish dinner—but what a fish dinner! He would serve nothing but trout.

Let it be known that a cook-angler combination is a very rare combination indeed. There are those who think of trout in terms of green-shaded streams which weave intricate paths through tangles of brush and trees. There are those who think of angling as art against a background of green splashed with the pale gold of unknown flowers, framed by the blue banners of the fleur-de-lis which tremble above the rocks. To them angling is more than the mere catching of fish—it is the champagne of sports, which is accompanied by a woodland symphony in which the predominant notes are the sharp call of the impudent chickadee repeating his name over and over, and the staccato beat of the crimson-crested woodpecker. To them angling is something accomplished under trees which are alive with tiny, brilliant, golden-crowned sparks of winged life—and the smell of the frying pan is notably absent.

There are others who think of trout merely as something to grace a dinner table, as a succulent accompaniment to a glass of sauterne or graves, or even stout. To such people trout is merely a food.

Sportsman and Chef

Our seventeenth-century angler-cook, however, had effected a happy compromise in his own mind. He was all angler in the morning and all cook in the afternoon. As he stood there in the stream, feeling the swift pressure of water against his knees and hearing the faint echo of upstream rapids trembling on the air, he was all angler. As he looked up through young leaves to catch occasional glimpses of a blue sky and as he breathed the woodland perfume of a thousand poignant, delicate odors, he had never a thought for the kitchen which he would grace later in the day. He might have dangled a hook-baited hand line into the stream and thus eased his labors, but Barker was a true angler who would have fried his master's eggs with the shells on as soon as he would have used a worm. And this, mind you, was many long years ago before anglers who used worms were ostracized.

So on this day Barker exerted all of his skill. He knew that he would need a goodly mess of trout for the ladies and gentlemen from London. He used flies of his own making, entrancing lures which he knew would fool even the most intelligent trout. They worked and he trudged home, a proud angler for whom Nature had unlocked her box of secrets. That is, until he walked into his kitchen. Then he was a cook again and the exalted look left his eyes and they became calculating and cold as he looked at the gleaming, speckled victims of his skill. They were only dead fish now, raw material out of which his culinary art would fashion a masterpiece. The meal he cooked that night was so remarkable that he made a note of it in his memoirs.

Always an Aristocrat

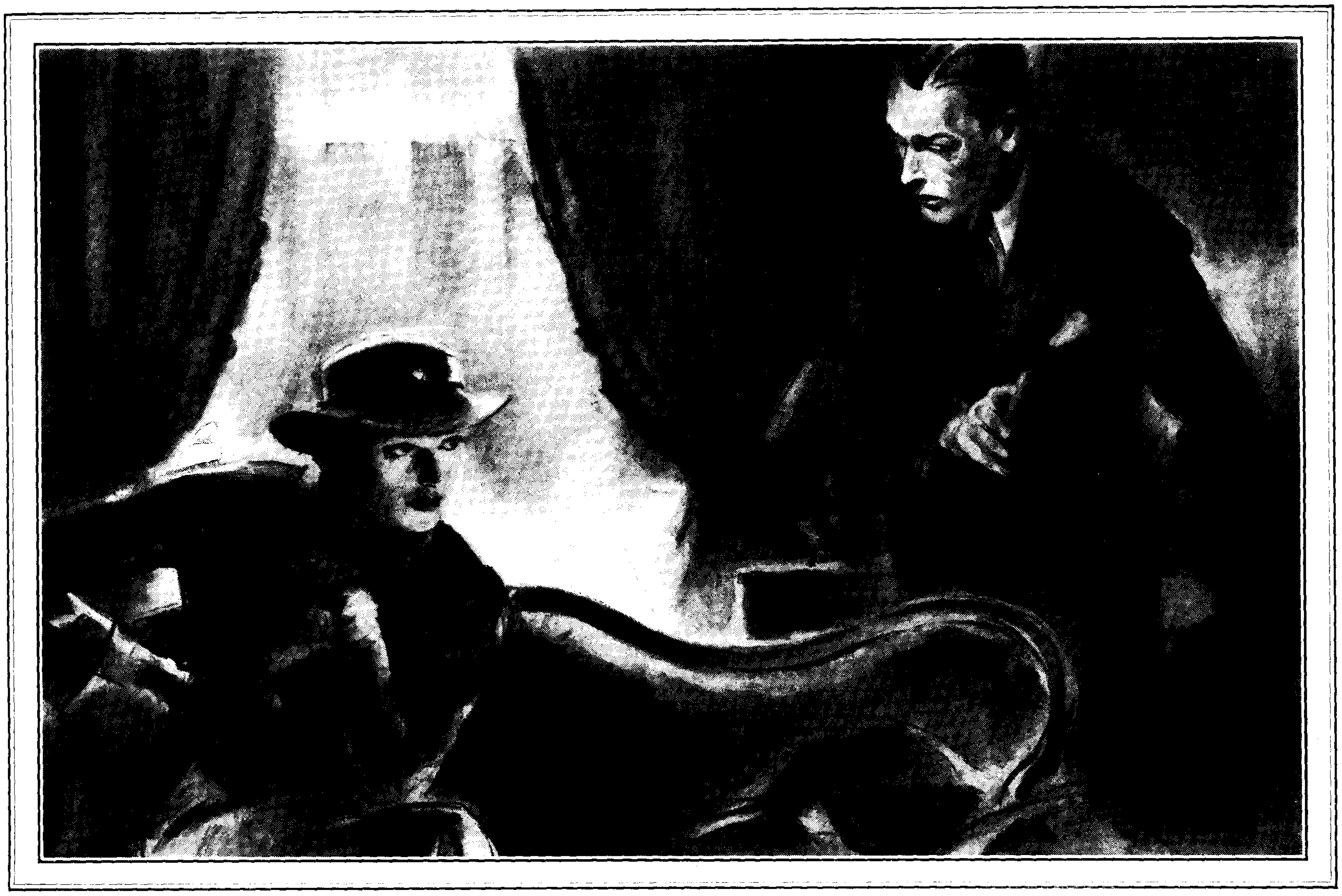
First, there was trout broth, and no trout ever had a better funeral setting than that creamy concoction which was as light as the kiss of a summer breeze. Then there was calvered trout served piping hot with an anchovy sauce that piqued the palate and made it receptive to the broiled trout which was served next. Now came stewed trout, stewed in a sauce of white wine flavored with cloves and mace, tinged with ginger and sprinkled with nutmeg. The dessert, of course, was trout pie.

The ladies and gentlemen from London enjoyed this unique meal. The trout even in those days was the aristocrat of the dining table as well as the aristocrat of the stream. A trout knows how to live and though its blood may be cold it is also royal—and it knows how to die. Under the skillful guidance of such a chef as Barker a trout knows how to grace a table too, and thus even after death it enjoys a triumph lost to lesser members of the piscatorial races.

'Tis well for the art of angling that there are few men like Barker alive today. His culinary skill would have made trout so delectable that every gourmet would have insisted upon it at every meal. His superb angling skill (which called forth pæns of admiration from the great Walton) no doubt would have been transferred to others to such an extent that our streams would soon have become mere forlorn-looking rivulets entirely barren of even the smallest trout. And the trout has enough natural enemies as it is without adding the good appetite and uncanny skill of men like Barker.

There are those, mere neophytes in the angling fraternity, who sometimes feel a twinge of pity as they pull a protesting trout from its natural home. Many think that it is cruel to kill trout, but actually a trout could ask for no better death. The memory of a trout that dies of a cold or of old age is never honored by his family or friends. It is written that those who live by the

(Continued on page 57)



"But you haven't received my check yet," she reminded him

The Case against Mrs. Ames

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

The Story Thus Far:

ACQUITTED of the murder of her husband, the wealthy John Ames, Rose Ames receives a dreadful shock. Aware that her attorney, Carlton Forman, loves her, she meets him; he tells her he believes her guilty—and leaves her.

Agreeing with Forman, Sam Kernochan, New York's most brilliant reporter-detective, then receives a surprise. Mrs. Ames offers him $50,000 to prove her innocent—*or guilty!* He accepts the offer, and quickly learns that: (1) Two men (one of them John Ames) had been murdered, after paying attention to Emily Trephon, a chorus girl; (2) Miss Trephon and Jimmy Pottery, a racketeer, have always been close friends; (3) Mrs. Ames' butler, Frank Johnson, knows Pottery.

Johnson is murdered. . . . According to Mrs. Ames' testimony, she had, on hearing a shot, rushed to her husband, found him dead, a revolver beside him. Since all the exits had been locked *on the inside*, someone (Mrs. Ames' innocence granted) must have killed him, slipped out through the bathroom door, and, using pliers, locked the door—*from the outside.* In Johnson's room, Kernochan finds a plier-marked key; after which, by clever detective work, he learns that Johnson's wife, Lizzie (Mrs. Ames' maid), had bought the unmarked key which had been substituted for the marked one. He learns, furthermore, that on the afternoon of the murder Mrs. Ames had had a caller—Gerry Dempster, who, received by Johnson at the door, had not seen Rose Ames.

Dempster, Kernochan believes, is the murderer. In love with Mrs. Ames for years, he had "had a breakdown" the day John Ames had died! Working quickly, Kernochan gathers much confirmatory evidence; then, calling on Dempster, he boldly announces that Johnson had left a confession, naming Dempster as the murderer.

Dempster is guilty. He breaks down, confesses that, aided by Johnson, he had shot John Ames; that he had also killed Johnson, who had bled him with blackmail. Deeply in love with Rose Ames, and hoping to protect her from ugly publicity, Dempster writes the whole story—making it appear, however, that he had murdered Ames, following a quarrel over a *craps* game! He signs his confession—and commits suicide. . . . Rushing to his paper, the Leader (which he had left because of his views on the Ames case), Kernochan writes the great story—and is hired again, as a European correspondent. He phones Mrs. Ames. "Read the Leader," he says, "and send me a check for fifty thousand dollars." He explains in brief. Then: "I'm off for Europe tomorrow night. *Goodby, Mrs. Ames.*" And he hangs up.

Conclusion

THE rooms on Eighth Street seemed suddenly cramped to Kernochan. The garments strewn on the backs of chairs, the open trunk in the middle of the living-room, the litter of books and papers all combined to crowd the little apartment. He felt a sudden desire to get out and stretch his limbs.

"Do you suppose you could finish this packing for me, Mrs. Rainey?" he asked his landlady.

"Sure I can," she replied. "There ain't no hurry, anyway. You say you don't sail until tomorrow night. Your trunk won't go until noon. The trouble with you is you're all excited. I'll bet you've done something big. You're always this way when you've finished some piece of work. I hope you ain't going to go out and get cockeyed, Mr. Kernochan."

He took no offense at her frankness. Mrs. Rainey had been more than a landlady to him; more than once she had ministered to him after one of his prolonged sprees. He slapped her gently on the shoulder.

"No danger of that," he laughed. "But I haven't had any dinner; just remembered it. I'm starved."

"You don't mean thirsty, do you?" she asked anxiously.

"Thirsty, too. But don't worry."

"I'm going to worry. Not about your drinking. But I hate to think of you leaving us. You've been a swell tenant, even if you are plastered a lot. It's going to be hard to get as good a person as you in these rooms."

"I couldn't be more flattered," he said. "See you in the morning."

He smiled at her and she beamed upon him. She sighed as he went through the door. She was fifty years old, but if she were twenty years younger. . . .

Kernochan walked to Fifth Avenue. For a moment he hesitated, then he decided not to dine at any restaurant in the neighborhood. This would be his last night in New York for months, perhaps for years. Bowman had finally given him the job he wanted. Europe was seething; war was freely prophesied by competent observers; the clashing ambitions of half a dozen nationalities, of as many opposed economic and political ideas, could not much longer fail to cause an explosion. To be on the scene of great events, to write about them, to be part of them—the writing of novels could wait.

But on this last night in New York, he wanted to make the rounds. He wanted to see the night clubs, the bars of Broadway, the faces and scenes that he loved. He stepped into a taxi and told the man to drive him to Times Square. There, on a side street, he entered a chop house.

"Good evening, Mr. Kernochan," the manager of the place greeted him. Half a dozen people called a welcome to him. He grinned in friendly fashion, nodded amiably, but sat down in a booth by himself. He ordered a steak, fried potatoes and a mug of beer.

As he finished the wedge of pumpkin pie that followed his steak, he glanced at his wrist watch. Twelve-fifteen. In a little while newsboys would be crying the greatest beat of Kernochan's career. In fifteen or twenty minutes Rose Ames would know that her innocence was no longer a matter of the opinion of twelve jurymen, but was a matter of fact known to all the world.

HE WONDERED what her feelings would be tonight. Would she sleep? Of course, the fact that Dempster was a murderer would not be a pleasant thing to know. But to realize that in no one's mind could lurk the faintest suspicion concerning herself—that should be something tremendous. He wondered how Forman, reading in the Paris Herald about Kernochan's discovery, would feel. Pretty cheap, Kernochan told himself. Still, Forman couldn't be censured. He, Kernochan, had felt exactly as Forman had felt. Nevertheless, to have believed wrongly that the woman one loved was guilty of a heinous crime—Kernochan didn't envy Forman. To lack faith in the woman one loved and then to find that faith would have been justified—this was tragedy, the tragedy of discovery that one's character didn't measure up.

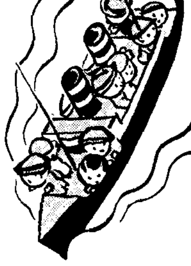
(*Continued on page 32*)

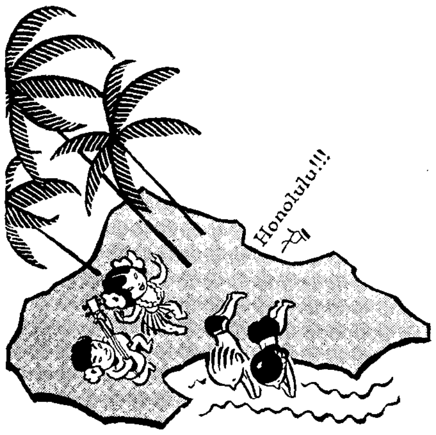
Let's Go Places!

By Marie Beynon Ray

East, West, South or North there's an adventure around the corner for you—or maybe just up the river. So forget your old vacation stamping grounds, pack your bag and let's go

Pikes Peak!
Great Lakes!
Grand Tetons!
Jackson's Hole!
Great Salt Lake!
Mount Whitney!!
Pueblos!
Grand Canyon!
Mt. Lassen Volcano!
Mount Shasta!
Mount Hood Loop!
Mount Rainier!
Mount Olympus!
Puget Sound!
Inland Passage!
Columbia River!
Crater Lake!
Yosemite Valley!
Big Trees!
Painted Desert!
Boulder Dam!
Mexico!
Salton Sea!
Hollywood!
Santa Catalina!
Avalon!
WORLD CRUISE
Redwood Highway!
WORLD CRUISE
Golden Gate!
Monterey!!
F. G. COOPER





Just part of a rough, very rough map, full of places you've been missing all your life. Which will you have this summer?

I KNOW people who live opposite Grant's Tomb—who've never been inside it; people who could drive to Niagara Falls in thirty minutes—who've never done it; people with incomes of $50,000 a year—who've never been abroad; and people with two weeks' vacation every summer—who've spent the past thirty summers at the same boarding house in the mountains.

On the other hand, I know people who never had over $2,000 a year in their lives who've circled the globe, not once, but several times.

I know one woman, a school-teacher (and you know what salaries they get), who has just come back from a year's cruise, mostly on tramp steamers where she was the only woman on board, having penetrated almost impenetrable parts of the South American jungle, having put in at strange Arabian ports, having traveled once with a cargo of five hundred monkeys. (There was always a monkey in the stateroom, up to antics.) There was scarcely a moment when she wasn't thrilled to the backbone—but then, she has that kind of backbone.

So now—how about that two weeks' vacation? Same old boarding house, same old beach, same old motor trip? Don't be like that—no one will like you! What can you do with a measly two weeks and a few hundred dollars? Plenty! I know a man who goes to Europe every summer for two weeks and a few hundred dollars—three hundred, to be exact.

That's just by way of showing you. You don't have to go to Europe to have a good time.

Why, I have a friend—the old globe-trotter!—who happened to be in New York one hot summer and who—she's a writer—having just finished a *magnum opus*, decided she needed a rest. So she and a friend started out on that old one-day trip up the Hudson—couldn't think of anything better. They found at Albany that a short ride would bring them to Lake George Village where they could get a boat across Lake George; found, at the end of the lake, that they could get another boat across Lake Champlain, and that a short trip from there would deposit them on the deck of a boat sailing along the St. Lawrence to Quebec, whence they could sail up the Saguenay. They were gone two weeks and came home in the same clothes they left in—starry-eyed. Lov-e-lee time! If they'd only thought of it, there's a boat leaving Quebec for Europe.

There's Always Someplace New

There's just such an adventure at *your* back door. The South? You can go straight into the gay French heart of New Orleans, one of the two most foreign cities on the continent. And there, if you're the kind that likes to sit and watch the world and his wife go by, you can take a boat for a two- or three-day trip through the bayous—and what typically southern life, languorous and hysterical by turns, you see then: the exciting landings, the banjo-strumming darkies, the loadings and unloadings of strange cargoes, planters and Indians down on the wharves, the marvelous Creole cooking on board, the stories of old Captain John.

The Middle West? What about the Great Lakes? You can see and do a lot on one of those Lake cruises, including a number of humming Western cities (if it's cities you're after), famous pleasure resorts (with stop-over privileges), islands, quaint and French or quaint and English, and taking in, in a two weeks' trip, Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands and goodness knows what.

Then if you really do put out to sea, what can't you do in two weeks! Putting off from the Atlantic seaboard, you have not only Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica (all fast making themselves famous as just-as-good-in-summer-as-in-winter resorts) but the Canal Zone, the Spanish Main, the Antilles, the Windward and Leeward Islands, the Caribbean—just to write the names makes me feel as if I were shooting through my skin.

But suppose you've done all that? Even so, life still holds something for you. Perhaps all you have to do is to look where you never thought of looking. There are all kinds of boats cruising up and down the Atlantic coast, poking into all sorts of curious and interesting places. Where, for instance? Well, Evangeline's Nova Scotia and Labrador, for instance; or south to lovely, drawling cities, Savannah, Charleston (and if you're interested in heavenly old houses, there's the place to see them), Jacksonville, St. Augustine (oldest city in the United States), Miami, not too hot in summer and *much* cheaper. Plenty of atmosphere still left, and if you don't know the South, it's something you owe yourself.

Then if you live in the West, boats will carry you all the way from San Diego to Nome. There are those delicious miniature trips such as that to Puget Sound, to Vancouver Island (next door to Seattle but they drive on the left of the road), to Victoria on Vancouver (my word, how British! Serve things like bubble and squeak, they do), to Catalina Island (only twenty-five miles from Los Angeles). Catalina is a *de luxe* sample package of all California, wrapped up in silver beaches, green golf courses and ribbony bridle paths. No matter what you love most to do, you can do it at Catalina—from catching 450-pound black sea bass to having a chiropractic treatment.

By Boat to the Mountains

And what's to prevent your going to Alaska? (Money? Don't be silly! See tables below.) Yes, or the Hawaiian Islands? That's the spirit! All you have to do is to make up your mind which you prefer—fiords or Shinto shrines. If the fiords have it, you're practically on your way to Alaska. We can give you in the good old U. S. A. what it takes all the countries of Europe working together to produce—and Alaska is our Norway and Sweden. Take this ten- or twelve-day Inside Passage along the coast of British Columbia and Southern Alaska, for example—you have on your right and left, ladies and gentlemen, the greatest region of fiords and glacier scenery in the world, "including the Scandinavian." This Inside Passage (guaranteed not to cause even the mildest case of *mal de mer*) is fifteen times as long as the Panama Canal—and every mile a new wonder. But

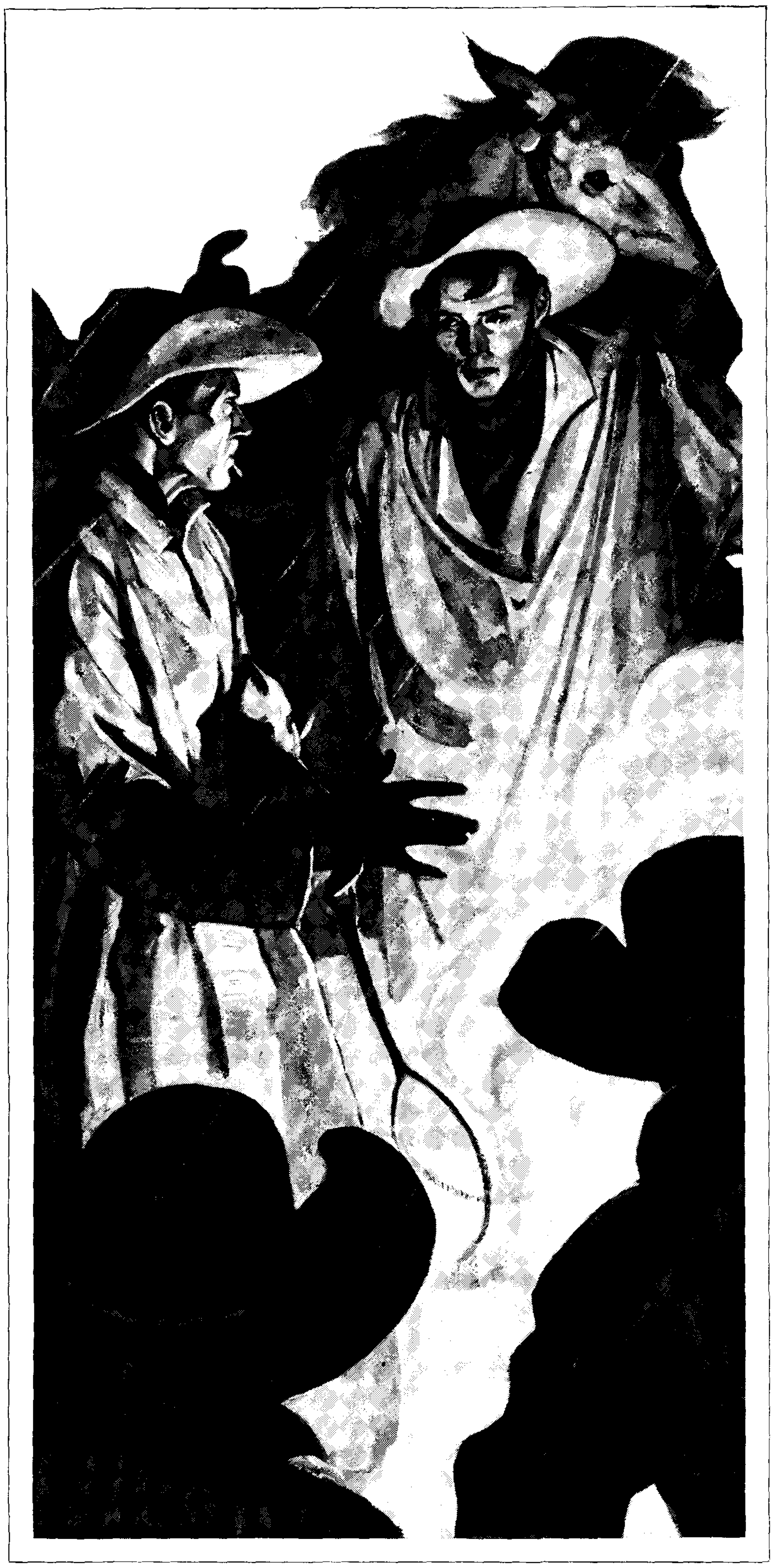
(*Continued on page* 60)

Ride the River

Sycamore Smith had one enemy. Both quick on the trigger, they watched each other—and waited. Then came a surprise—but not for the woman who loved Smith

By Ernest Haycox

Illustrated by Frank Street



"What did you find, Smith?" repeated Con Lash, arrogantly

Her face was dim, but emotion ripped across the line of her eyes

MAJOR WASHINGTON PEARCY said severely to the slim torsos around the camp fire: "I don't want any Broken Jug hands trying to shoot up a trail town. Sycamore goes in on business. The rest of you sit tight."

Sycamore Smith sat in his saddle, long body at ease. A strengthening wave of light reached out to a grave face and the silent and knowing crew saw his eyes strike the sorrel Con Lash across the circle, whose return glance was intent and ironic.

"Business," was Lash's suggestive drawl, "takes you into all these towns we pass."

"You keep out of them, I notice," said Sycamore evenly, and wheeled into the prairie, traveling beneath the moon's diffused glow. This was summer but the soft wind running down from the wild and empty north had a chill touch. Ahead of him the scattered lights of another trail town broke the flat desert line, the feeble mark of man faintly scratched across a lonely horizon. Passing into a street which was nothing but a pale sheet of dust separating frame buildings thrown up hurriedly, he tethered his pony in front of a saloon.

He had gone through this ceremony at each of the towns dotting the Chisholm trail from Texas; and his procedure now was the same as it had been. He found the marshal loitering in the mouth of a stable, and he put his questions gently:

"A party came up the trail last year—six men and one woman. Did they reach here?"

The marshal turned, his face smooth and infinitely watchful; in his eyes lay a faint frostiness.

"A girl," agreed the marshal, "riding a democrat buggy. The rest on horses." "The girl's name was Allyn Lord."

"They went on north. The girl looked like a thoroughbred, but she didn't appear happy. Some of the men I marked for trouble." Water made melody in a near-by trough; a single rider beat by, lifting the heavy dust. The marshal's silence held a pondering thought. He said finally: "Trouble came to them, too. When you reach the next town, which is beyond the Niobrara, see Marshal Battenburg."

"There was a young lad in that party, too," Sycamore Smith added. "He'd look like me. He'd be my brother."

The marshal said in a slower voice: "Your brother never came back down the trail. Neither did the girl. Battenburg knows why."

"I'M OBLIGED," murmured Sycamore and went back to his pony. Turning from the town he rode straight at the little red patch that was Broken Jug's fire, his eyes narrowed against it. "God help Con Lash or me," he murmured, and his jaw stiffened and he stared at the heavens with a hard fury ripping through him. Yet when he entered the camp circle his cheeks were noncommittal and Con Lash's appraising glance found nothing.

"No luck on your business?" queried Lash, tone sardonic.

"Fair."

Lash's eyes were brilliant streaks. "May be different at the next town."

"May be," agreed Sycamore. He put his horse on the picket line and joined the circle, sinking silently. Out of the farther dark came the soft chant of a man riding the herd's edges; a bit of wind strengthened the fire. All the hands sat speechless save Con Lash, who went on with an interrupted story:

"So Sam Bass rode into Round Rock. But there was a scoundrel in his gang that betrayed him to a posse. Remember, kid, nothin' is as low as a squealer. The posse shot Sam Bass to doll ribbons. He was an outlaw, but he was white and he passed out game."

Sycamore Smith bent forward to ignite a sage stem for his cigarette and caught Major Pearcy's cautioning eyes on him. He lighted his smoke, looked at young Willy Morgan. Willy's gawky cheeks were turned to Con Lash, full of interest. He was not yet sixteen and this sort of yarn got his attention completely. Sycamore's lip corners turned down. Con Lash had been feeding these outlaw tales to the kid over nine hundred miles of slow travel, planting in the idea of a free and easy life, building up the courage and the gallantry of men like Sam Bass. Each Broken Jug rider knew what was going on, but it was range custom to mind one's own business.

Sycamore said, casually: "So an ordinary thief built too wide a loop and got snarled in it."

The kid's face came round to him resentfully. Con Lash's thin stare burned on Sycamore Smith. "Why was he just ordinary, Friend Smith? He never stole off the small man. He only stole off the rich. And he died game."

"Chicken thief, sneak thief, cow thief—all the same," said Sycamore. "And he died out in the brush miserably, full of holes, like all thieves die. As for bein' game, even a skunk is game when cornered."

Young Willy Morgan turned to Con Lash, mutely begging the man to defend the greatness of Sam Bass. Con Lash merely shrugged his shoulders and faded against his blankets. There was no more talk. The ease of the night was gone and Sycamore received Major Pearcy's unspoken warning as he settled down. The fire ebbed, and the wind bore a stronger call from the north; Broken Jug slept the quick, light sleep of the range. At three o'clock the night horse wrangler wakened the cook and presently two thousand cattle wound away under thinning mists of another day.

THOSE brown bodies of the cattle made an undulating column across flat and coulee, through water and thin cottonwood breaks, going on at a shuffling pace that dropped the leagues behind, answering to the pull of the north as would a compass needle. Dust rose from the dry earth like smoke, burying the drag riders. Sycamore came out of that yellow pall at an easy lope and drew abreast of Major Pearcy, who paced on in the attitude of benevolent prayer.

"Sycamore," said Pearcy, "I been watchin' the air storm up between you

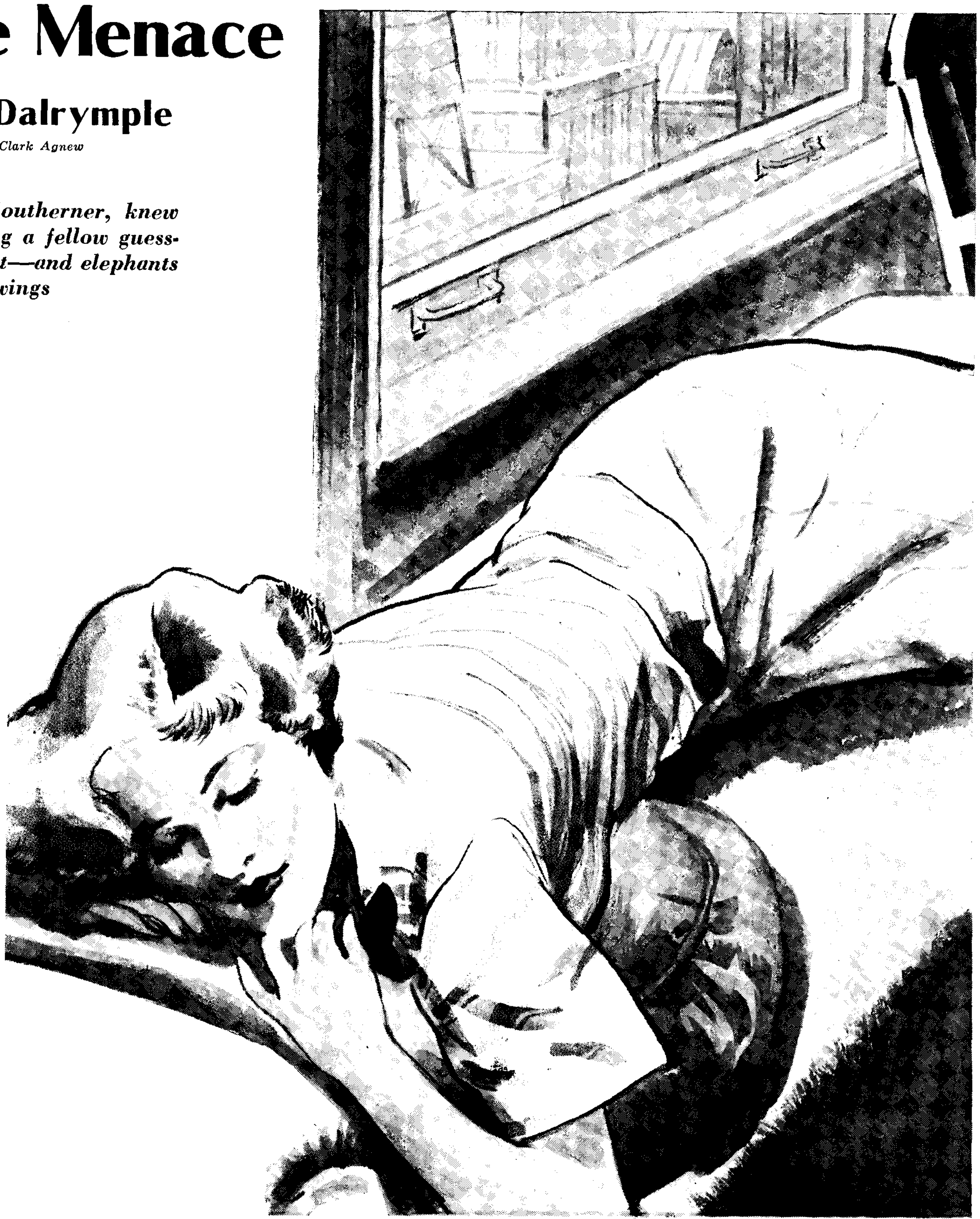
(Continued on page 70)

The Dixie Menace

By Leona Dalrymple

Illustrated by Clark Agnew

Mary Jo Eaton, Southerner, knew nothing of keeping a fellow guessing. No, she didn't—and elephants have wings



"Jim," I said conscientiously, "it's my responsibility. I'll wake her up and fire her"

HENRY," Aunt Het said, looking up from a letter, "you'll have to get her a job. I mean," Aunt Het went on firmly, "at my age I'm not up to it unless some of her time is occupied—a New York apartment like this filled morning, noon and night with a lot of young men in a state of imbecility."

Now if anybody ever has an Aunt Show in Madison Square Garden my Aunt Het will come off with at least three blue ribbons: one for a lean, rangy look of distinction, one for endurance in bringing me up, and one for miscellaneous integrities; but she has a bad habit at breakfast of thinking a thing out in silence and then broadcasting a thunderclap.

"Aunt Het," I warned, "you're at it again."

"It's your cousin, Mary Jo Eaton," Aunt Het said absently. "She wants to come north for the winter and get a job and stay with me because her father's in love again and about to lose another large sum of money, raising horses, and I must ask you, Henry, not to fall in love with her again because you always get so difficult and dreamy."

Aunt Het is an Eaton and the Eaton women are all intimate family conversationalists. All you can do is ignore it.

"Nobody can tell me," I said, "that Mary Jo Eaton wants to work. You can't live on horseback in a New York office. Anyhow, she'd drive a Northern business man crazy."

"Precisely my idea," Aunt Het said with composure, "and as a lot of the young men she's likely to meet will be young Northern business men, I prefer at least eight hours a day of it to happen somewhere else so I can rest up for the evenings. She's taken a secretarial course. Wait'll I read you what she says about the shorthand."

This is actually what she had written: "There's really nothing at all to it, Aunt Het. All you have to do in shorthand is to learn how to spell wrong in a rapid manner—"

"That can't be right," Aunt Het said, looking closer.

"She means phonetic spelling," I said with a grin. "In shorthand, I think, you spell the word 'sew' s-o. That sort of thing."

Aunt Het hitched her chair to a point beside mine. "Well, Henry," she said, "all of it happens very opportunely. You said yourself you needed a girl at the office."

I reckon when your hair's already on end in a stiff black pompadour, it probably can't rise any more but mine certainly squirmed.

My partner, Jim Wolverton, is a lean, sandy-haired, good-looking young devil with a skeptical glance and a hard-headed gift for business. He is a month and a half older than I am and we emerged from the same quarters in Princeton University in the summer of 1930. That year Jim's father died and left him a mail-order business in books. The business was going down for the last time when Jim dived in and dragged it to shore. Aunt Het brought it to life. She dropped me into the business with a sizable check and Jim and I took a crack at the panic.

I COULD imagine no more disquieting prospect than my extremely Southern cousin transforming Jim's unsentimental utterances into little old birds. Jim's idea of a secretary is a stenographic machine who looks like a piece of office furniture. He offers in extenuation a fixed theory that decorative women destroy my concentration.

Some of this I said to Aunt Het and she said cheerily: "Well, that's that."

Ordinarily Aunt Het's surrenders are a lot more talkative.

That morning I found Jim at his desk in our private office rapidly wiggling a stub of a pencil over a memorandum pad.

"I told your Aunt Het," he explained, "I'd talk it over with you about your cousin. Look here," he added sternly, "I like your Aunt Het. What's the idea of acting snooty when she yelps for a little help?"

"Aunt Het," I retorted, "is a good-looking, treacherous old female. She must have pushed me out of the door with one hand and reached for the telephone with the other to call you up."

You have to answer Jim calmly. All Southerners, in Jim's opinion, are impulsive, hot-headed, romantic and susceptible.

Jim looked at me critically. "What," he asked, "have you got against your cousin? How much of a cousin is she anyway?" His glance was suspicious.

"Fourth or fifth," I said, hanging my coat in the closet.

"Fo'th or fifth," Jim jeered, purposely exaggerating my enunciations. "Remote enough for orange blossoms, eh? So that's it? Too much substantial competition in the office."

"You want a sketchy secretary," I inquired politely, "making your letters worse? Mary Jo's never done a tap of work in her life."

"Fish fur!" Jim grunted. "Aunt Het read me her teacher's letter."

"MALE teacher," I pointed out. "Fella, this cousin of mine is the handsomest girl in a string of Southern counties. She's got a slow, rich, lazy drawl and men stampede in droves to do something for her. When one of 'em gets it done, the rest of 'em stand around and snap and bite at him."

"As usual," Jim observed, "you're exaggerating. Outside of her drawl, is she lazy?"

"Well," I said, "just about the time you think she is, you have to rub liniment on your feet to keep up with her."

"Humph!" Jim muttered. "It must run in the family. Well, office discipline will be good for her."

"Discipline!" I echoed. "Discipline to Mary Jo Eaton is some printing in a dictionary. Her father's a romantic old widower with a swell goatee."

"I'll call your Aunt Het up," Jim said pig-headedly. "She sewed the buttons on this business and patched it up and if she wants us to give your cousin a job, it is up to us to do it."

I said nothing.

TWO weeks later, Mary Jo turned up in Aunt Het's apartment with a beaming retinue behind her, a taxi driver, one of the elevator darkies and some unidentified individual employed in the house, all carrying luggage.

The next day Jim gave her a stiff test in typing and dictation. She could, we learned, take a letter, unravel it and type it off without a flaw.

That was Monday. On Wednesday afternoon I heard Jim complaining to Aunt Het over the telephone that I had deliberately misrepresented everything about my cousin except her looks. My pessimism, he told Aunt Het, had led him to segregate Mary Jo's desk in the entrance office near a window, separated from the switchboard and Mike Cherry, the office boy, by a length of railing. Old Man McWhorter and his assistant have desks in the stockroom.

"For a cock-eyed alarmist, Henry," Jim said, hanging up, "you certainly take the platinum biscuit. I expected," Jim went on, "an office stampede and somebody bitten, and I have yet to observe a single symptom of rabies."

"There is though," I suggested, "a sort of stillness around—"

"What do you mean—stillness?"

"You see it sometimes at a dance," I murmured, "in the stag-line—"

"You're an aggravating cuss, Henry," Jim said, and then George Pierce, McWhorter's assistant, knocked and opened the door.

Jim picked George up at the Princeton Club, out of a job, and we had both known him in college. He is a round-faced, mild young man with innocent blue eyes and a good chin.

"Listen, Henry," George snapped, "does old McWhorter think he's a sheep dog?"

"Does he?" I said with interest. "Ask Jim what to do about it. He was willed to Jim with the business. Is he barking around and eating bones? I'd say though, if we're going to chat about it, that McWhorter is more a lynx type with beaver habits."

JIM'S clear, dark-blue stare alighted with no particular delicacy on George's angry face. Jim's inclined to be hasty.

"Look here, George," he said, "I warned you when you came here that Old Man McWhorter is trying. However, he alone in this outfit is indispensable."

"Is he related to Miss Eaton?" George demanded. "Am I expected fo' fifteen bucks in a panic to wear a pedometer on my leg so he can check the distance I travel when I get out of his sight fo' a minute, if ever? Is it a part of his indispensability when I address a brief business inquiry to Miss Eaton to crane his neck around the door of the stockroom and look at me through his glasses? Ask Mike Cherry. Mike's had even mo' trouble with him than I've had. Mike's tougher. He talks back."

Mike, the office boy, is seventeen and redheaded. He attends to the switchboard and helps out wherever he's needed.

"Refer back," Jim said grimly, "to my previous comment. Quote it to Mike." George stalked out.

"Jim," I said, "purely from a scientific viewpoint, did you notice a sort of Southern influence in George's inflections?"

The silence that settled over the office would have staggered a pruning shears.

MY Aunt Het is incurably Southern. Her New York is the Southern colony and the Southern Society's balls, but how she contrived that week to gather up so many visiting Southerners under thirty and present 'em to Mary Jo is more than I can fathom.

"A native-born New Yorker like you are, Jim," I said to him one morning, "has no idea what comes into this town from Richmond, Virginia. Some of these guys must commute."

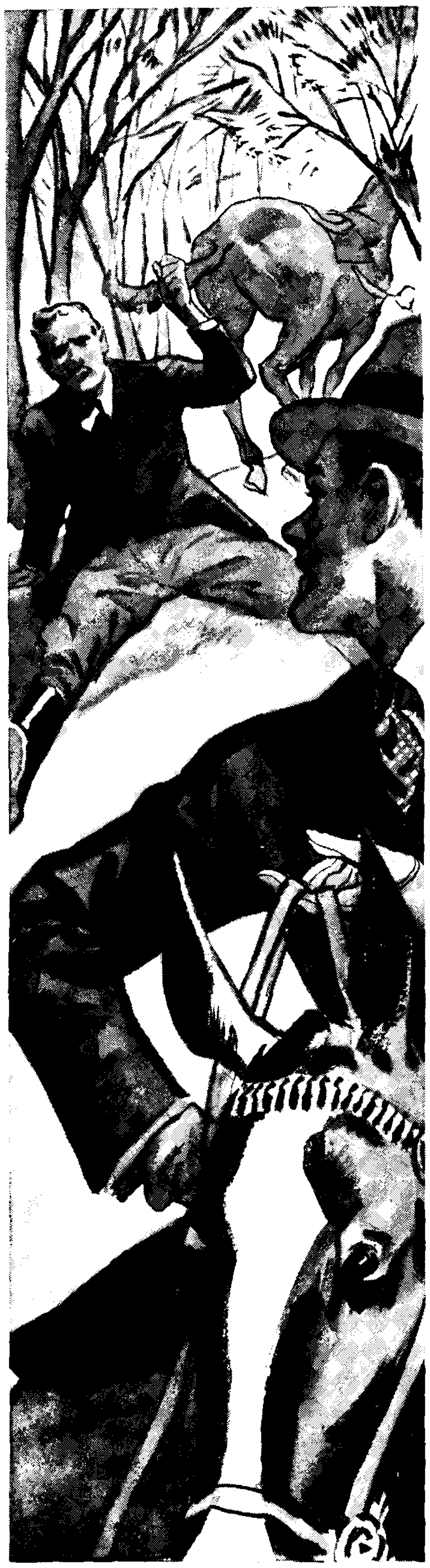
Outside in the stockroom something banged and a lot of shouting broke out with Old Man McWhorter getting the best of it. I grabbed up my telephone and while I was hanging on to it I heard Mike Cherry racing back to the switchboard.

"Mike," I said, "what the devil is going on in the stockroom?"

"George Pierce was on a ladder gettin' some books and I was helpin' him," Mike bawled indignantly, "and he dropped a three-pounder smack on m'bean. He done it on purpose too!" Mike's voice filled the office.

"Get McWhorter in here," Jim growled. I relayed the order to Mike.

Mr. McWhorter, a thin-legged oak of industry with broad, stooping shoulders and fierce dark eyes under his hairy eyebrows, came in with a burning look behind his glasses.



"Don't overdo it, G'o'gie. You'll be all bunged up tomorrow"

"Jim," he said brusquely, "that Pierce fellow George is nothing like as mild as he looks. I saw him myself get a bead on Mike Cherry's head before he let the book escape him. It was 3K206."

Any book to McWhorter is a capital and some arithmetic. I sneaked a look at the index. 3K206 was a middleweight dictionary.

"What had Mike Cherry done to him?" Jim demanded.

"Well," McWhorter said grimly, "Mike's got a stop watch and every time George talks to Miss Eaton, Mike clocks him."

"Jim," I said sympathetically, "you better fire that secretary."

"If you'd fire George Pierce and Mike Cherry," McWhorter said shortly, "you'd improve the situation."

"Only forty per cent of us," Jim said breezily, as McWhorter went out. He turned to me.

"Henry," he said, "how would it be if we bring Miss Eaton's desk in here with us?"

"I'm for it!" I said.

Jim drummed moodily on his desk.

THAT week-end Mary Jo spent on Long Island with some friends of Aunt Het's and Monday morning she was late.

"Jim," she exclaimed, "I'm embarrassed to death but Aunt Het's friends lent me a horse to keep in town and I had to find him a stable."

She dragged off her hat in a patch of sunlight that turned her hair to a shadowy gold, and gave Jim a radiant, dimpled smile.

"Well," Jim said gently, "just because business is a little dull, you mustn't relax. Nobody can relax where Henry is. He's too coöperative."

I drew a small sketch of my gorgeous cousin on a blotter and gave some thought to my riding.

Aunt Het and Mary Jo spent the next week-end in Westchester and Sunday morning I hired a riding academy horse and tried him out in Central Park. I encountered, on an isolated bridle path, Mr. McWhorter's assistant, our Mr. Pierce. Mr. George Pierce.

This meeting with George had certain peculiarities. For one thing, George was not in his usual posture. A riding instructor was catching his horse and George was progressing rapidly on his stomach over a section of turf, spading it up with his nose.

"G'o'gie, G'o'gie!" I chided, reining in beside him. "What kind of talk is that? Shame on you, digging up the people's park. You needing exercise or something?"

George sat up in angles, holding his nose. "That animal they gave me is a hophead," he said sourly. "How long," he added suspiciously, "have you been riding?"

"Oh, all my life in Kentucky," I said. I rode on not to embarrass him. "Don't overdo it, G'o'gie. You'll be all bunged up tomorrow."

"My name," he called after me distinctly, "is not G'o'gie."

George's locomotion aged considerably during the night. All of his movements in the morning were elderly and reluctant and his nose was decorated with a nice clean Maltese cross in court-plaster.

JIM and I, that day, had a long-winded luncheon with a book jobber and we walked in at three o'clock and found my cousin, Mary Jo, completely relaxed. She was sound asleep on the office couch.

"Jim," I said conscientiously, "it's my responsibility. She's my cousin. I'll wake her up and fire her."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" Jim snapped. "She's simply a healthy, natural girl and she hasn't enough to do to keep her busy. What does she do nights?" he added, annoyed. "Tear around town half the night with those Richmond devils?"

"She certainly tears around," I murmured. "It worries Aunt Het."

Mary Jo sleepily opened her eyes. "Henry," she exclaimed, sitting up, "Aunt Het says you keep me out dancin' later than anybody and you know it!"

"Well," Jim said dryly, "I always did enjoy a Southern exposure! Did you have a nice nap, Miss Eaton?"

Her puzzled eyes, tranquil and golden in the sunlight, searched his face.

"Jim," Mary Jo said, astonished, "are you cross or actin' up? I haven't had a blessed thing to do fo' hours."

"Nevertheless," Jim said, "we have to look businesslike."

(Continued on page 66)

The Trail of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

The Story Thus Far:

FLEURETTE PETRIE, young Alan Sterling's fiancée, is kidnapped in France. Whereupon, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, England's most brilliant detective, goes to work. He suspects that Dr. Fu Manchu, criminal extraordinary, is the kidnapper. His suspicions are well founded. Fu Manchu has stolen the girl, placed her (in a state of hypnosis) in a case supposed to contain The Sleeping Venus, a noted statue, and thus brought her to London.

A girl's screams from a lonely old house bring Scotland Yard operatives, Nayland Smith—and Sterling. The house is deserted. But the case is found. And a strand of Titian-red hair. *Fleurette's!* . . . Attacked by two killers, Nayland Smith learns that *one of his assailants had been a waiter at* Sam Pak's, a sinister Limehouse resort on the Thames. Leaving his butler at his home —Fey, who is disguised as the detective— Nayland Smith and Sterling, posing as sailors, go to Sam Pak's, where they join a so-called "Sailors Club."

It is night. Half an hour passes. Nayland Smith and Sterling emerge. A car drives up in the darkness. A woman steps in, drives away. All about, hidden, are oper*atives. A car is near by.* Chief Inspector Gallaho appears. Nayland Smith leaps into the car. Gallaho and Sterling follow. "Follow that car!" Nayland Smith orders the driver. Then: "Gallaho, that woman will lead us to the man we want. She is Fah Lo Suee—Fu Manchu's daughter!"

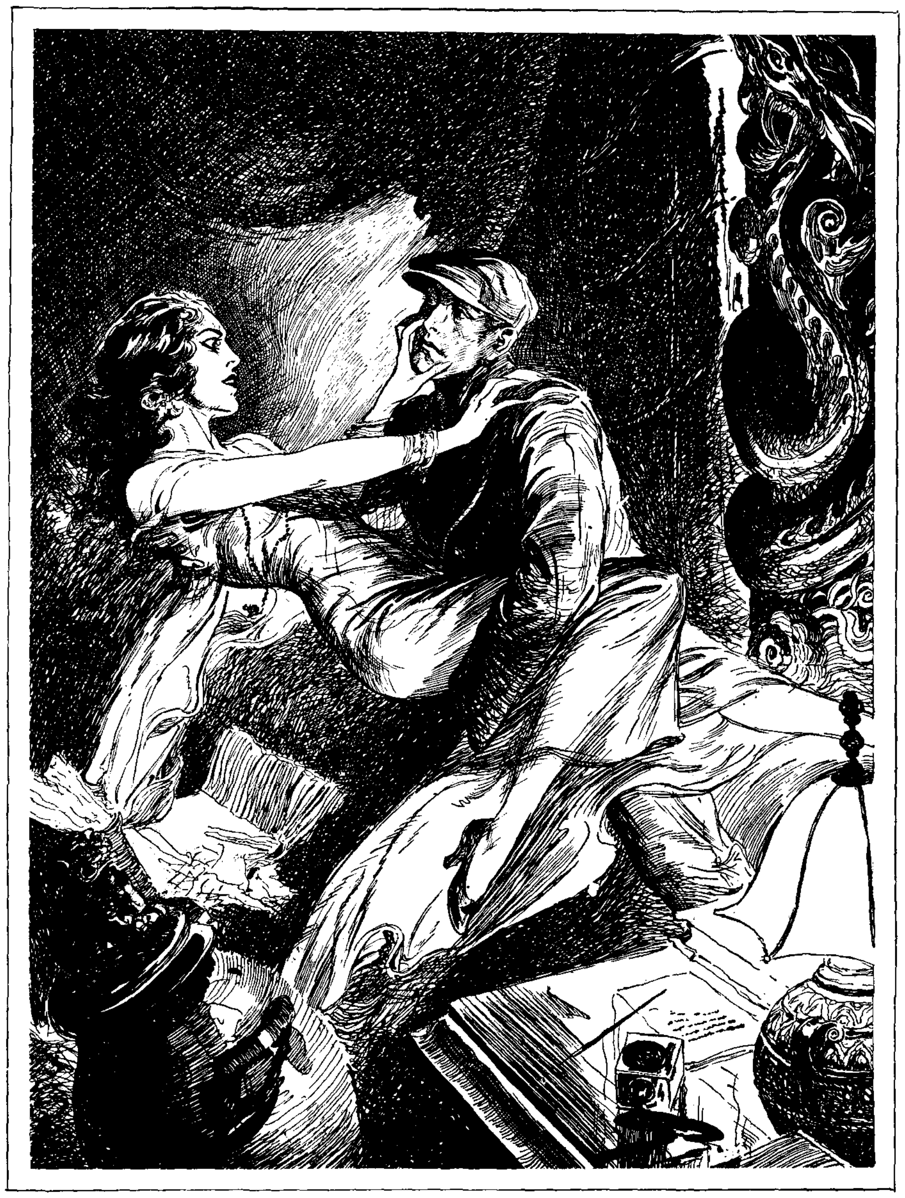
The woman's car stops at the Ambassadors Club. She steps out, enters the place, is greeted by one of England's greatest bankers: Sir Bertram Morgan! In Egypt, where he had met her, Sir Bertram had been fascinated by the woman's queer Oriental beauty, her weird, hypnotic eyes. He still is. Seated at a table, they talk. Presently: "My dear Sir Bertram," his companion says, "you're taking me home now. My father is there. I have a special reason for wanting you two to meet." Sir Bertram does not know the woman well; he is nervous. But: "I shall be delighted, Madame Ingomar."

They leave, drive a great distance. Nayland Smith, Sterling and Gallaho follow. They reach the home of the "Marquis Chang Hu." The marquis greets Sir Bertram; then solemnly hands him an ingot of metal. *Sir Bertram stares at it in amazement.* "Why," he whispers tremulously, "*this is pure gold!*"

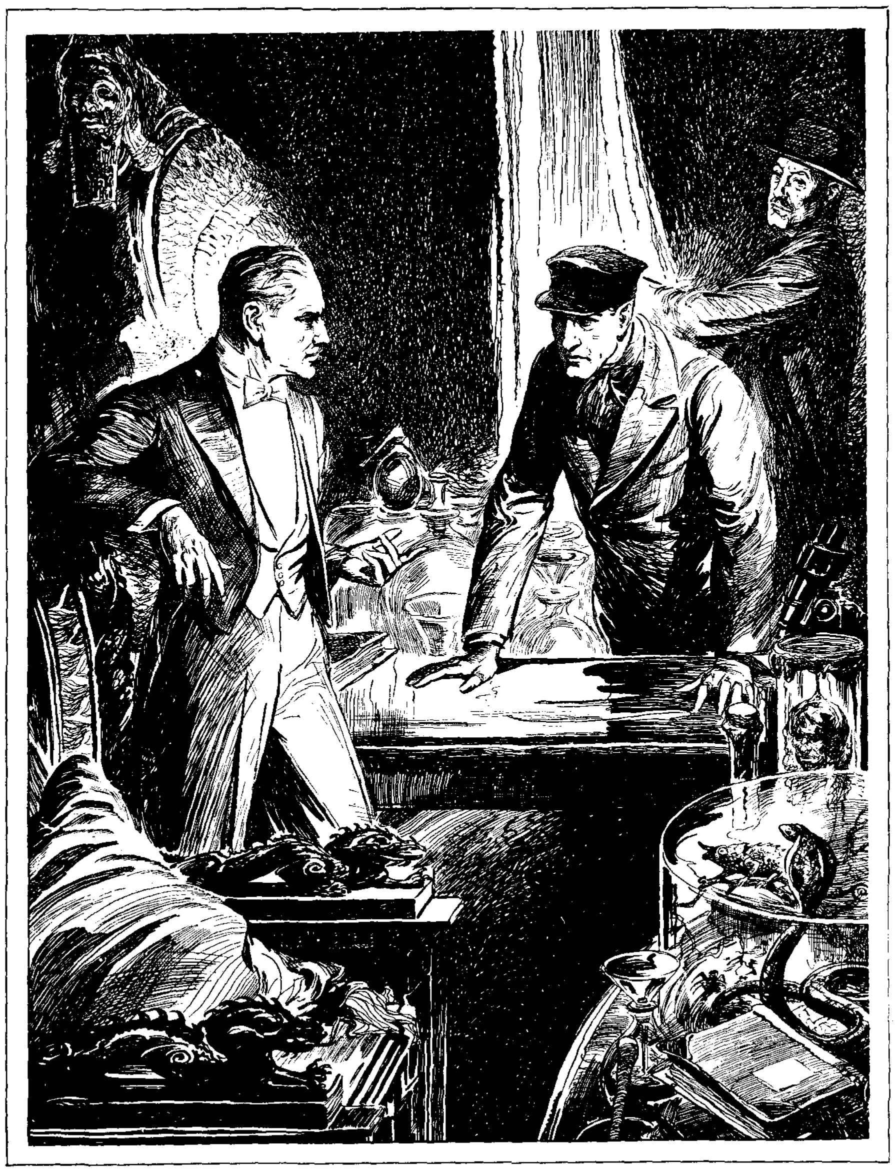
V

"STOP!" snapped Nayland Smith through the speaking-tube. "Back into that lane we have just passed on the right."

The driver of the C. I. D. car checked immediately, stopped and reversed. There was no trace of fog on this outskirt of London. The night was limpidly clear. The big car was backed into the narrow lane which Nayland Smith had indicated.



Sterling lifted her and carried her towards the open window



"He claimed to be able to make gold?" murmured Smith

"Good," growled Gallaho; "but what's the next move, sir?"

"It's almost certain," said Sterling excitedly, "that this is Dr. Fu Manchu's new base. It's almost certain . . . that Fleurette is here."

"Go easy." Sir Denis grasped his shoulder. "We must think. A mistake now would be fatal."

"I am wondering," said Gallaho, "what madness brought Sir Bertram Morgan here tonight?"

"The madness," Smith replied, "which has brought many men to disaster . . . a woman."

"Yes," Gallaho admitted; "she's a good looker. But I should have thought he was getting past it."

"Sir Denis . . ." Sterling's voice trembled. "We're wasting time."

They tumbled out of the car. They had sponged the make-up from their faces, but were still, in the matter of dress, two rough-looking citizens. Smith stood there in the dusk of that silent byway, tugging at the lobe of his left ear; then:

"I am wondering," he murmured. "Including the driver, Gallaho, we are only a party of four . . ."

"What have you got in mind, sir?"

"I have this in mind. I propose to raid Rowan House."

"While Sir Bertram Morgan is there?"

"Yes. Unless he comes out very soon."

"You think. . . .?"

"I think nothing. I know. Dr. Fu Manchu is in that house! If Sir Bertram is in danger or not I cannot say, but the man we want is there. I take it you have the warrant in your pocket, Inspector?"

Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho coughed loudly.

"You may take it that I have, sir," he replied.

Nayland Smith grasped his arm in the darkness.

"I didn't mean what you're thinking, Inspector," he said, "but we are so tied by red tape that any absurd formality overlooked might mean the wreck of the case."

Gallaho replied almost apologetically:

"Thank you, sir; I entirely agree with you. Perhaps I was rather forgetting the fact that you have suffered from red tape as much as I have. But I take it you mean, sir, that we may meet with opposition."

STERLING, clenching and unclenching his fists, was walking up and down in a fever of excitement, and:

"Sir Denis!" he exclaimed, "why are we delaying? Surely, with a woman's life at stake . . . ?"

"Listen, Sterling," said Sir Denis. "I understand and sympathize—but I'm in charge of this party, and you belong to it."

"I am sorry," said Sterling hoarsely.

The driver of the car, seated at the wheel, was watching the trio expectantly, and then:

"Listen, Gallaho," said Nayland Smith, rapidly, "how far are we from a call-box?"

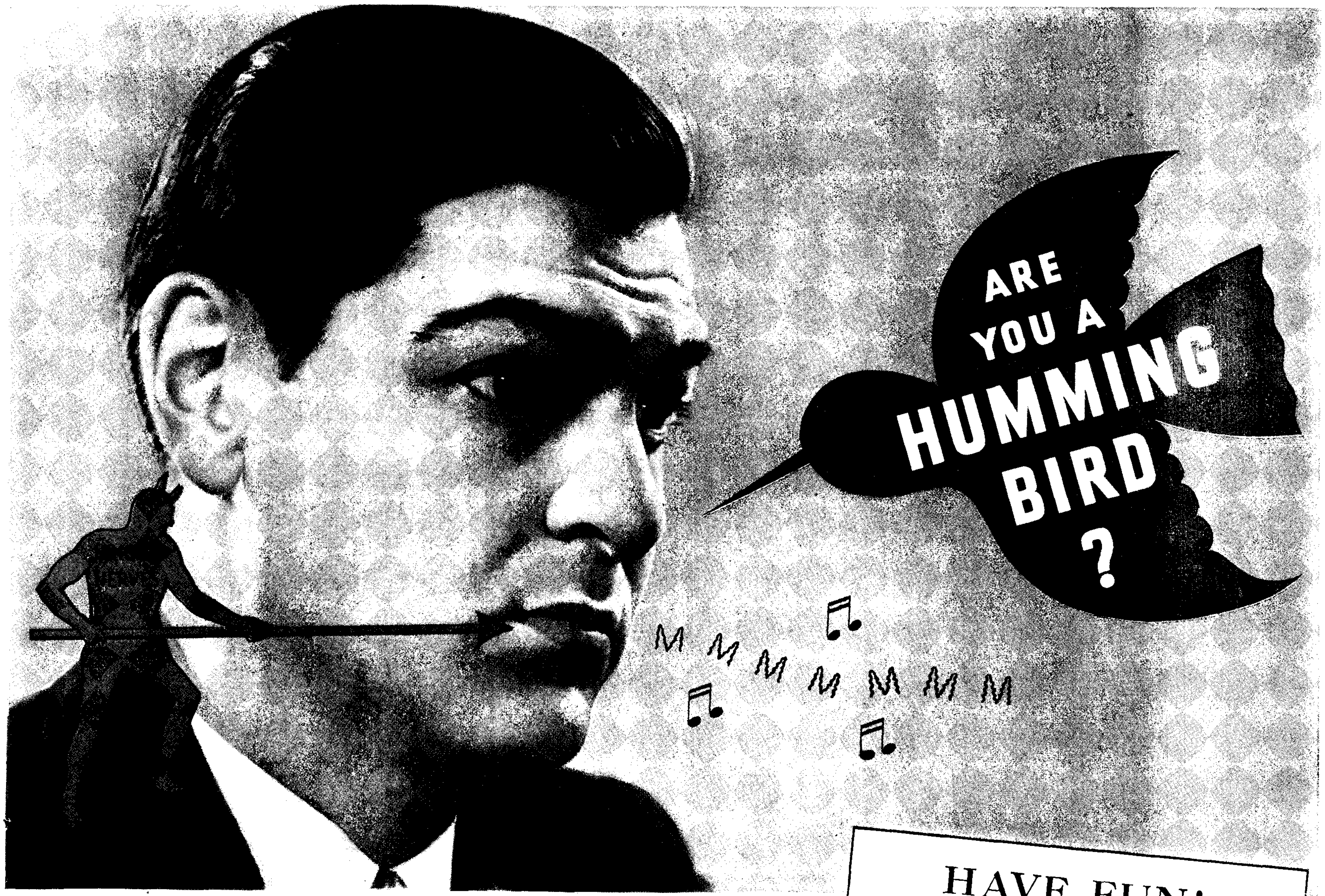
"I'm afraid I don't know, sir. This is rather outside my area. Do you know?" addressing his question to the driver.

"No, sir. The last one we passed was at the crossroads."

"Drive back," Nayland Smith instructed. "It's your job to put a call through to local headquarters."

"Very good, sir."

(Continued on page 37)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M M M M M M M

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If you notice any of those telltale nervous habits in yourself—if you whistle through your teeth—juggle your keys—drum on the table—then it's time to start taking care of yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation—and watch your smoking... Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves.

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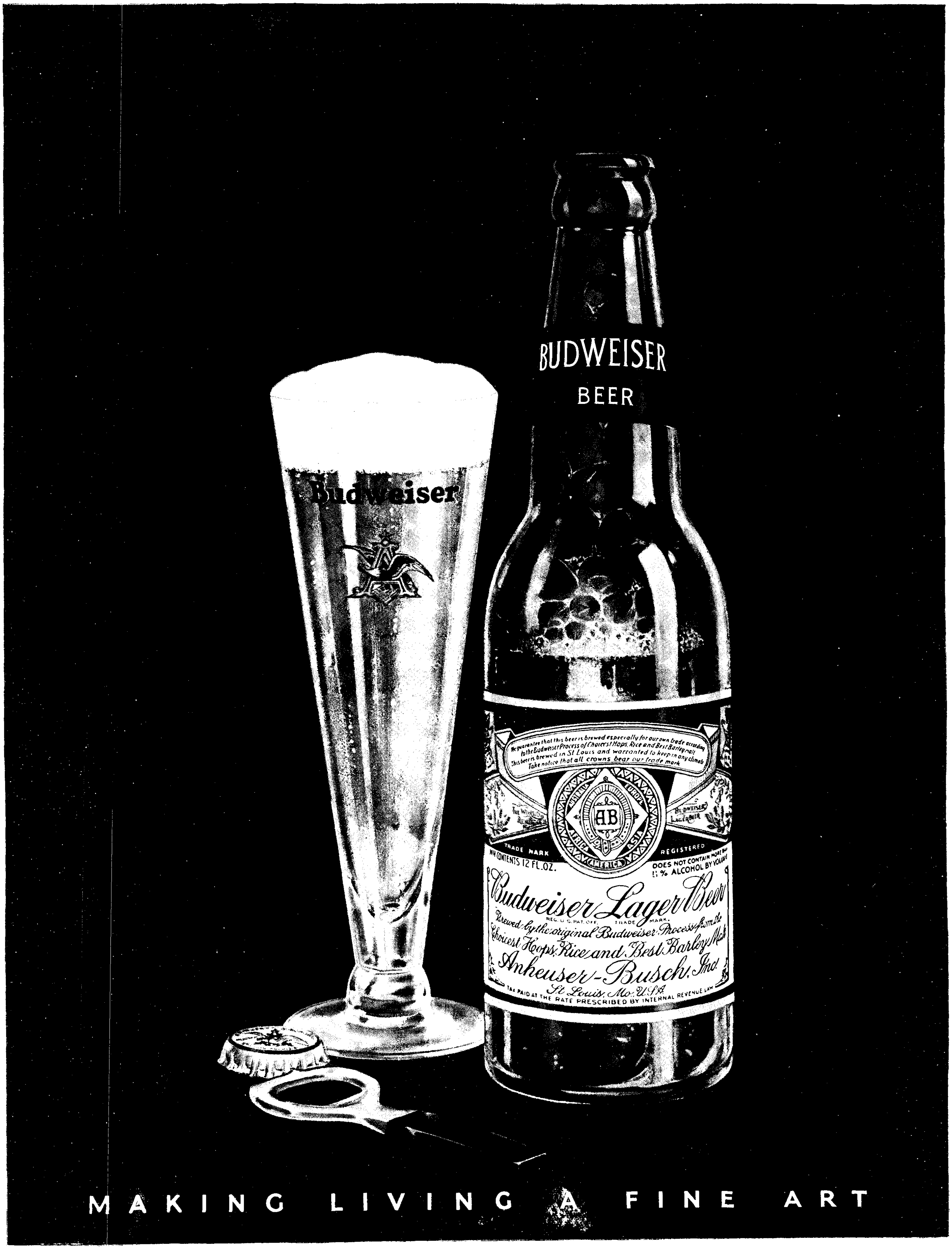
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MAKING LIVING A FINE ART

Borrowed Plumage

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Henri Duvernois

IT WAS two years since Victorine started to work for Madame Portriault, who was an attractive young widow living on the income of a trust fund, and who, consequently, never paid anybody except her dressmaker.

It was fun, the way they lived, so Victorine thought. Madame wasn't a bit stuck up; she'd dine in the kitchen, when she liked, and she'd call Victorine mother, though she wasn't a day older than herself, and ask her opinion of this man and that who came to call. Victorine would say, "Oh, he's too thin" or "He's too fat" or "I don't like his mustache, Madame," and Madame would laugh or pout, and say, "Oh, that must be a wonderful sweetheart you've got back home, Victorine."

Victorine would blush and hang her head, but she'd be pleased, all the same. As a matter of fact, she didn't have any beaux at all. Of course, there were a couple of boys she liked, in her own village, but they never paid much attention to her. They were Basil, the locksmith, and young Manguard, who was corporal in the bugle corps.

"Don't you miss your old home town?" Madame asked, one day. At last, stammering a little, Victorine answered her.

"I wouldn't say I miss it, Madame," she said, "but I wouldn't mind going back there for a few days. If I—if Madame could spare me—"

"Why, of course, Victorine," said Madame, and straightway began to think of romance in Normandy beneath the apple blossoms, though it was late September. "When do you want to go?"

"A—a week from Friday, Madame?" said Victorine.

"Surely," said Madame, who, being frivolous, had a kind heart.

Now, to tell the truth, Victorine had a sister in Paris, and she was a little worried about her and wanted to take her home for a while. Marie-Jeanne was a pretty girl, far prettier than Victorine, and much more lively. She'd come to Paris and worked as a servant for a short time; then, or so she said, she had married a wealthy man from the Argentine. She'd told Victorine to say nothing about this at home, as her husband's people would scarcely approve of the match, and so, for the present at least, it was to be a secret.

VICTORINE scrawled a letter to Marie-Jeanne, and received an enthusiastic reply. They arranged to meet each other the following Friday morning at the Gare du Nord.

Madame Portriault was excited to a frenzy of generosity. She gave Victorine a lovely, stylish silk dress, scarcely worn at all. She gave her a brand-new hat, first removing the aigret, but Victorine trimmed it with ribbon and a flower or two. Also, she gave her a very handsome pair of white kid gloves. As a finishing touch, she presented her with a silk parasol that she'd bought at Nice during the season.

On the morning of her departure, Madame was so delighted to see her arrayed in all her splendor that she insisted upon her wearing a pair of mauve satin slippers. They were somewhat tight for Victorine, but no matter.

At the station she looked about in vain for Marie-Jeanne. Suddenly she cried out in surprise, and her cry was echoed. There was her sister, wearing the same clothes she had worn when she came from the country, a black skirt, a flannel blouse and a straw hat that was surely never made in Paris.

"Come on," said Marie-Jeanne. "Good heavens, I'd never have known you."

The train started.

"You must be crazy!" said Marie-Jeanne. "What an outfit to wear back home! About as becoming to you as a feather boa on the neck of a cow!"

"That's a nice way to talk!" exclaimed Victorine, much hurt. "These are presents from my boss, and she knows twice as much about style as you do, and don't you forget it!"

"Huh!" said Marie-Jeanne. "When Auntie and Uncle see you they'll think you've gone completely to the bad!"

"What about *you?*" said Victorine. "You and your South American millionaire! Where is he? Why do you have to keep everything so quiet?"

"Well, he hasn't got his divorce yet," said Marie-Jeanne sullenly.

"Huh!" said Victorine, and let it go at that for the present.

THEY had no parents; this uncle and aunt had taken care of them. She'd have to talk to Marie-Jeanne another time, scold her, tell her how foolish she was. But now they were going home.

Five o'clock in the afternoon they reached their station. Soon they were inside their cottage.

Their aunt was washing the glasses: she looked at them and looked at them, and went right on. In his chair their uncle sat smoking a pipe. He looked them over from head to foot, and didn't say a word. Only the dog came leaping to greet them.

"He recognizes us, anyhow," said Victorine, and giggled. "Hello! Hello, everybody!"

"I guess I was wrong," said their aunt, and her tones were like ice. "Look at that get-up! I was saying only the other day to your uncle, 'Of the two of them, one will surely come back a princess, at the very least.' But I always thought it would be Marie-Jeanne. You'll have to forgive me, Marie-Jeanne. Well. You're here. You may as well sit down."

"But, Auntie," said Victorine, "the lady I work for gave me all these lovely clothes. I . . ."

"Oh, *sure!* Bet your life!" said her uncle.

Victorine felt that she was an outcast. "I'd never have believed," she thought. "I'd never have dreamed . . . a dress, a hat—they—they . . ." She hid her mauve satin slippers beneath her skirt.

TO MAKE it complete, in came two young men, who gave her a greeting that was abashed and distant. One was the bugler, who was no more a bugler, but a butcher's apprentice. And the other was Basil, the locksmith, self-sufficient in spite of his freckles, his squint and a jingle of rusty keys. At their heels came Madame Leclusier, the dressmaker. Victorine could hear her whispering, "She hasn't got a cent less than a thousand francs on her back." Marie-Jeanne chattered gayly with all of them. Victorine was out of it completely. At last her uncle got up, and returned with a bottle of beer, which he placed beside her.

"There," he said. "That's real English beer. Always kept some on hand for a lady like you who comes over for a vacation, in the summer-time, with her sweetheart. I—I suppose you go out dancing every night. Hey?"

He offered no beer to the others.

"Uncle," said Victorine, and her mouth trembled, "I swear to you I've got a place. I'm a servant girl, I'm not a bad girl. . . . You can write to my lady, you know the address. . . ."

"Yes. Yes, sure. Why—uh . . . I suppose, in a place like that, you have a few drinks, huh, and . . ."

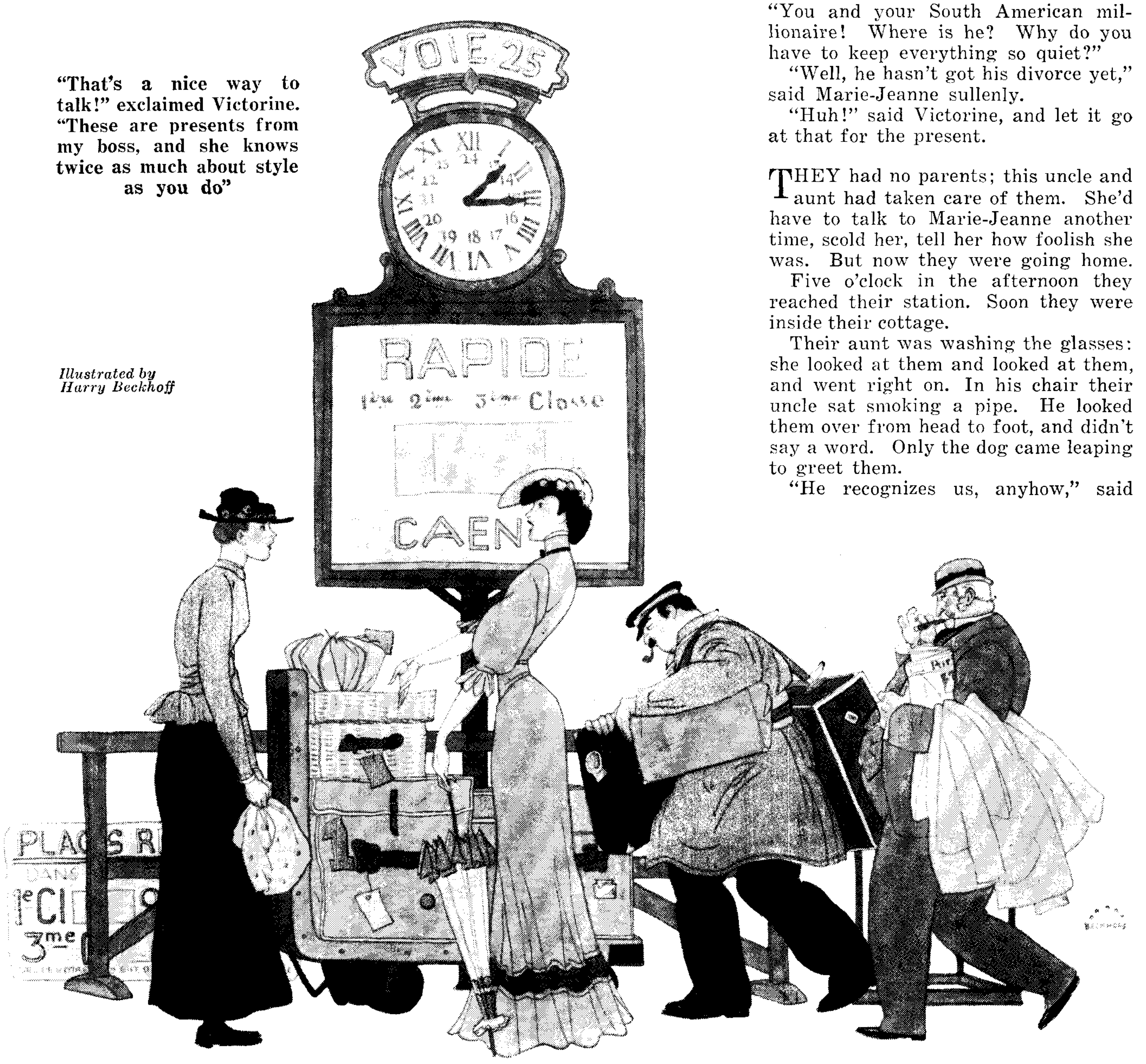
She didn't wait to hear any more. She ran out of the house.

There was no one upon the small town's only street. She felt as if the people were hiding from her, sneering at her behind the blinds. On she went across the little bridge into the fields. Just as she came to a little wood she heard someone behind her. It was the bugler, the bugler who had turned butcher. He was leering and triumphant. "Now," he said. "Now we can have a little talk, hey, kid?"

But there was the thud of feet, and up came the locksmith, in hot pursuit. "I thought you'd be up to something like this," he said, and glared at his rival.

"You think she'd ever look at you?" said the butcher. "A swell baby like her?" For that he got a punch in the stomach. Then they were at each other, exchanging blows and curses. And Victorine, who had turned from white to red, walked disdainfully away from them and caught the Paris train for home. Two low fellows they were, and yet they'd given her revenge. They'd disregarded Marie-Jeanne, and her mock-modest air, and her comic opera peasants' dress, and her hypocrisy, to follow a flaunting hussy in silk who laughed them to scorn.

On the train, Victorine glanced around stealthily and took off her tight shoes. A strange contentment warmed her heart.



"That's a nice way to talk!" exclaimed Victorine. "These are presents from my boss, and she knows twice as much about style as you do"

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

Instruction by personal example, left, and emotional instruction in compulsion and terror as the lady is forced to witness the execution of a comrade

By Henry F. Pringle

The way you Act

Actors are born, but they also have to be made. The old days when training was left to chance, stock companies and the stern School of Experience have vanished, and now the actor is taught to stand, walk, sit, gesture, speak and breathe by every means from psychology to acrobatics. But it still boils down to a lot of hard work—mixed with luck and a dash of bluff

IN THE old days it was simple. The girl who yearned to be an actress faced her father in the parlor of the Old Homestead.

"Father," said she, her eyes flashing, "I intend to go on the stage and naught shall deter me!"

"Daughter," he answered, *his* eyes flashing, "I shall never give my consent to such degradation of our proud name."

So daughter packed her bags and stole into the night. After a good many hardships she got a job playing bits in one of the numerous stock companies which toured the United States, and thereby she learned her theatrical A B C's. In time she was given better parts and appeared in a different play each night. Finally a New York manager saw her. He offered a chance on Broadway; she made good and soon was a star. The money rolled in and even father forgave and forgot.

All this has changed. Even father has changed; today he is glad when his débutante daughter selects so respectable a calling as the stage. But daughter, herself, has a bad time and so does the boy who fancies himself a second Edwin Booth. The stock company has been almost eliminated by the motion picture and with it has vanished the training school of the American theater.

Acting is a truly scientific art to Frances Robinson-Duff

"What experience have you?" today's embryo actress is asked on Broadway. "Well, come back when you have some. No, we haven't the faintest notion where you can get it."

Somehow she gets the experience, though. New stars continue to rise on the horizon. They work with private teachers, a few of whom are excellent. They go to training schools, among which, also, are several good ones. Then, for weeks and months on end, they make the rounds of managers' offices and wait for the stroke of luck which means a job. When it comes they walk on air for a few days—and then discover that their period of real study has just begun. For the science or art or profession—whatever it is—of acting has grown very complicated in the last decade or two. Your old-time Thespian heaved his chest, tore his hair and spoke sonorously; and was considered a genius. Today an actor must know how to stand and walk and sit, how to use his hands, how to speak correctly, how to breathe, even how to dance.

Suspense and anxiety are well established in this camera study of a group of actor-pupils

They are willing to try, these youngsters who seek fame on the stage, because they are nearly always egotists. Otherwise they would become business men and stenographers and housewives. To one of New York's well-known teachers, who must remain nameless, came a serious young woman with small beauty and no very overwhelming intelligence.

"How long," she asked, "will it take you to make me a perfect actress, like Katharine Cornell, for instance?"

Or there was the boy who had a small part in the company of a famous actor; according to legend the actor was Mr. Otis Skinner. The boy did very well at the first rehearsals and then he slumped. Mr. Skinner asked in a kindly way what was the matter.

"It's not my fault," the boy answered haughtily. "I no longer *feel your acting*, Mr. Skinner!"

These are the extremes. Nothing can be done for them and they are consigned to the oblivion they deserve. The others, with talent and only the proper degree of egotism, can be taught. Psychology, that overworked science, is now used to train actors. So, too, are gymnastics and acrobatics.

A season or two ago a young woman who had played some small rôles was offered her first major part, a woman of the streets. She did not know how to interpret it, so she called on Mrs. Laura Elliot, with whom have worked Katharine Cornell, Eugenie Leontovich and others. Mrs. Elliot, who has a studio near Carnegie Hall, told the girl to sit down.

"What," she asked "is the fundamental emotion of a prostitute? In other words, what sensation does she feel?"

"Would it be shame?" suggested the actress.

"Perhaps. What does society, the world at large, think of a girl of the streets?"

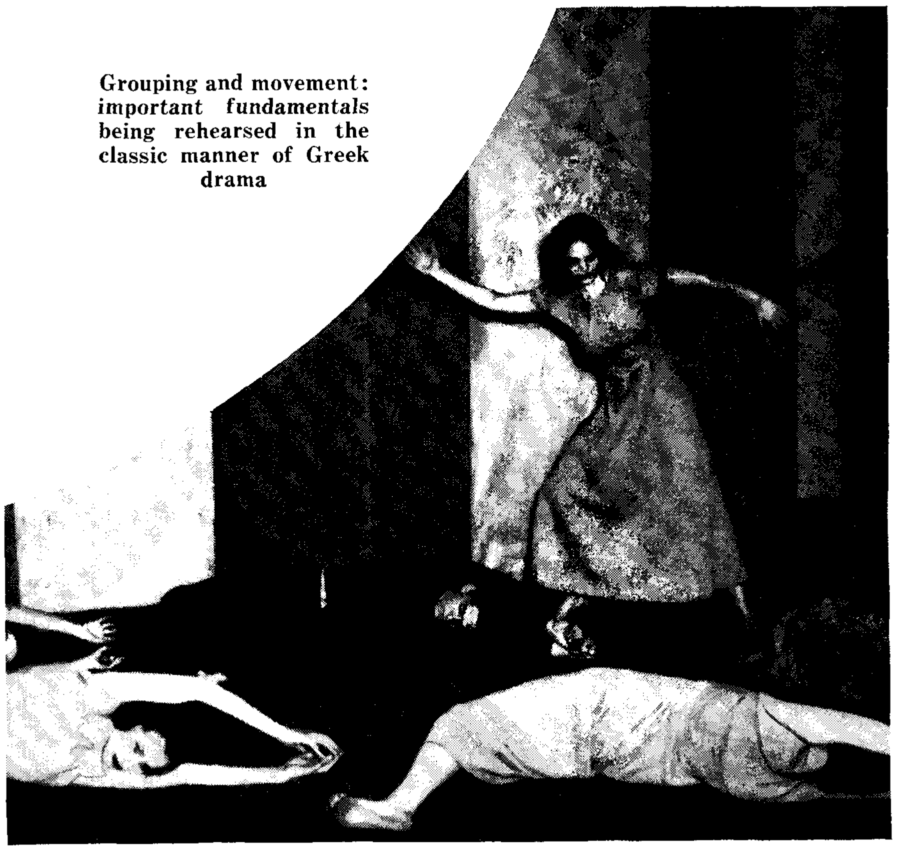
"It condemns her," said the actress.

"Exactly," continued Mrs. Elliot. "That must always be in your mind as you play this part. Everyone dislikes you. People are always drawing away from you. You are an outcast. You must understand the psychology of such a girl."

Even the most experienced actors are baffled by problems and require scientific assistance. On an afternoon five years ago Osgood Perkins started rehearsals for that newspaper classic, The Front Page. Mr. Perkins prided himself on an excellent pair of lungs, but he was soon gasping for breath. The rôle of managing editor required

(Continued on page 52)

Grouping and movement: important fundamentals being rehearsed in the classic manner of Greek drama



"*Style is My Business...*
NATURALLY I NEED A SMART CAR!"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH STYLE SCOUT MARY JOHNSON

1. "Style is my business. The things I buy for myself must reflect good taste. I want them to be as smart as the gowns I select for my patrons. So in picking a new car, I let my style-sense guide me."

"I admired Plymouth's graceful lines. So I drove it ... that sold me. It was just as smooth-running as it looked."

IT'S NOT EASY to be a style scout. Miss Johnson has to use practical, business-like methods to determine what's smart and what isn't.

She says: "You follow definite rules in picking smart gowns for smart people. I followed the same rules when I set out to pick a new car. They led me to Plymouth. It was the only low-priced car with everything modern smartness requires."

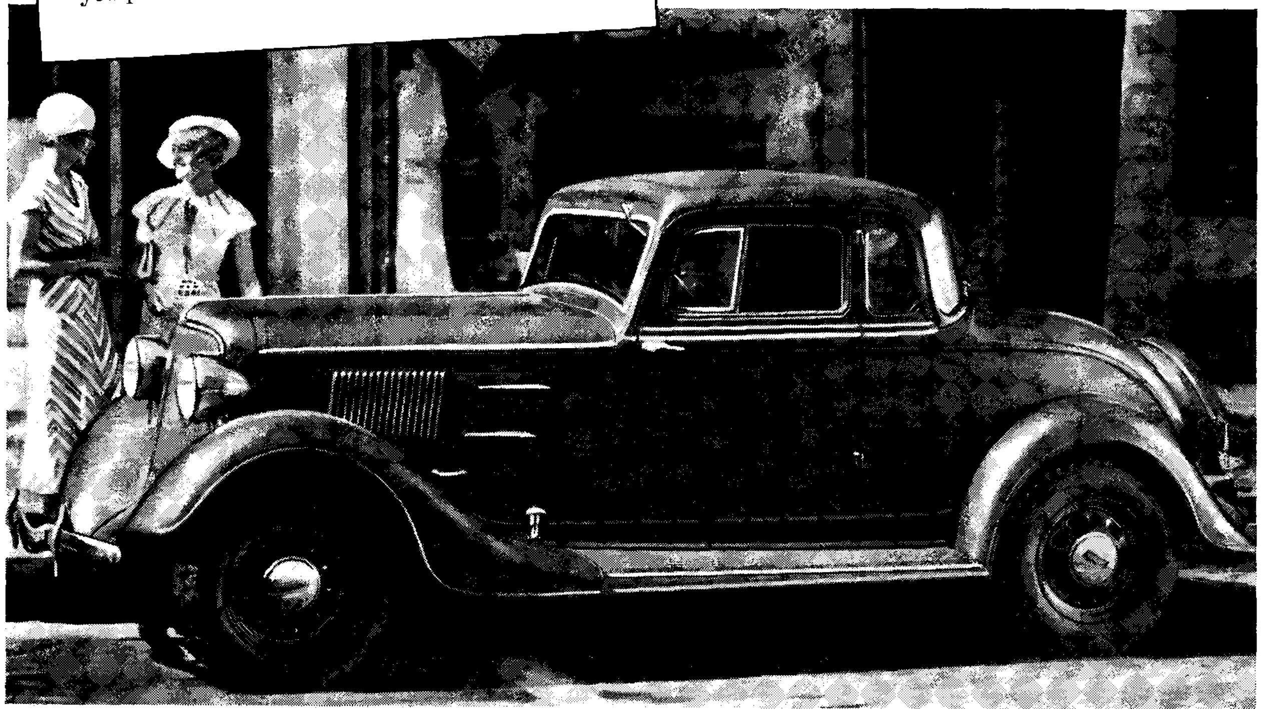
But, of course, smartness alone never sold any automobile. Plymouth's better styling attracted Miss Johnson, but its extra features for comfort and safety actually *sold* her.

By extra features, we mean Plymouth's Hydraulic Brakes that stop you more smoothly . . . its Safety-Steel Body of steel reinforced with steel . . . its Floating Power engine mountings that absorb all engine vibration . . . its Individual Wheel Springing that makes rough roads smooth.

Plymouth is the only low-priced car that has *all* of these four vital features for comfort and safety. Ask any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer to let you put Plymouth through its paces.

2. "I'm glad that Plymouth was the smartest-looking. It had so many other features I need. When I spend a day calling on my customers, Plymouth's Floating Power makes the driving so comfortable it never tires me."

3. "Ventilation control has always meant a great deal to women drivers. I saw all sorts of contrivances on other cars. But Plymouth had ventilators that can be lowered all of the way down."



4. Miss Johnson with her new De Luxe Plymouth Coupe. Prices begin at $530 at the factory. Duplate Safety Plate Glass *throughout* at the lowest extra cost in the industry (Only $7.50 on the De Luxe Coupe). Time payments to fit your budget on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

IT'S THE
BEST ENGINEERED
LOW-PRICED CAR

NEW PLYMOUTH $530 AND UP AT THE FACTORY DETROIT

Take along a *Telephone*

When business trips come round and it's time for good-byes to be said, there's reassurance in knowing you can "come home" every night or so and learn that everything is well. Separations are easier when voice visits by telephone are frequent.

Luckily, it isn't necessary to carry a telephone in your bag. Wherever you go, you'll find one waiting... ready to whisk your voice across a county, state or continent.

The charge is surprisingly small. After 8:30 P. M., many station-to-station rates are about 40% lower than during the daytime. (For instance, Detroit to Cleveland, 35 cents ... Boston to Philadelphia, 75 cents ... Minneapolis to St. Louis, $1.15.) Next time you travel, erase the distance between hotel and home ... *by telephone.*

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies — Bell System

Husband of the Champion

Continued from page 15

Hank. But yet not Hank either. Not, at least, the Hank she knew. He was hot, dirty, but aglow. His face beamed. He walked over and took her in his arms. "Well, kid, my luck's turned at last. A real job!"

That was all. Not a word about the match! Nothing except the fact that he had a job! She tried to sound happy but she was a little hurt.

"Oh, Hank, I'm so glad. Where?"

"Guess! . . . South America. Assistant to Tommy. Three thousand *and* keep. Grand, huh? We sail on the Santa Marta tomorrow at five."

Tomorrow at five. Tomorrow at five! Why, he must be losing his mind. Through his excitement Hank noted the frown on her face. "What's the matter, kid, aren't you glad?"

"Yes, of course. Only, Hank, tomorrow's the day of the finals. I couldn't go . . . and you wouldn't leave without me, would you?"

"But see here. You surely don't want to stay, now I've finally got a job of my own."

"You could go down by the next boat."

"THE next boat? Say, listen. Tommy says he hardly dares be away for a couple of weeks, as it is. Revolutions popping every minute, trouble all the time unless there's someone there to sit on that crowd."

"Yes, but I'd come right down after you by the next boat. Wouldn't that be all right?"

"And how'd you get up to San Pedro? Five days in the interior by muleback, four days from a railroad, goodness knows how far from the coast. I could never get away to meet you; and Tommy, he's a working man too."

"Wait a minute, dear . . . three thousand a year and keep isn't such a wonderful job. Why, you make almost that right here."

He stopped, his head in the closet where he was pulling down suitcases, turned and looked at her. Then he said: "Listen, Gracie. Can't you get this? Don't you see what this means? Five years out of Yale and never a cent *really* earned. Oh, I know . . ." he stopped her. "My *job!* My *job!* Hell, I'm always the 'husband of the champion' no matter where I go. I get places most of the boys don't, but after I've talked a while the bird says, 'Oh, yes, and aren't you the husband of Mrs. Fields, the champion? . . . You are? How very interesting. Do you think she'll beat that Peters girl? . . . You do? . . . I see. . . . Well, if you care to drop in next February sometime maybe we can do some business.' *Husband of the champion.* That's what I am and I'm sick of it. Down there I'll be just another guy at work."

"And me default? Miss the finals with that child against me?"

"Aw, c'mon, Gracie, you've had five years of tennis. What's it got you?"

"Yes, but after the close match we had last summer, it would look as if I were scared, as if I quit. A champion doesn't quit—you never quit when you played football in college. Besides . . . never mind that nasty old job. I'll be earning enough from my writing for both of us. The syndicate has promised me a thousand-dollar raise next year. We'll go to Europe, and I can play at Wimbledon. . . ."

He kicked a suitcase clear across the room, a hefty kick. "No, we won't. We'll go to South America. *I* will, anyhow. That job is a darned sight more important than ten dozen championships —I won't have another chance, maybe ever. The boat sails at five tomorrow, Pier 43, North River." He grabbed his hat and moved to the door.

The door slammed. Gracie put her hand up to her perspiring forehead, and noticed with surprise that the hand was trembling, just as if she had been in a hard match. . . . Tomorrow at five. The telephone jangled.

"Yes," she said mechanically. "Tell her to come up." She turned to the clothes closet where her things hung, and when Dorothy Sands opened the door the champion was tossing dresses into a suitcase.

"Hullo . . . what's the rush?"

"Hank has a new job, he leaves at five on the boat for Barranquilla as assistant to Tommy Thurber, the chap who just came up here. . . ."

"I see. Thinking of Hank as usual. Hank, Hank, Hank. The way you've carried that egg along is a joke of the sport world. Now he wants you to sacrifice your whole career, give up the biggest thing in your life, for his job. Isn't that like a man! Let him go, dear, don't default, you'll regret it all your life if you fly off down there. . . ."

"I know, my dear, but when you love a man . . . it's different somehow. You don't understand."

"Oh, I don't, don't I? What a laugh that is. And Hank—*poor* Hank—"

The champion, her head in a suitcase, flung an armful of clothes on the floor and stood up. The gesture was unlike Gracie, and Dorothy looked at her. "Listen. For years I've been doing what *you* thought was the thing to do. This happens to be *my* funeral . . . my own funeral. . . ."

That was the note they parted upon. But Dorothy, ever loyal Dorothy, joined Gracie just before the match.

Everyone watched them as they turned, arm in arm, and sat down in the champion's box. For the first time in hours Gracie felt a glow in her heart. Hank might not come, Hank might be unreasonable and jump everything, but Dorothy was still loyal. She couldn't say much, zero hour was too near, but she felt lots. She looked into her friend's eyes and squeezed her hand. "Stay with me, dear, I feel so alone this afternoon."

"You bet I will, Gracie, and you're going to win, too."

FROM the rear a masculine voice called: "Now then, ladies, *if* you please . . ." and Gracie stepped upon the court. Good old Dorothy. Always dependable, that's what she was. Now if only Hank were there. . . . I'll serve. . . . Don't think about Hank . . . concentrate upon the ball. . . . Some forehand the child has . . . but what a detestable sweater . . . *TWO LOVE MRS. FIELDS LEADS* . . . She's nervous all right . . . I must get this point, must get, must get. . . . a netcord. Ah-h-h. . . . *FOUR-ONE MRS. FIELDS LEADS IN THE FIRST SET* . . . Good shot . . . let 'em applaud . . . so long as I get the last point. . . . *IT IS FIVE-ONE THE FIRST SET* . . .

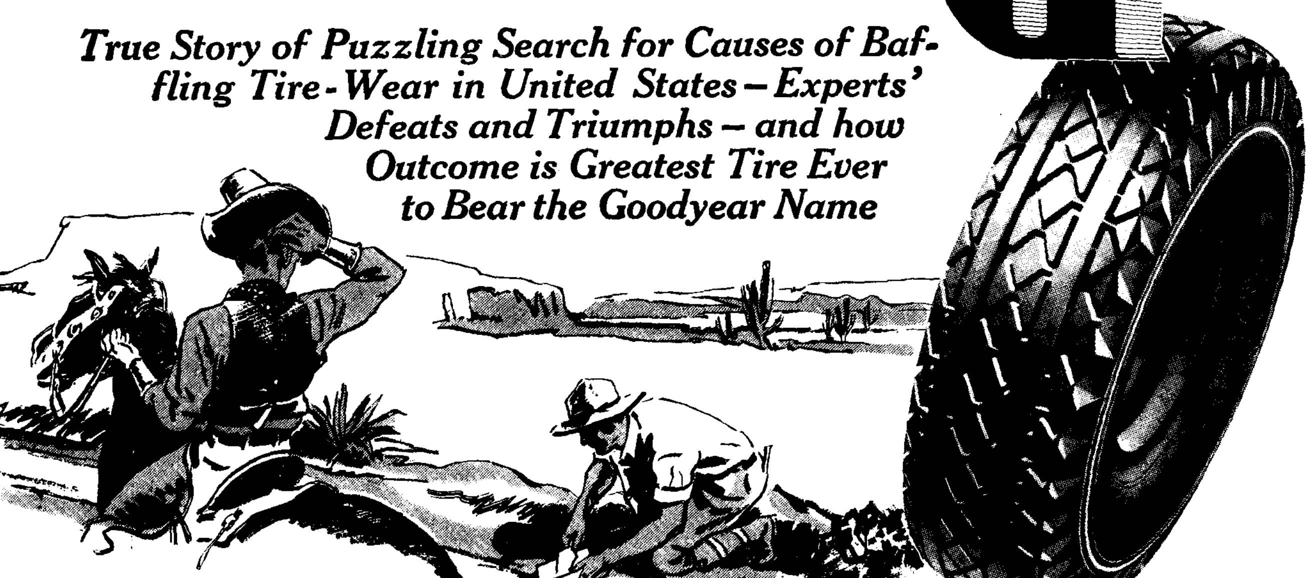
Tired . . . oh, so tired. Didn't realize I was so tired . . . when you don't sleep all night. . . . *AND A GAME FOR MISS PETERS WHO IS CERTAINLY PLAYING BEAUTIFUL TENNIS NOW* . . . Who's that? . . . oh, man in radio booth . . . I'm so hot . . . Oh, if I can only reach it . . . Now to the left side. Now the right . . . There . . . There . . . She's missed . . . no . . . what a sticker . . . *FIRST SET TO MRS. FIELDS SIX GAMES TO TWO.* . . .

(Continued on page 30)

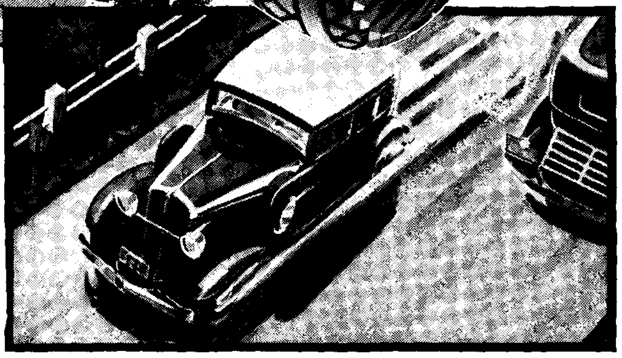
We studied CLIMATE, analyzed CONCRETE, made GRINDSTONES, upset factory routines, wrecked Test Cars to build the NEW "G3"

Against flywheels covered with diamond-sharp sandpaper, we tested the wearing-ability of treads

True Story of Puzzling Search for Causes of Baffling Tire-Wear in United States – Experts' Defeats and Triumphs – and how Outcome is Greatest Tire Ever to Bear the Goodyear Name



... collecting samples of razor-edged rock particles



... stomped brake pedals hour after hour

A MYSTERIOUS malady seemed to be attacking automobile tires throughout the land. Not just competitive tires – but even ours.

"Treads wearing too fast," came the word from Goodyear salesmen, that large fraternity of "performance detectives" who work everywhere.

Then, after a little while, more definite clues appeared – the reports came in from east, west, north and south – but they seemed to be centered a little more in three localities where fine roads and scenic beauty invite motorists to use their cars. Chemists, engineers, "trouble shooters" were rushed to these points to secure samples of the soil.

Since this is a full and true story, we must tell you of some things that had happened in the meantime.

We felt sure nothing had gone wrong in our production or methods.

But we checked, anyway. As a matter of fact, the entire factory control system was carefully gone over. Existing routines were upset. It cost a lot of money, but we found nothing wrong. Absolutely nothing. Yet "treads were wearing too fast – on all tires!"

"G-3" and Grinding Tests

With samples of grit collected from widely separated localities we had made sandpaper. Then our engineers actually ground down tread designs with this sandpaper – mounted on high-speed "grindstones" – to test the wearing ability of treads.

More tests followed – more grinding, scuffing, rubbing – on the roads. How those tests smoothed off the non-skid patterns!

On all but one – a tread design the engineers called simply "G-3." The word went through the plant that "they've found something."

Here's what you get in Goodyear's new

"G-3"!

You get the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather Tread.

You get quicker stopping and the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center.

You get the easy steering and smooth travel of wider riding-ribs.

You get the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs.

You get more rubber in the tread—an average of two pounds more per tire.

—all of which adds up to *43% MORE NON-SKID MILEAGE at no extra cost to you!*

"War" is Declared

The chief, himself, got interested in "G-3." The executives all studied the matter. Then, came the word:

"BUILD 'G-3' ALL-WEATHER TIRES FOR THE TEST CARS."

The drivers got ready. But nobody had figured on what followed in the next order:

"GIVE 'G-3' THE HARDEST TREAD WEAR YOU CAN DEVISE. DRIVE DAY AND NIGHT: THREE SHIFTS – SPEED UP TO 50, THEN JAM ON BRAKES...BRAKE HARD ON A STOP TO EVERY 2 MILES. DRIVE 600 MILES A DAY"... and more like that.

Brakes gave way first. Cars had to be halted for brake adjustment every 8 hours. Brakes had to be completely relined every 72 hours. Check tires of ordinary established makes went to pieces. But how that "G-3" stood up!

"Guilty Party" is Discovered

Back at Headquarters the reports of our "performance detectives" were continuing to get attention and analysis.

By careful check and cross-check the real reason for unusual tread wear was established beyond doubt.

IT BECAME CLEAR THAT THE NEW QUICKFOOTED, NIMBLE, EASY-STOPPING AUTOMOBILES MAKE NEW DEMANDS ON TIRE TREADS. THEY INCREASE THE WEAR – AND AT THE SAME TIME NEED TIRES THAT "KEEP THEIR GRIP" – FOR SAFE STOPS AT HIGHER SPEEDS.

Now – "G-3" All-Weathers for Everybody

The new "G-3" is ready for you now at all Goodyear dealers!

It has the same famous All-Weather blocks *in the center of the tread* where they ought to be for safety and traction on today's smoother highways.

BUT IT HAS 16% MORE OF THESE BLOCKS!

It has the same sturdy riding-ribs and grooves, BUT THE RIBS ARE 11½% WIDER! Grooves are narrower.

The TREAD IS BROADER BY 5½%—more road CONTACT—MORE RUBBER IN THE TREAD.

Supertwist Makes it Possible

The broader tread, naturally, puts some additional strain on sidewalls. But for this demand, Goodyear—and only Goodyear!—was prepared. For only Goodyear among tire-makers has the right to use the famous extra strength, extra-flexible, extra-elastic SUPERTWIST carcass which takes this added load as easy as you please!

No extra price is asked in offering you this "G-3" All-Weather—although it is more costly to build.

You have read the straightforward story of why it was developed, and how. You can see it at any Goodyear Dealer's.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Long Day
Long Smoking

But mouth still fresh and cool
. . . thanks to SPUD

Do you smoke hot and heavy, breakfast to bedtime? You and Spuds should get acquainted!

How does the menthol help? Is it menthol in your *throat* that gives you the cool sensation? Not at all! Spud's menthol does its work *in the cigarette* . . . by merely *cooling* the smoke. So what Spud gives you is just fine tobacco flavor . . . *with the heat taken out.* And what a difference that makes!

CORK TIP
or PLAIN

Spud
Menthol-Cooled
CIGARETTES

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20 • (25c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Husband of the Champion

Continued from page 28

See, Dot, see, I'm still champion, I am . . . How do you like that, young lady! That's a drive. . . . Two love for me . . . What time do you make it, Mr. Davis? . . . Three-forty? . . . Goodness, that set took time! . . . She's so persistent . . . these rallies . . . Good shot . . . Oh, watch the ball! . . . *GAMES ARE THREE-TWO MRS. FIELDS LEADS SECOND SET.* . . . Oh, he called it good, it was out a mile . . . Now then, this point . . . this is the point to win . . . There, four-two, now, I'm safe . . . Phew, what a shot, must keep it away from her forehand. . . . Good shot . . . uh-huh . . . well played. . . . Now, now, now . . . oh, I should have had that game . . . must hit harder, harder . . . Why, its nearly four . . . just time . . . Watch the ball, you aren't watching the ball . . . *AND THE SECOND SET TO MISS PETERS SIX GAMES TO FOUR THERE WILL BE AN INTERMISSION OF TEN MINUTES.*

THE champion instead of going into the dressing-room walked slowly across the court to the marquee and sat down beside her friend. "Yes, I'm all right, dear, I feel fine. Tired? Oh, a little. What does your watch say? Is that right? You sure? . . . No, I'll just sit here quietly. A little water. . . ."

. . . *THIRD SET, MISS PETERS SERVING . . . SETS ARE ONE ALL.* . . . Now then, just a few minutes to do it . . . make every point count . . . Now her backhand, now sharp to the forehand . . . There, how do you like that for a drop shot, young lady! . . . *ONE LOVE MRS. FIELDS LEADS THIRD SET.* . . . Watch the ball . . . not much time. . . . Bet they never saw better driving than that . . . How's *that* for a service? . . . Now four more games, only four. . . . Oh, I hit too soon. Steady, steady. . . . *THREE LOVE MRS. FIELDS LEADS THIRD SET.* . . . Goodness, it's twenty minutes past . . . now make every shot count . . . every single one . . . hit harder, harder than that . . . *MRS. FIELDS LEADS FOUR GAMES TO TWO THIRD SET.* . . . Why, they're all going out . . . I can't control them . . . must hit hard, mustn't let down. . . .

The crowd in the stands looked at each other. What on earth had happened to the champion? In the lead, she had wavered and broken. Hit every shot either into the net or out. She was hurrying her stroke. Five-four for Peters. What had happened to the champion? . . .

GAME, SET AND MATCH MISS PETERS TWO-SIX SIX-FOUR SIX-FOUR . . . Gracie heard the applause, tremendous applause with a kind of dubious note in it. The child jumped the net and embraced her, murmuring consoling words. But the champion, patting her on the back and shaking her hand, gathered up her rackets and sped across the court, officials passing her as they ran over to congratulate the winner. Up the steps of the marquee. Good old Dorothy! There she was at the top, as sweet and as sympathetic as ever. "Dot, dear . . . I couldn't . . . I just couldn't . . . you understand, dear, don't you?"

Dorothy's arm was about her but Dorothy's look was beyond to where the flushed girl below was receiving her Cup. "Poor old Gracie . . . you were wonderful, dear. She was just too good. Never mind . . . someone has to lose. And, Gracie . . . do introduce me to her, I'm simply crazy to meet the child; you know I hadn't an idea she was as good as that. . . ."

When one is tired one's brain functions slowly, and it took Gracie a minute or two to appreciate the situation. She was pushed aside by the crowd in the little alleyway, Dorothy, edging to the front, being the first to greet the new champion as she came up the steps. Apparently no formal introduction was necessary. "My dear, you were simply marvelous. Marvelous. I've never seen such driving in all my life . . . you ought to feel proud of yourself. . . ."

Gracie Fields turned away. She pushed her way to the entrance and walked hastily to the clubhouse alone. She glanced mechanically at her watch. Her husband she had thrown aside, and now Dorothy was gone. Yes, Hank had been right all the time. . . . She jumped up the steps and through the clubhouse, stopping only to grab the skirt that buttoned over her shorts, to the outer gate where a taxicab stood, the motor running.

"Is this mine? You waiting for Mrs. Fields?" Yes, there was her baggage. She hopped in and slammed the door. The Queen was dead, long live the Queen.

"Pier 43, North River, driver, and make it just as fast as you can. I must be there at five . . . I know there isn't much time but do your best. . . ." Dear God, please let me make that boat . . . Is that a traffic cop? Don't care if only we reach it on time . . . And what a swell friend she was . . . just as Hank said—what did he call her? . . . Publicity hound. . . . Am I a fool? . . . "Yes, Pier 43, and please do hurry. . . . I know you are, but never mind the speed limit. . . ." And naturally any man wants to earn his own living, he wouldn't be worth anything if he didn't. . . . Coming, Hank, coming, and . . . "Oh yes, you can, too, you can make it all right. . . ."

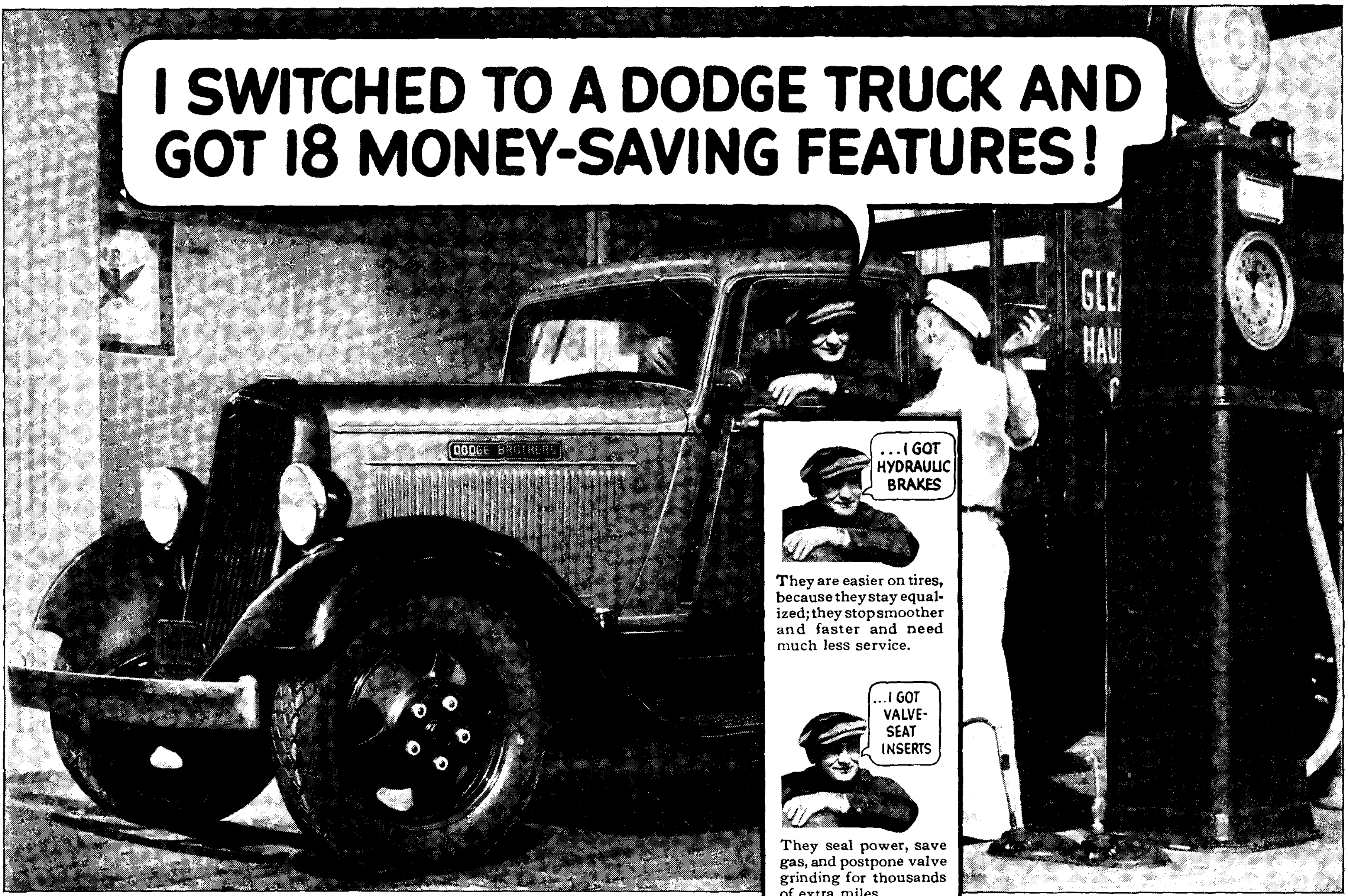
Lost my husband, my friend, and a championship all the same day . . . that's some record, that is . . . "Turn down Nineteenth Street. . . . Oh, it's blocked all right . . . We have five minutes now. Do you think you can? . . ." I'm coming, Hank, coming as fast as Hyman Ellenstein will take me . . . Now let me see, at least I can powder my nose . . . change my shoes . . . "Oh, look out . . . look out . . ." He didn't miss that post by much.

A TAXICAB drew up to Pier 43, North River, and an extremely disheveled lady jumped out to see, through the open end in the distance, a ship smoothly turning in midstream, her propellers calmly churning the waters of the Hudson as she started on a voyage to Limón, Puerto Colombo, Barranquilla and ports south. With everything the lady loved aboard.

She stood there unable to move, watching the end of the pier move past the ship. Hank gone! Hank gone! So then what? So then nothing.

Suddenly out of the darkness of the interior a huge figure loomed up, a figure with an overcoat tossed over one shoulder, who gave a whoop and a shout and rushed up, grabbing her in his arms.

"I told 'em you'd come, kid, I told 'em you'd come when I saw you pressing at four love in the last set. Sure, I couldn't keep away, heard it all over the radio, every word. I knew you'd come, and I'm all set, got a tug waiting at the end of the pier . . . Say, you could beat that kid the best day she ever lived if you had the time . . . sure you could and don't I know it. . . . Hey, you there! Rush those bags down the end of the pier. Come on now, kid, you gotta work awful fast. . . ."


I SWITCHED TO A DODGE TRUCK AND GOT 18 MONEY-SAVING FEATURES!
DODGE BROTHERS

The "Show-Down" Proved It To Me... *Dodge Certainly is the Blue-Chip Truck in the Low-Priced Field*

"BELIEVE me, I'm glad I looked into that Dodge 'Show-Down.' It showed me a difference between Dodge and other low-priced trucks I didn't dream could exist.

"This big Dodge didn't cost me a bit more than I expected to pay — but just look at all the high-priced money-saving truck features it has!

"Oil filter — I know that saves oil and engine wear. Hydraulic brakes that save tires — and, man, what brakes they are! I expect those valve seat inserts to save me at least two valve grinding jobs in the next 12 months. The full-floating rear axle will cut down service expense. And full-pressure lubrication means less engine wear and longer life.

"Altogether, I got 18 money-saving features that aren't combined in any other low-priced truck. I know now why so many thousands of truck buyers are switching to Dodge. And, say, isn't it a beauty?"

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION
Division of CHRYSLER MOTORS

**List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton models, extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

FREE THIS "SHOW-DOWN" SCORE CARD *... Get One at Your Dodge Dealer*

Go to your Dodge dealer and ask for a copy of the "Show-Down" Score Card. Take it away with you. It lets you check all leading low-price trucks against Dodge on a basis of features you know must cut upkeep costs and lengthen truck life. It lets you be the judge in your own way. Get your copy TODAY.

Dependable DODGE TRUCKS

They are easier on tires, because they stay equalized; they stop smoother and faster and need much less service.

They seal power, save gas, and postpone valve grinding for thousands of extra miles.

...I GOT AN OIL FILTER

It saves oil and prolongs engine life.

...I GOT A FULL-FLOATING REAR-AXLE

More rugged, it cuts down rear end service expense.

...I GOT FULL-PRESSURE LUBRICATION

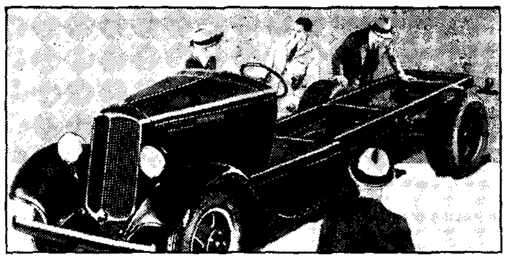
It reduces engine wear — cuts down service — engine lasts longer.

and

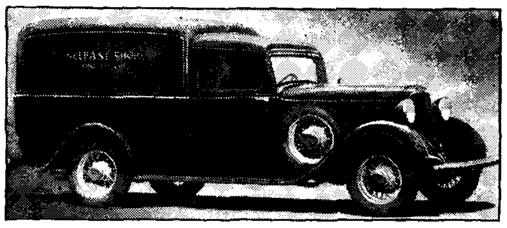
- ● Air Cleaner
- ● Crank Case Ventilator
- ● 4 Piston Rings
- ● 4 Main Bearings

and

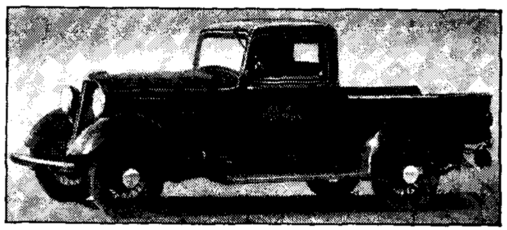
- ● 9 other Features



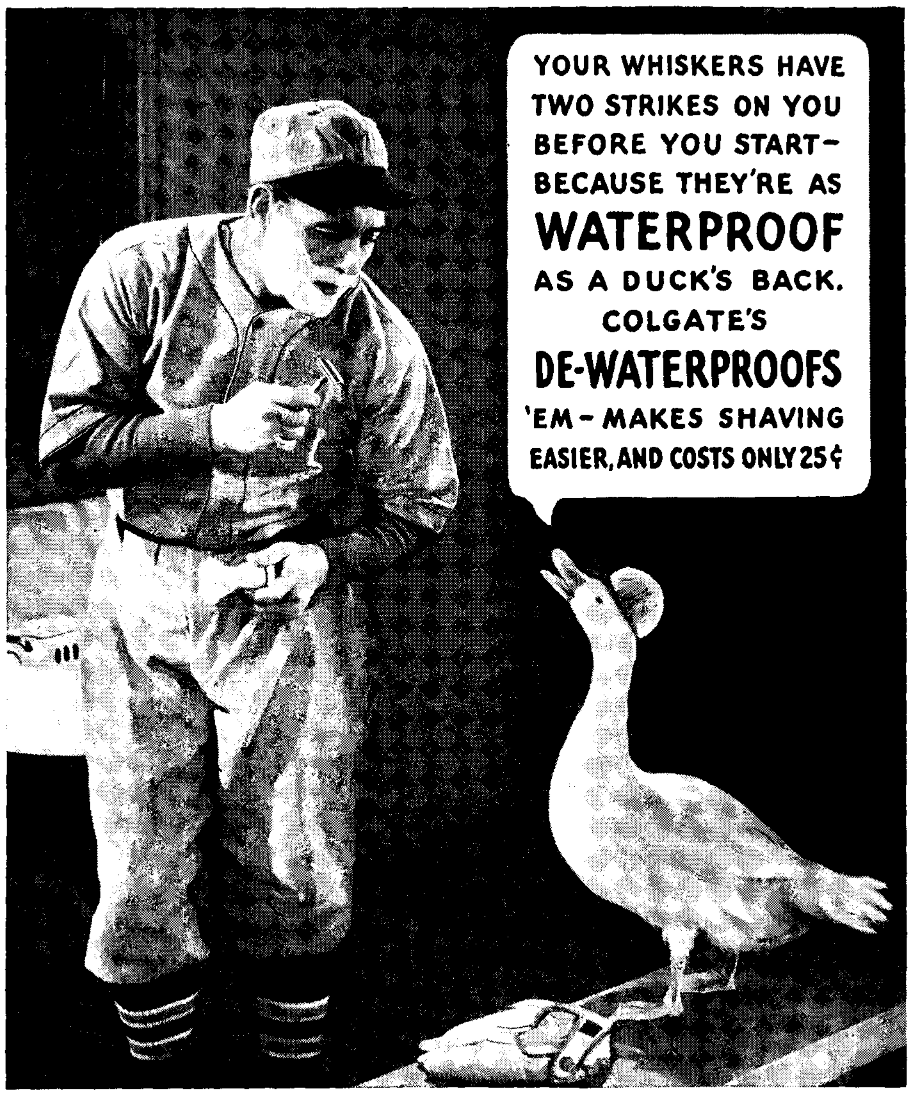
DODGE 1½-TON CHASSIS—6-cylinder engine, 136 inch wheelbase. Many money-saving features yet priced with the lowest. (Complete with cab and standard stake body only $750*)........ $545*



DODGE COMMERCIAL PANEL—America's handsomest commercial car. Has patented Floating Power engine mountings, valve seat inserts, full pressure lubrication, hydraulic brakes, 6-cylinder engine, 18 cost-cutting features........ $630*



COMMERCIAL EXPRESS—6-cylinder engine. A beautifully designed light delivery. Get a "Show-Down" of its 18 cost-cutting features....... $500*


YOUR WHISKERS HAVE TWO STRIKES ON YOU BEFORE YOU START—BECAUSE THEY'RE AS WATERPROOF AS A DUCK'S BACK. COLGATE'S DE-WATERPROOFS 'EM—MAKES SHAVING EASIER, AND COSTS ONLY 25¢

I'M TOUGH!

Every whisker a man ever owned wears a razor-proof coating of oil... and that tough, waterproof coating is what makes whiskers so hard to cut.

ONE DIME 1880

But... remove every trace of that waterproof coating... strip it off every whisker, and you get a shave as smooth as an 1880 dime.

CAN'T TOUCH ME!

What stumps many men is the fact that most shaving creams *can't* remove all of the waterproof oil. Most shaving creams froth up into big bubbles... bubbles so big that only a few of them can get *close* to each whisker.

THEY GOT ME!

But Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream whips into millions of tiny bubbles. Whole armies of these tiny, little bubbles swarm all over every whisker in your face. They crowd *close* to it... strip away every trace of its waterproof coating. They *emulsify* the oil... *float it away.*

"MY FRIEND"

And—these tiny bubbles wilt each whisker... soak it as soft and limp as a wet feather. Then your razor cuts slick and clean... without jump or pull.

GRAND FEELING

Try Colgate's. Find out for yourself how much easier it makes your daily shave. The large 35c tube is now only 25c. Buy it... *today.*

P. S. *For a perfect finish to a Colgate shave, try Colgate's After-Shave Lotion, and Colgate's Talc for Men.*

Let me de-waterproof your whiskers—and make shaving a cinch

LARGE-SIZE TUBE now only 25¢

COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 17

He tried to be dispassionate. Had he loved Rose Ames before she was accused of murder, would he, knowing all the evidence against her, have thought her guilty? He shook his head. Where he loved, he'd have faith.

Did he love her now? He shook his head again. The question was not to be answered. Bowman was paying his expenses and giving him seventy-five hundred a year. Rose Ames probably spent that much on her clothing. It was out of the question. Besides, she couldn't care for him. He didn't want to be in love with her type of woman. He didn't want to live fashionably, to know the kind of people Rose Ames' husband must know. And a wife would hamper a political correspondent who would be jumping from one corner of the map to another. Wives interfered with work. They demanded too much. Marriage meant children, meant settling down. No woman on earth was worth that. Imagine himself, Sam Kernochan, tied to a home with a couple of squalling brats. He didn't want any part of it. With a grim smile he paid his check, retrieved his hat and coat, and walked out into Times Square.

HE STROLLED up Broadway and entered the Nirvana. The hat-check girl at the top of the stairs smiled invitingly.

"You're alone tonight."

"Do you think something should be done about it?" he asked pleasantly.

"I'm filled with ideas," she told him.

Kernochan looked at her.

"Ideas cause wars, revolutions—and get little girls into trouble."

"Some call it trouble and some call it fun," she laughed. She sighed as he passed into the main room.

He walked to the bar and looked at the array of bottles. There was a time when he would have simply said "Scotch," and proceeded to become sodden. He wondered why he didn't feel that way now.

Bowman had spoken to him about drinking a while ago.

"Never would have believed that you could pull yourself together in the middle of a bat, Kernie," the publisher had said. "You've just done a great piece of work. But you've always been a great reporter. I'm not sending you to Europe solely because of your ability. I'm doing it because the past few days have convinced me that you're reliable. I don't know why I should accept this slight evidence. But I played a hunch when I bought the Leader. I've trusted my hunches all my life. I have a feeling that you're no longer a brilliant youth but have become a brilliant man."

Kernochan was not inclined to sentimentalize. The fact that Bowman trusted him would never affect Kernochan's actions. He was through with heavy drinking simply because he was, and not because he wanted to make good with his boss.

"What'll it be, Mr. Kernochan?" asked the bartender.

"I thought it would be a cocktail of some sort," smiled Kernochan, "but it isn't going to be. I think I'll go to a table and have a pint of champagne."

"It sounds swell," said the bartender. "Like a celebration."

"I guess it is," said Kernochan. He turned from the bar and walked to a table. But as a waiter drew out a chair, a voice cried protest:

"Join us, Kernie."

Kernochan turned to see Donohoe. He walked a few feet to the producer's table. With him sat Tommy Turner, the girl, Lucy, who had been with Donohoe the last time Kernochan had been in the night club, and another woman.

"When you coming to work?" asked Donohoe. He turned to Lucy. "If you lisp tonight, Lucy my pet, your understudy will be playing your part."

The girl smiled at Kernochan. He grinned at her, acknowledged an introduction to the other girl, whose name he didn't hear, and sat down.

"What'll it be?" asked Donohoe.

"I've good news for you, Donny," said Kernochan. "I'm going to Europe for the Leader tomorrow night. You don't have to be burdened with me as your press-agent."

Donohoe's face fell.

"Going back to the Leader, eh?" said Turner. "How come?"

The master of ceremonies signaled the orchestra. The drums rolled, and the master of ceremonies held up his hand for silence. In his hand he held a newspaper.

"Before I present the next number in tonight's entertainment," he cried, "I want one of Broadway's own to take a bow. In my hand is a copy of the Leader, with one of the greatest stories ever printed. The murderer of John Ames has been discovered, and the discoverer is one of New York's best newspaper-men, one of Broadway's favorites. Ladies and gentlemen, I want you to give a great big hand to Sam Kernochan, the best reporter in New York."

Red to the ears, Kernochan, in response to applause, stood up. He sat down, embarrassed as he had never been in his life, yet pleased. He had just been called one of Broadway's own, and that he would always be.

"For God's sake, Kernie," said Turner, "what is all this? Who killed Ames?"

"Should I spoil the sale of the Leader?" grinned Kernochan. "Buy yourself a paper."

"This calls for champagne," said Donohoe.

"The same idea was in my mind," said Kernochan.

"And you're not going to be press-agent for Donny?" asked Lucy.

Donohoe glared at her.

"Be careful, Lucy. You had trouble with your r's then." He beamed on Kernochan. "Boy, I don't know what you've done, but I'm going to send out for a paper. There's your old friend, Jimmy Pottery."

KERNOCHAN looked up. Pottery had just entered the room. With him was Emily Trephon. The racketeer came directly to Donohoe's table.

"I'd like a word with you, Kernochan," he said.

"Have two," invited Kernochan.

"Don't get me wrong," said Pottery. "I'm not looking for trouble. Could I see you alone a minute?"

Kernochan excused himself to the others, rose from the table and walked with Pottery toward the entrance. Pottery paused by Emily Trephon.

"I just been reading the Leader," he said. "You know, I thought you were out gunning for me about a little matter of a few years ago. That's what Emily thought."

Kernochan nodded to the girl.

"You were on the level with that talk about Layman, eh?" He turned to Pottery. "The Layman thing doesn't interest me. But you were mixed up with Johnson, Pottery."

The racketeer shook his head.

"Not in the Ames matter. Emily and I had fixed that all up between us. I didn't mind about Ames; that was over.

And I only knew Johnson because he was rushing Callie Curtis. That's on the square, Kernochan. Sorry I did a little talking out of turn. Hope you weren't worried."

"I was never worried, Pottery," said Kernochan coldly. "But don't ever frighten friends of mine again. I don't like men who go to women and scare them. If Laurette Marks is ever bothered I might show an interest in the Layman case."

"That would be all right with me," said Pottery. "I'm clean there. But don't fret about Laurette. I like her."

"So do I," said Kernochan.

"Then why don't you go and buy her a drink?" asked Emily Trephon. "She's sitting over there in the corner, and it's dollars to dimes she's looking for an out."

KERNOCHAN followed the direction of Emily's gaze. Laurette Marks was at a far table and she waved her hand excitedly to Kernochan. He walked across the floor.

"I thought you'd never come, Kernie," Laurette said. She rose to her feet. "Thanks for a good time," she said to her escort. She slipped a hand under Kernochan's arm and steered him toward the door. Kernochan, before she pushed him away from the table, had an impression of a fat, red face on which exasperation was written large.

"The boy friend doesn't like it," he said.

"He isn't the boy friend. I was just lonesome. I rang your phone ten times this evening, and it didn't answer. And I felt like going places. I still feel like it. Are you going to take me? Kernie, you have to. I want to talk about what you've done. And what have you done?"

"Casino?" he asked.

"I'd love it," she said.

"Not alone any longer," said the hat-check girl as she held his coat. "Some dames have all the luck."

"The way you talk," chuckled Kernochan.

"So you're back on the Leader?" said Laurette, as their taxi started north. "And you found out who killed Ames? Who was it?"

"A man named Dempster."

"How did you do it?"

"It's six columns long. Do you want me to recite it to you or will you wait till you read the paper?"

"I'd rather have you talk about other things, Kernie," she said. "What's the next thing the great man does?"

"Europe. Tomorrow—no, tonight."

Laurette's gloved hand had been resting in his own; now his fingers were squeezed convulsively.

"On the square, Kernie?"

He nodded.

"Gee, I'll miss you," she said.

"I'll be back," he told her.

She leaned against him.

"No, you won't. You've never been back, Kernie. I was crazy for a minute or two and thought I might get you back, but all the time I knew better."

"Don't be silly," he said gently, "you never wanted me back."

"Okay, pal, I just wanted a trip. So it's Europe instead of Havana, eh? Alone?"

"Of course," he replied.

"What does Mrs. Ames have to say about that?"

"You're out of your mind," he said.

"Am I? Well, let's forget it. Tonight we dance. Will there be champagne?"

"That reminds me," he laughed. "I was to have drunk some with Donny and I walked right out on him."

"It will be more fun drinking it with me," said Laurette. "Maybe it won't. Kernie, I don't want to go to the Casino. I don't want to go anywhere but home. Kernie, do you mind if I cry?"

"If you do I'll slap you," he threatened. "Laurette, don't be silly."

"All right, Kernie, I won't. But take me home, will you? I don't think I'd have fun at the Casino, or anywhere, knowing that you're leaving tomorrow."

He told the driver Laurette's address. In silence they rode there.

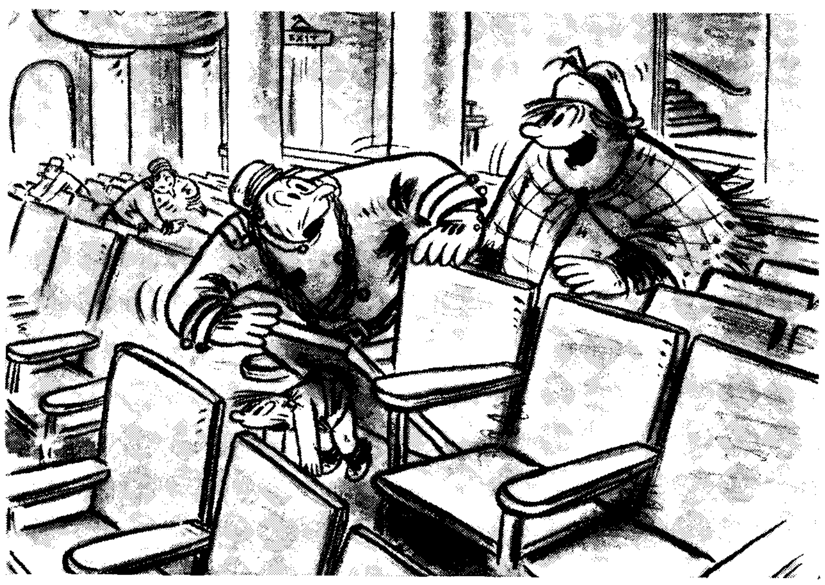
"I won't ask you to come up, Kernie. If you came I'd make a fool of myself. The best always, young fellow."

"The same to you, young girl," said Kernochan.

UPON the bed and flowing over onto the floor were editions of the morning newspapers. The other papers had picked up the Leader's beat. The exoneration of Rose Ames had crowded Hitler, the NRA and even the gold content of the dollar from the front pages. The Leader's rivals, beaten by Kernochan, found consolation in the fact that one of the craft had solved the mystery, had proved more able than the police.

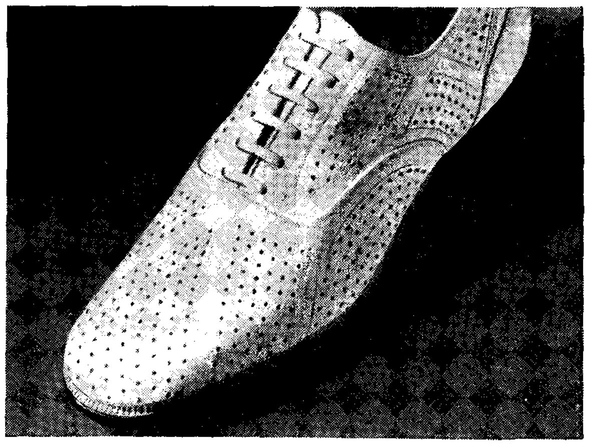
The Leader itself was burdened with no false modesty. It shrieked its triumph. Kernochan's story was signed in letters black and heavy. His picture ornamented a box in the middle of the first page, and around his photograph was a brief biography of him, with an account of his previous journalistic triumphs. There was the further statement that for the next year he would represent the Leader in the capitals of Europe. There was also an editorial inside the paper in which the Leader

(*Continued on page* 34)



"Here he is—stuck in the gum again!"

Frank Owen



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THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT. C, CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from page 33)

took occasion to point out the fact that the press was not merely a disseminator of the news but was an instrument of justice.

Rose Ames leaned back on her pillow. It was a rather good picture of Kernochan. Her eyes were speculative as she stared at it. The faintest hint of color tinged the ivory of her cheeks. She looked up as her maid announced that her uncle wished to see her. She told her to send him up at once.

Old Coghlan Buell was in a state of excitement such as Rose had never seen before.

"The man's a genius," he cried, after he had kissed his niece and uttered a dozen congratulatory sentences. "And like all geniuses, he's simple. What he does is simple. I've read his story and it seems obvious that he should have reasoned as he did. But no one else reasoned that way. He sees what others overlook. Rose, aren't you happy?"

Her eyes were misty.

"Relieved. How could I be happy at learning that Gerry could do such a thing, that John—"

"Of course," he interrupted. "But you mustn't think of those things. You must only permit yourself to think of the fact that not the meanest mind could hold the faintest suspicion of you any more."

"I wonder if another death isn't too great a price to pay for my exoneration," she said.

He frowned at her.

"I just told you not to think of those things. You're in no way to blame for them. You mustn't brood over a mischance. Tell me, have you seen young Kernochan?"

She shook her head.

"He telephoned me last night and told me to get the morning paper."

"And you knew it last night and didn't phone me?"

"I knew you'd stay up all night," she smiled, "and I didn't want you to lose sleep. You've lost enough sleep, Uncle Coggie."

"Kernochan coming in this morning?"

"I hardly think so. He asked me to send the check to him; he said he couldn't call; he's sailing tonight and will be busy all day."

Buell frowned.

"That's extraordinary. Doesn't sound like the type of man he seems to be. Do you know that he's a great friend of Aaron and Minta Penfield?"

Rose Ames smiled.

"And I suppose, Uncle Coggie, that makes him the type that wouldn't do anything unmannerly."

OLD BUELL ignored this thrust at his snobbery.

"A fine young fellow. Of course, he drinks, but many great men have such weaknesses. And I believe he's really great. But I don't understand his not coming to see you."

"Don't you?" she asked slyly.

He stared at her, quick comprehension in his eyes.

"Do you mean, my dear, that the young man fears—"

"Remember how he threatened to print proof of my guilt if he discovered it? Well, yesterday he admitted that he wouldn't have printed it."

Buell whistled.

"All the Buell women have been like that," he said complacently. "But he seemed so brusque, so detached, that I hardly thought that even you, the loveliest of the Buells, could have so quick an effect upon him."

"I imagine the Kernochan men have been something like that," she smiled.

"What do you mean, Rose?"

"What do you think I mean?" she countered.

"But you hardly know him."

"He hardly knows me."

"But what about Forman?"

She shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"What about anyone? When these things happened—I was grateful to Carl. I needed someone to lean on. Heaven knows I'm old enough to be able to tell love when I feel it, but I guess I wasn't. But I'm old enough now."

"You'll be hearing from Carlton," he told her.

"I have heard from him. I imagine someone in his office cabled him early this morning. He telephoned me an hour ago from Paris."

"What did he say?" asked Buell.

"What you'd expect. He wanted to catch the Paris tonight. He wanted to marry me the day the Paris docks."

"And what did you say?"

"What you'd expect. That's over."

Old Coghlan Buell sighed.

"Sorry—in a way. Only, if a man hasn't faith in the woman he loves—my God, anyone who knew you—"

"Let's not blame him. After all, a person can't be censured for what he thinks."

"Maybe not, but he can be pitied."

"Carl doesn't need pity. He let John take me from him once. He survived that. He'll survive this."

"HAVE you sent Kernochan his check?" Buell asked.

"No. I thought I'd give it to him."

"But you said he wasn't coming here."

"I didn't say I wasn't going to see him."

He frowned.

"You mean you're going to look for him?"

"If that's the only way to see him."

"But that isn't like you; that isn't dignified," he protested.

"What's dignity when happiness is involved? He loves me, Uncle Coggie. I know. And I know just what's in his mind. I've money. He hasn't. He sees that as a barrier. I don't see it that way."

"Do you think you can make him change his mind?"

Mischief was in her gray eyes.

"You see me at some slight disadvantage, Uncle Coggie," she said. "I'm not sure that my lips are on straight. I'm positive that my hair is mussed. But in half an hour, when I'm dressed for the street—"

"Don't be ridiculous," he chuckled. "If he could see you now—"

"Must you bring blushes to my young cheeks?" she laughed. "Run along out of here, you wicked old man. And do something for me. Telephone Mr. Kernochan. Tell him that you wish to see him. Make an engagement with him. I'll keep it."

"The Buell women have never been forward," grinned old Coghlan.

"Then it's about time they changed, don't you think? And keep in touch with me. Where will you be all day?"

"At the club. Am I to give a bride away?"

"Something like that is in my innocent young mind," she replied. "And will you get out of this room so that I can take a bath and get dressed? No, just turn your back. I want you to phone from here. Call to me where he says he'll meet you."

She slipped from the bed and entered the bath. The maid had prepared a tub and she was lying in it when her uncle's voice came muffled through the door.

"Kernochan says he can wait for me just thirty minutes. He's in his rooms."

"I'll be there in twenty-five," she said.

Old Buell was gone when she entered her bedroom. She gave swift orders to her maid.

"The steamer trunk. Three dinner

(Continued on page 36)

The Car of a Million "OK's"

More than a million people have okayed Nash cars by planking down their money and becoming enthusiastic owners of Nash cars.

A motor car success exceeding a million cars is too great to happen by chance. There must be good reasons for it. All this good faith in a car could not exist, much less keep spreading and growing, unless Nash cars year after year lived up to and thoroughly justified people's faith.

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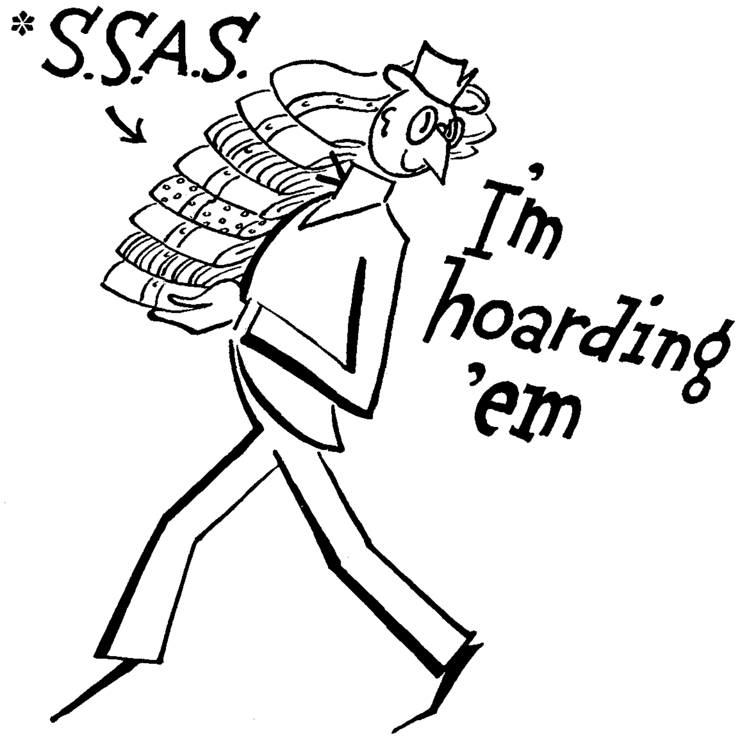

Gentlemen:

I wish I had bought myself 10,000 Sanforized Shrunk Arrow Shirts a few years ago and put them in a safety vault, instead of some of the things I went in for.

I did buy a few. Some TRUMPS and some GORDONS. Bought them at 15½ and they're still 15½. Haven't dropped a point, either in collar size or sleeve length.

As investments go, they're the only non-fluctuating, non-shrinking, non-choking, satisfaction-bearing, comfort-yielding buy that I know.

The Amalgamated Coat-Hanger that I bought at 47 is now 17. My Consolidated Cookie-Cutter which I took on at 122 is now 19. United Crutch on which I loaded up at 93½ is now 5¾. Pan-American Door-knob which cost me a plenty isn't even quoted. International Medicine Dropper came into my life at 87⅛; it's now around 20.

From now on I shall put every spare penny in Sanforized Shrunk Arrow Shirts, and then I'll be sure of at least two things the rest of my life: 1. I'll always have a shirt on my back; 2. it will always remain at par, regardless of the number of launderings.

Sincerely,

don herold

* Sanforized Shrunk Arrow Shirts.

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The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 34

dresses, a tweed suit for the boat. And all the other things. Have it downstairs with a tag on it. No name on it."

"You're going abroad?" Jennie asked.

"If I'm lucky," smiled Rose Ames.

"Am I going, too?" asked Jennie.

"Better be ready. I don't know yet about you."

"But one trunk for you," protested the maid.

"Haven't you heard that women buy clothes in Paris, Jennie?" laughed her mistress. She wriggled into her street dress, took a last look at herself in the mirror, smiled with quiet satisfaction, and ran downstairs. She told the footman to send the car to the front door, and found that it was waiting for her there. She went through the front door and stepped into the car. She gave the chauffeur Kernochan's address.

She rang the bell on West Eighth Street and Mrs. Rainey admitted her.

"Tell Mr. Kernochan that Mrs. Ames wishes to see him."

The landlady stared at the visitor.

"Oh, Mrs. Ames, wasn't he wonderful? I knew you never done it, but to have him prove it—" She knocked on Kernochan's door.

"Come in," he called.

Gently Rose Ames pushed the landlady aside. She entered the room.

Kernochan sat at a desk; over his shoulder he saw her. He rose swiftly to his feet; he hastily turned over the sheet of paper on which he had been writing. Rose Ames looked about the room. There were no pictures on the walls; the entire room was bare of all the intimate traces of occupancy.

"My uncle couldn't come; he sent me in his place," she said.

"Well?" he said coldly.

She pursed her lips in a mocking pout.

"Aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

"Sorry. I was just leaving."

"Finish your letter. I'll wait."

He looked at her, then picked up the note paper and tore it in little pieces.

"Is that temper?" Her eyebrows raised.

"I don't need to send the letter now," he told her.

"Was it by any chance to have been sent to me?"

He nodded assent.

"And what were you saying?" she asked.

"I don't know. I had just begun it. I intended to give it to your uncle. Just a formal letter of thanks for your check."

"But you haven't received my check yet," she reminded him.

"But you brought it with you?"

SHE waited no longer for an invitation, but sat down.

"I really forgot to write it. But I always carry a blank check with me. If you'll let me sit at your desk, I'll write it now."

"Certainly," he said.

She walked to his chair and sat down. From a little bag she produced a blank check and was busy for a moment with pen and ink. Then she blotted the check and handed it to him. He looked at it. His face grew as red as fire.

"It's signed Rose Kernochan," he said.

"I thought I might begin practicing the signature," she smiled.

"What sort of nonsense is this?" he demanded.

"Delightful nonsense, don't you think?"

"It's ridiculous," he blazed.

"The loveliest things are sometimes ridiculous, aren't they?"

"You're making a fool of me," he said.

"So long as I'm not making a fool of myself I don't mind," she told him.

"I suppose that unless I marry you—forgive me if I misinterpret what's in your mind, Mrs. Ames."

"So logical a brain could never be guilty of a faulty understanding," she laughed.

"Then you won't pay me my fee unless I marry you. Is that it?"

"I'm afraid it is," she admitted.

"But why should I marry you?" he cried.

"You must let me be modest," she mocked him.

"Modest? Do you call it modest to come storming into a man's apartment and insist that he marry you?"

"At least," she giggled, "I ask for honorable matrimony."

HE COLORED at memory of a recent visitor.

"But why do you want to marry me?" he asked angrily.

"Because we love each other. Isn't that reason enough for us to marry?"

"What did I ever say to you to make you think I love you?"

"The things you say to me to make me think you don't love me," she laughed.

"But it's insane. Even if I did love you—and I haven't said I do—I couldn't be burdened with a wife. I'm going abroad for the Leader. I'll be hopping from place to place."

"I love hopping," she said.

"But I haven't money, and if you think I'd let my wife pay my bills!"

"Is that the kind of man you are? Would you let the things that I possess stand between us?"

"But they *must* stand between us."

She shook her head.

"If you're little, they must. But if you're big—if every time we have people to dinner, you're so small that you tell yourself that my money bought the food—then it wouldn't work. But if you're big enough not to think of that sort of thing—Sam, you could go into business. You could make a fortune of your own. I wouldn't want you to. I'd want you to continue on your own career. I'd rather not marry you if I thought that cheap and petty pride would turn the best reporter in New York, the man that's going to be the best correspondent in Europe, into a fat and prosperous broker. If you marry me, you're marrying *me*. You're not marrying what I have. Aren't you big enough to see it that way?"

"Damnation, I suppose you must have your own way." He stood over her frowning.

She put her face on her arms and her shoulders shook.

"My God, you're not crying, are you?" he cried.

She lifted a mirthful face to him.

"I'm laughing, Sam," she told him, "at the funniest proposal a woman ever received."

"I haven't proposed at all," he told her.

"You haven't even kissed me," she said.

His features suddenly crinkled in mirth that matched her own.

"Well, I can do that," he said.

Minutes later she released herself gently from his embrace.

"You do it very well, Sam," she whispered.

THE END

The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 22

"I want a raid squad here within twenty minutes. When you know where to go, drive there to pick 'em up."

"Very good, sir."

Silently and smoothly the big car moved out of the lane.

"In moments of excitement," said Nayland Smith, "I am afraid I relapse into Indian police terms. Do you think your man can manage it, Gallaho?"

"Certainly, sir," Gallaho replied. "The Flying Squad's pretty efficient. We shall have all the men you want inside twenty minutes."

"My fault," said Nayland Smith, "not to have had a radio car."

"They're all on duty, sir."

"One could have been recalled. We had time."

"What now, sir?"

"We must look for vulnerable points and keep well under cover. I don't want Sir Bertram's driver to see us. I trust nobody where Dr. Fu Manchu is concerned. Come on!"

He led the way towards the tree-shadowed drive of Rowan House. Their cautious footsteps seemed loudly to disturb the damp silence of the avenue, but they pressed on till the lights of Sir Bertram's car, drawn up before the porch of the squat residence, brought them to a halt.

"Sterling!" Nayland Smith's voice was low, but urgent. "Through the shrubbery here, and right around that wing to the left. You are looking for a way in, preferably a French window, of course. But any point where an entrance can be made quickly. If you meet anybody, tackle him, and then sing out. Are you armed?"

"Yes; it's become a habit since I met Dr. Fu Manchu."

"Good. Walk right around the house until you meet Gallaho, then return by the more convenient route, and this point is to be our meeting place. And now you, Gallaho, stick to the shadow in that lawn, there, and work around the right of the house till you meet Sterling. I am going to direct my attention to obtaining a glimpse of Sir Bertram's chauffeur. His appearance and behavior will tell me much. We meet here in five minutes."

Gallaho and Sterling set out.

CHIEF DETECTIVE INSPECTOR GALLAHO started his voyage of exploration under conditions rather more difficult than those which confronted Sterling.

The west wing of the house was closely invested by shrubbery; and although there were a number of windows, some of which were lighted, it was impossible to approach near enough to take advantage of any chink in the curtains. Some of the shrubs, which were of varieties unfamiliar to the inspector, remained in full leaf, others displayed flowers; and there was a damp, sweet but slightly miasmatic smell about the place.

He remembered that the house had belonged for some years to the eccentric explorer, archeologist and author, Sir Lionel Barton. No doubt this freak vegetation had been imported by him. Gallaho, who was no floriculturist, did not quite approve of shrubs which flowered in mid-winter.

Pressing on, walking on wet grass, he presently reached a gate in a wall which threatened to terminate his journey. He tried the gate—it was unlocked; he opened it. It communicated with a paved yard. Outbuildings indicated that this had formerly been the stables of Rowan House.

Gallaho stood still, looking about him suspiciously.

He was satisfied that no horses were kept; the place was very silent. In the windows of the main building visible from where he stood, no light showed. This was not surprising at such an hour in the morning. The domestic staff might be expected to have retired. It was the sort of place, however, in which an experienced man expected to meet a watchdog.

Gallaho, holding the door ajar, assured himself that there was no dog before proceeding across the yard. He examined doors and windows, and came out presently into a neglected garden. He pulled up to take his bearings.

From somewhere a long way off came the wail of a train whistle; and . . . was that a muffled crash?

He had made a half-circuit of the house, which was not large. Sterling should have met him at about this point.

GALLAHO stood still, listening.

Except for that vague murmuring which makes London audible for twenty miles beyond the city's boundaries, the night was still.

It was very queer.

Gallaho had noted that all windows in the domestic quarters were fastened. The ideal point of entrance had not presented itself. He pushed on. What had become of Sterling?

Weed-grown flower beds bordered the wall of the house. There was nothing of interest to tempt him to approach nearer.

Suddenly he stopped, fist clenched.

Somewhere—somewhere inside the house, he thought . . . a woman had screamed!

He began to run. He ran in the direction of an outjutting wing. It was very dark here, but Gallaho found gravel beneath his feet. He raced around the abutment and found himself staring at a French window.

There was no light in the room to which it belonged. Gallaho could see that heavy curtains were drawn. But there was no indication that the interior was illuminated. Nevertheless—from that room the cry might well have come.

He ran forward.

His first discovery was a dramatic one. A glass pane immediately above the lock had been shattered!

The absence of Sterling was now becoming inexplicable. Gallaho could only suppose that he had made some discovery which he had felt to be of such importance as to justify his returning and reporting to Sir Denis. Otherwise, palpably they must have met some considerable time before this.

Gallaho slipped his hand through the opening in the glass, encountering velvet draperies, groped about and found the lock. There was no key in it.

Yet there was something very sinister about this broken window—that faint scream.

Searching his memory, he seemed to recall that at one point in his fruitless journey, just after he had crossed the stable yard, at about the same time that a distant train whistle had disturbed the silence, he had imagined that he heard a muffled crash. Here, perhaps, was the explanation.

But where was Sterling?

He ran on to the corner of this wing of the house; and now, through close growing but leafless trees, could see the tunnel-like drive along which they had come. Sterling was not in sight, nor could he see Sir Denis.

(Continued on page 40)

W. G. Mennen has devoted 26 years to the scientific study of shaving. Who could be better qualified to answer the big shaving question?

Lather
OR
Brushless?

"NO BUNK OR BALLYHOO! I'LL REST MY CASE ON FACTS AND FACES" W. G. Mennen

"HAVE you followed the big shaving debate? The words are flying! One manufacturer says: 'Lather is the *one* best way to shave.' Another advertises: 'Throw away your brush—Brushless is the *only* decent shave.'

"Fine fireworks and ballyhoo! But I'm not joining it. I've studied the science of shaving for 26 years and I *know* that *both* types are good. BUT whether you should use Lather or Brushless depends on your individual shaving habits, your type of beard and, most important, *your type of skin.*

"That's why I make *both,* Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. Both are *whisker-wilters.* That means that both take *all* the fight out of *all* of the beard, so that the blade can cut clean and close — without a yank or a scratch.

"Yes, both do it—*but only your own skin can decide which is best for you.*

"For example, if your skin is *oily,* you should use Mennen *Lather.* It loosens deeply-imbedded oil deposits, flushes out your over-active skin.

"If you have a *dry skin,* I recommend Mennen Brushless Shave. It's a cream, not a grease, containing special ingredients which soothe tender skins.

"If your skin is *normal,* then it's a question of convenience—do you like to use a brush or don't you?

Send for my "Skin Tester Kit"

"For those men who really want to find out what type of shave suits them best, I've made up a 'Skin Tester Kit'... containing good-size tubes of both Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. Use up both. Then decide for yourself.

"In the 'Skin Tester Kit' I've also included trial sizes of Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer and a new Mennen Double Edge Blade. I'm offering you this kit for only 10c! But please send for it only if you will make the test. No professional sample hounds wanted!"

After the Shave

Mennen Skin Bracer—a new tingling tonic. Has a subtle odor that's 100% masculine—yet girls go for it! *Mennen Talcum for Men*—the man's powder. Doesn't show. Kills "face shine!"

MENNEN

2 types: LATHER SHAVE and brushless SHAVE

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen double-edge blade." Send coupon with 10¢ in coin to The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-18.

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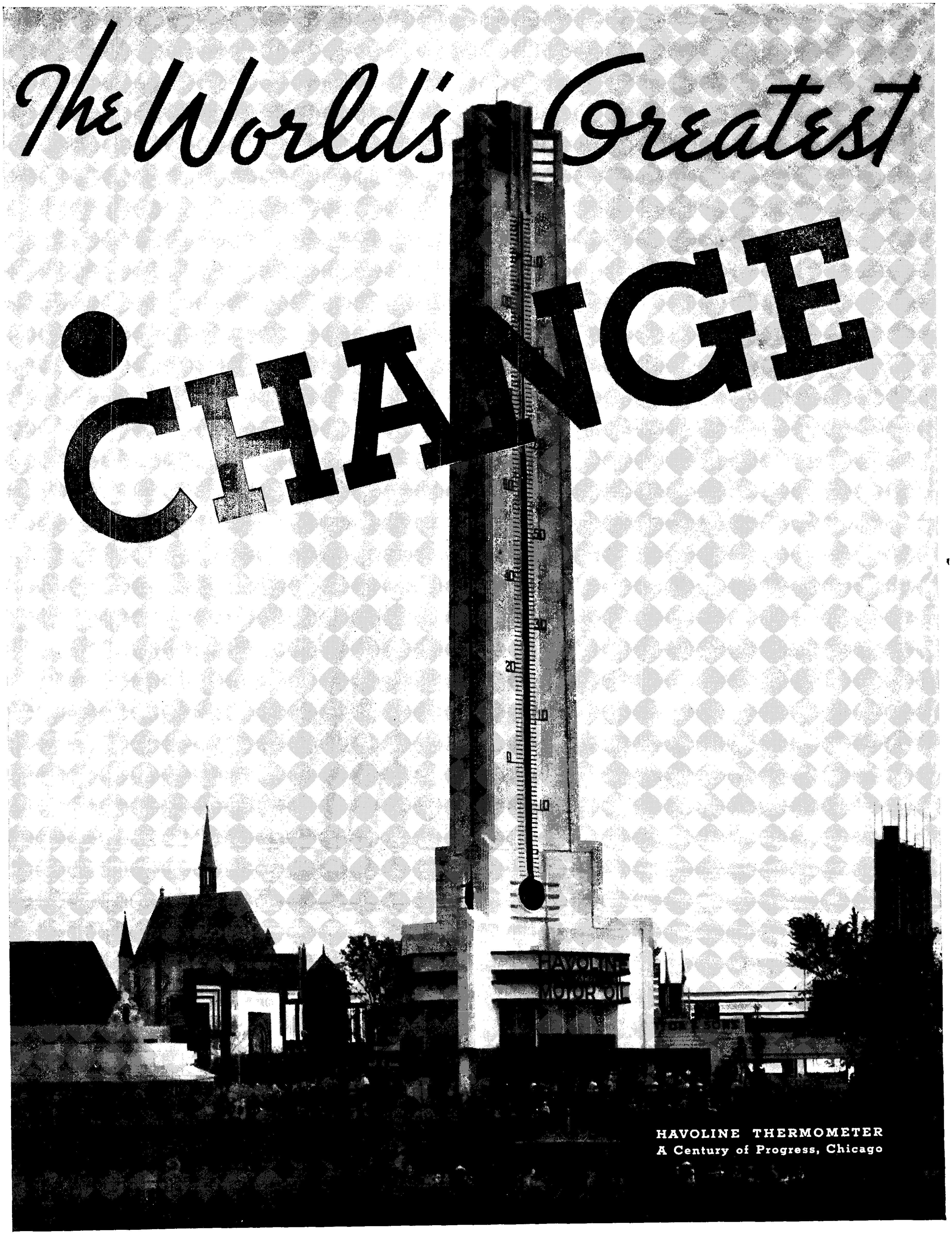
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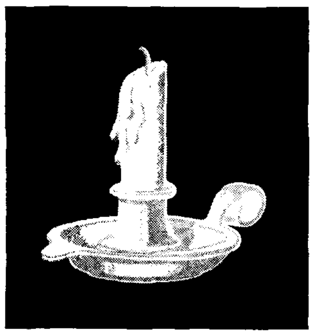

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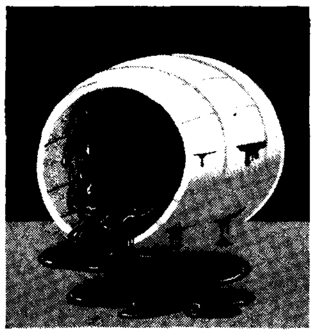

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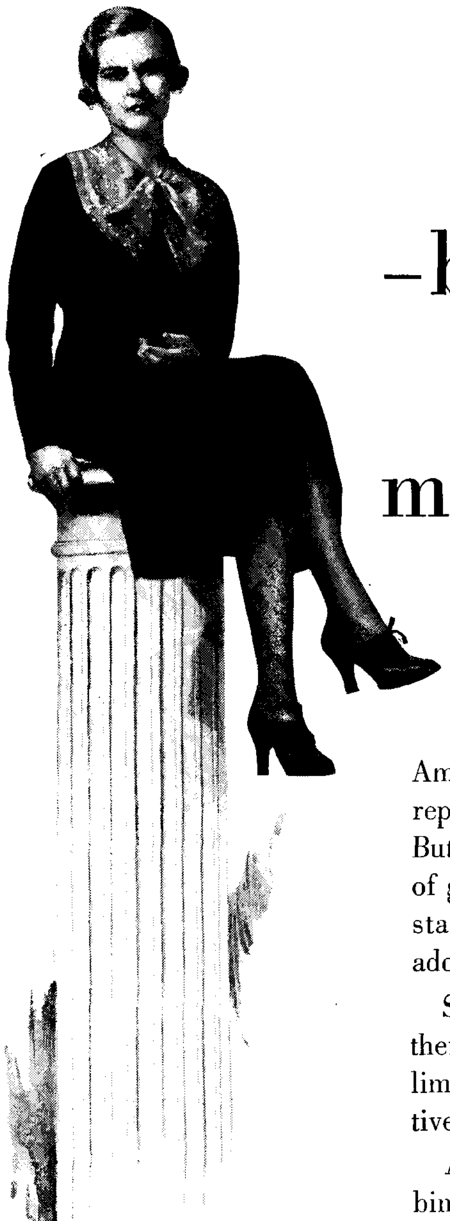

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The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 37

Alan Sterling was fully alive to the selfishness of his own motives. Nayland Smith was working for the welfare of humanity, striving to defend what we call civilization from the menace which Dr. Fu Manchu represented. Gallaho officially assisted him. But he, Sterling, hard though he might fight to thrust personal interest into the background, to seek the same goal, knew in his heart that his present objective was the rescue of Fleurette—if she lived—from the clutches of the Chinese doctor.

Through long days and all but unendurable hours of sleepless nights, since the message of Dr. Petrie, her father, had reached him, he had known this yearning for the truth, dreadful though the truth might be. Was she dead or alive? If alive, to what condition of mindless slavery—to what living death—had she been subjected by the brilliant, devilish master of her destiny?

HE FORCED his way through damp shrubbery; thorny bushes obstructed his path. He was anxious to avoid making any unnecessary noise. Frequently he glanced towards the porch of Rowan House, before which the long, lithe outline of Sir Bertram's car glittered dimly in reflected light. The headlamps had been turned off, but the sleek body was clearly visible.

Scratches were not to be avoided. At last he was clear of the shrubbery, and found himself upon the damp soil of a flower bed. He plowed forward, aiming for a dimly seen path, reached it and felt hard gravel beneath his feet. He was now out of sight from the porch. Glancing back swiftly, he crossed the path and found himself in shelter from the view of anyone watching from the front of the house.

He became aware of an oppressive, sickly-sweet perfume. He saw a long, dead wall upon which some kind of creeper grew, despite the wintry season bearing small yellow flowers. Heavy of stalk, it climbed almost to the eaves of this wing of Rowan House.

One dark window he saw, high above his head; he marked it, but knew that it could only be reached by means of a ladder. He pressed on.

In all directions vegetation hemmed the place in; until, through a chink in heavy curtains drawn behind a French window having small, leaded panes, a spear of light shot across the damp gravel path, revealing many weeds, and was lost in shadowy shrubbery. Sterling crept forward cautiously, step by step, until at last he could peer into the room to which this French window belonged.

He found himself looking into a sort of small library. At first, all that he could see was shelf upon shelf laden with faded, well-worn volumes. Cautiously, he moved nearer to the pane, and now was able to enlarge his field of vision.

He was intensely excited, so excited that he distrusted himself. He was breathing rapidly.

He saw more bookshelves, and, craning his neck still further, saw a floor plainly carpeted. There was little furniture in the place. He could not see the source of the illumination. He could see books, books, books; one or two Oriental ornaments; a coffee table with an open volume upon it; and a number of cushions.

A shadow fell across the carpet.

Alan Sterling watched intently, fists clenched.

The shadow grew more dense, shortened—and then the person who occasioned it walked slowly into view, head lowered in the act of reading a small, very faded-looking volume.

It was Fleurette—*his* Fleurette! Petrie's daughter!

Sterling experienced a wave of exultation which swept everything else from his mind. Nayland Smith's instructions were forgotten—the chief purpose of the expedition, the apprehension of Dr. Fu Manchu, was forgotten. . . . Fleurette was alive—only a few panes of glass separated them.

And how beautiful she was!

The hidden light, gleaming upon her wonderful hair, made it glow and shimmer in living loveliness. She was so slender—so divinely graceful; that rarest creation of nature, as the Chinese doctor had once declared, a perfect woman.

He rapped urgently upon the window.

Fleurette turned. The book dropped from her hand. Her eyes, opened widely, were fixed upon the gap in the curtains.

Sterling's heart was beating wildly as he pressed his face upon the glass. Surely, in the light shining out from the room, she could see him?

But she stood motionless, startled, gazing, but giving no sign.

"Fleurette!" Sterling spoke in a low voice, yet loudly enough for the girl in the room to hear him. "It's Alan. Open the window, darling—open the window!"

But she gave no sign.

"Fleurette! Can you hear me? It's Alan. Open the window."

He had found the handle. The strangeness of his reception by this girl, who only a few days before had lain trembling in his arms because three or four weeks of separation impended, was damping that glad exultation, chilling the hot blood dancing through his veins.

The window was locked, as he had assumed it would be. He could see the key inside.

"Fleurette, darling! For God's sake open the window. Let me in. Don't you understand! It's Alan! It's Alan!"

Fleurette shook her head and, turning, walked across the room.

Surely she had recognized him! In spite of his rough dress, could Fleurette, his Fleurette, *fail* to recognize him?

Pressing his face against the glass, Sterling, astounded, saw her take up a pencil and a writing-block from a dimly seen bureau. He could endure no more. Premature action might jeopardize the success of Nayland Smith's plans, but there were definite limits to Sterling's powers of endurance. These had been reached.

STEPPING back a pace, he raised his right foot and crashed the heel of his shoe through the small leaded pane of glass just above the lock of the French window.

He had expected an echoing crash; in point of fact the sound made was staccato and oddly muffled. He paused for a second to listen . . . Somewhere in the distance a train whistle shrieked. . . .

Thrusting his hand through the jagged opening, he turned the key, pushed the French window open and stepped into the room. Three swift strides and he had Fleurette in his arms.

She had turned at the crash of his entrance—eyes widely opened, and a look of fear upon her beautiful face.

"My darling, my darling!"—he crushed her against him and kissed her breathlessly. "What has happened? Where have you been? Above all, why didn't you open the window?"

Fleurette's eyes seemed to be looking through him—beyond him—at some far distant object. She made a grimace of pain—good God! of *contempt*. Leaning back, continuing to look not at him, but through him, and wrenching one arm free, she brushed it across her lips as if something loathsome had touched them! Sterling released her.

He had read of one's heart growing cold, but was not aware that such a phenomenon could actually occur. Where there had been mystery—there was mystery no more. Fleurette's love for him was dead. Something had killed it.

With a tiny handkerchief she was wiping her lips, watching him, watching him all the time. There was absolute silence in the room and absolute silence outside. He wondered if Gallaho had heard the crash, if those inside the house had heard it.

But this thought was a mere undercurrent.

All of him that was real, all of him that lived, was concentrated upon Fleurette. And now, looking him up and down, with a glance of such scornful anger as he had never sustained in his life from man or woman:

"You are just a common blackguard, then?" she said, in that musical voice which he adored, and yet again raised the fragment of cambric to her lips. "I hate you for this."

"Fleurette, darling!"

His own voice was flat and toneless.

"If you ever had a right to call me Fleurette, you have that right no longer."

HER scorn was like a lash. Alan Sterling writhed under it. But although she stared straight at him, he could not arrest that strange, far-away gaze. She turned suddenly and walked towards the bureau. Over her shoulder:

"Get out!" she said. "I am going to call the servants, but I will give you this chance."

"Fleurette, dear!" he extended his arms distractedly. "My darling! what has happened? What wrong have I done?"

He followed her, but she turned and waved him away fiercely.

"Leave me alone!" she cried, her eyes flashing murderously. "If you touch me again, you will regret it."

She picked up a pencil and began to write.

Sterling, quivering in muscle and nerve, stood close beside her. Whoever had interfered between himself and Fleurette, upon one point he was determined. She should not remain here, in this house. Explanations could come later. But he proposed to pick her up, regardless of protests, and carry her out to the police car.

As he read, he stood stock-still, touched by a sort of supernatural horror. This is what he read: "Alan darling: If you touch me I shall try to kill you. If I speak to you I shall tell you I hate you. But I can write my real thoughts. Save me, darling! Save me! . . ."

Came a flash of inspiration—Alan Sterling understood.

Fleurette was the victim of some devilish device of the Chinese physician. He had induced in her either by drugs or suggestion a complete revulsion of feeling in regard to those she had formerly loved. But because of some subtlety of the human brain which he had overlooked, although, as in some cases of amnesia, she could not express her real thoughts in words, she could express them in *writing!*

"My darling!"

Sterling bent forward and tore the page from the writing-block.

Whereupon Fleurette turned, her face contorted.

"Don't touch me! I detest you!"—she glared at him venomously; "I detest you!"

Sterling stooped, threw his left arm around her waist and his right under her knees. He lifted her. She screamed wildly and struck at him.

He forced her head down upon his shoulder to stifle her cries, and carried her towards the open window.

GALLAHO, by now very breathless, pulled up, watching the porch of Rowan House.

The front door was open. This dimly he could divine, but there seemed to be no light in the entrance hall.

The headlamps of Sir Bertram's car gleamed dimly, but the inside lights were turned off. Evidently Sir Bertram was leaving—after a very brief visit.

Why was there no light in the entrance hall?

Gallaho's bewilderment was growing by leaps and bounds. To the problems of the scream, the broken window and Sterling's absence now was added that of Sir Denis' disappearance. Gallaho's own inclination, for he was a man of forthright action, was to run up the drive quite openly to the porch, and to demand to see the occupant of the house.

But Sir Denis was in charge tonight. He could not act without his authority, and his last instruction had been: "Do nothing until I give the word."

Between them, Gallaho thought bitterly, they were likely to make a mess of things.

A muted bang told him that the door of Sir Bertram's car had been closed. Who had entered it he didn't know. Suddenly the headlights cleaved a lane through the darkness.

The car moved off, turned and entered the drive. Gallaho darted half right into the shrubbery, crouched down and watched. . . .

Someone was seated beside the chauffeur. The fleeting impression which Gallaho derived conveyed to his mind the idea of a native servant of some kind. This surely meant that Sir Bertram was not returning home, but was proceeding elsewhere.

And there was no means of following! The Flying Squad car was presumably at the local police station, picking up a party of men to raid Rowan House!

THE car purred swiftly by. Of its occupants Gallaho had never a glimpse. But as it passed he sprang to his feet and stepped out onto the drive.

"Where has everybody got to?" he growled.

The door of the house was open. Something very strange was happening here—had already happened; and now:

"Gallaho!" came a distant voice. "Gallaho!"

It was Nayland Smith!

"Where are you, sir?" Gallaho shouted.

He raced towards the porch of the house from which the cry had seemed to come, throwing precaution to the winds now, for there was urgency in Nayland Smith's voice.

And as he reached the steps he saw him. . . .

Sir Denis was standing in the open doorway, the lobby behind him in darkness.

"He's slipped us, I think, Gallaho. We're too late. But my main concern at the moment is not with him . . . show a light here. I am looking for the switch."

Gallaho's light flashed in the darkness of that strange Assyrian hall.

"There it is, sir."

The lights were switched on. It was a queer-looking place, of pillars and bas-reliefs, a freak of the former eccen-

(*Continued on page 42*)

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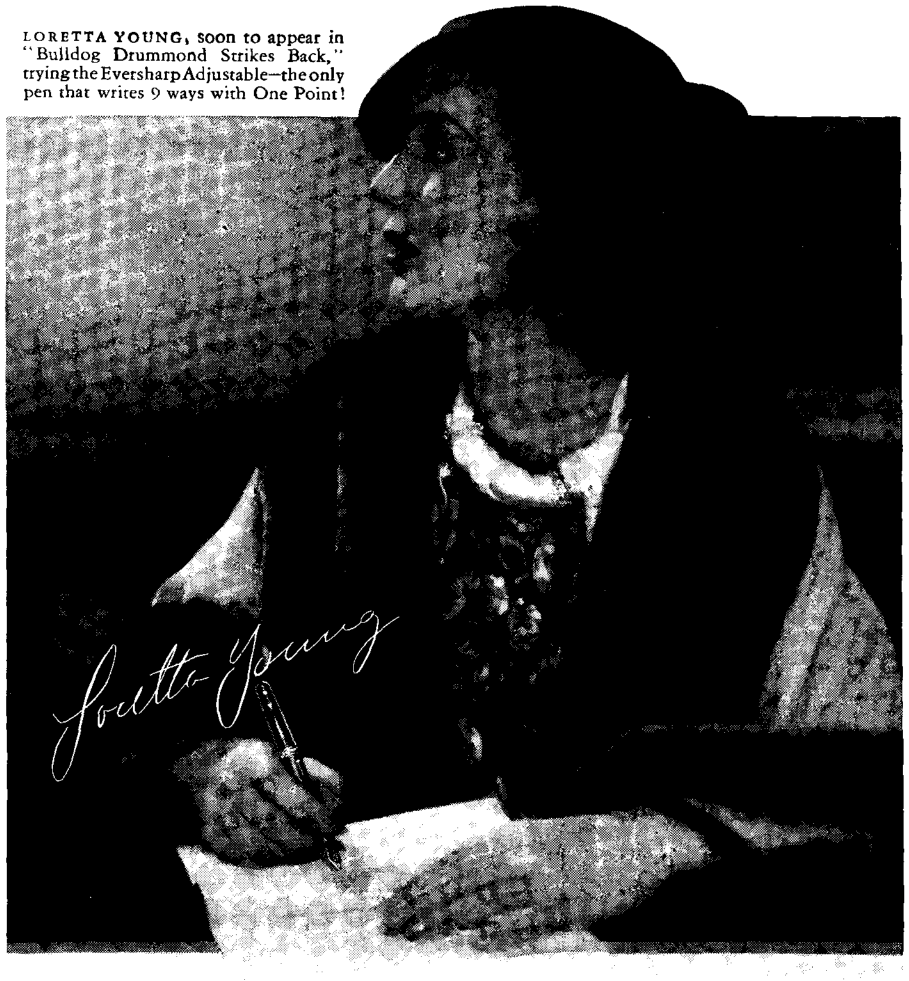

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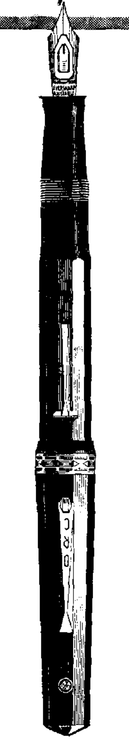

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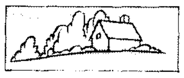

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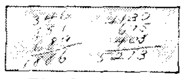

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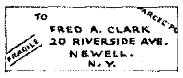

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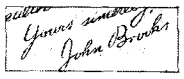

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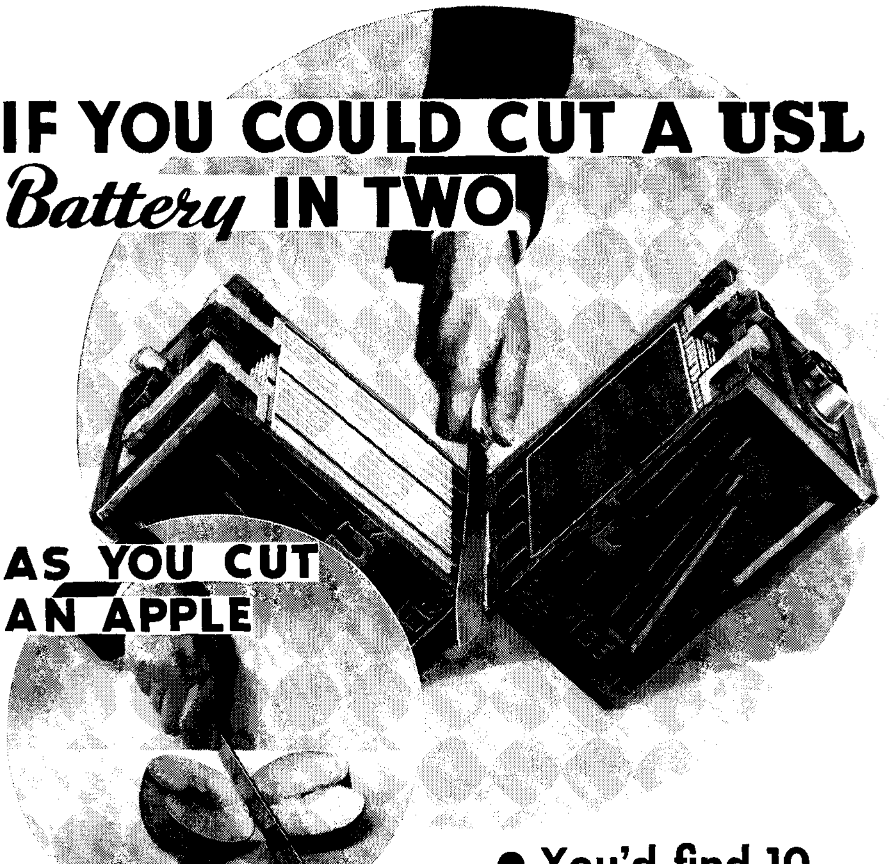

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USL POWER TO SPARE BATTERIES

(Continued from page 41)

tric owner of Rowan House. There was no sound. They might have been alone in the building.

"What the devil has become of Mr. Sterling?" Nayland Smith's face looked very lined and grim. "And I thought I heard a woman scream."

"I *did* hear a woman scream," snapped Smith. "I started around the house in the direction you had taken. Did you notice a door in a sort of archway which opens into the stable yard?"

"Yes, it was locked."

"Not when I reached it," Smith replied grimly. "I went in, venturing to use my flashlight. It communicated with an absolutely unfurnished passage, which I followed, and found myself here, looking out of the open front door—just as Sir Bertram's car disappeared down the drive. Ssh! What's that?"

From somewhere within the recesses of the silent house a faint sound of movement had come.

SLOWLY and with extreme caution, in order not to rattle the rings, Inspector Gallaho drew aside a curiously patterned curtain which hung in one of the square openings of the Assyrian hall. It was from beyond this curtain that the slight sound of movement had come.

A thickly carpeted passage appeared, dimly lighted. There was a door at the farther end immediately facing them and one to the right. That at the farther end—apparently a sliding door was ajar . . . and light shone out from the room beyond.

Nayland Smith exchanged a significant glance with the detective, and the two tiptoed along the corridor. Their footsteps made next to no sound upon the thick carpet. Outside the door, both paused, listening.

In the room beyond, someone was walking up and down, restlessly, ceaselessly.

Gallaho displayed an automatic in his open palm. Smith nodded and drew the door open.

He found himself in a fairly large room which was a combination of a library and a laboratory. There were preserved snakes and reptiles in jars upon a high shelf. Many queer-looking volumes in orderly rows appeared behind a big table upon which, in addition to evidences of literary activity, there was some chemical paraphernalia. Lacquer was the dominant note.

At the moment of Nayland Smith's entrance, the man who had been promenading the room turned, startled, and stared at the intruders.

It was Sir Bertram Morgan, governor of the Bank of England.

"Well, I'm damned!" The growling words came from Gallaho.

"Sir Bertram!" Nayland Smith exclaimed.

Sir Bertram Morgan experienced a not unnatural difficulty in recognizing Smith, whom he had met socially, in his present attire; but at last:

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith, I believe?" he replied. The financier had quite recovered his poise. He was a man of remarkably cool nerve. "The Marquis Chang Hu did not inform me that I should have the pleasure of meeting you here tonight."

Gallaho exchanged glances with Sir Denis and then stood by the open door, listening—listening for the Scotland Yard car and the raiding party. Sir Denis pulled at the lobe of his ear, staring all about him, and then:

"I fear, Sir Bertram," he said, "that you have been decoyed here under false pretenses."

"Decoyed . . . ?"

"I said decoyed advisedly. You came with a woman. She is half Chinese. By what name you know her I cannot say. I have known her by several."

"Indeed! You probably refer to Madame Ingomar?"

Nayland Smith smiled, but without mirth.

"Fah Lo Suee's invention is failing her," he murmured. "That was the name by which she crept into the good graces of Sir Lionel Barton in Egypt three years ago. However, all this is beside the point. You have taken a very grave risk, Sir Bertram."

The banker stared rather coldly.

"Your meaning is not clear to me," he replied. "I was invited to this house to discuss what I may term a purely professional matter with the Marquis Chang Hu."

"Chang Hu? Will you describe Chang Hu?"

Sir Bertram was becoming definitely offended with Nayland Smith, largely because the latter's force was beating him down.

"A tall, distinguished Chinese aristocrat," he replied quietly.

"Correct. He is tall, he is distinguished and he *is* an aristocrat. Pray proceed."

"A member of a former Royal House of China."

"Correct. He is."

"A man, roughly, sixty years of age."

"Say a hundred and sixty," snapped Nayland Smith, "and you may be rather nearer the mark! However, I quite understand, Sir Bertram. May I ask you briefly to outline what occurred?"

"Certainly. I met the marquis by appointment. His daughter, Madame Ingomar, had informed me (frankly, I didn't believe her) that her father, an advanced student of mineralogy, had perfected a system for the transmutation of gold. I know something of gold . . ."

"You *should*," Nayland Smith murmured.

But his smile was so disarming that no man seeing it could have held antagonism.

Sir Bertram was mollified. He smiled in return.

"Tonight," he went on impressively, and pointed to the big table, "an ingot of gold was offered to me by the Marquis Chang Hu, together with the assurance that he was prepared to supply any quantity up to three hundredweight in the course of the next few weeks!"

"What!"

"Sst!"

Gallaho at the open door had raised his hand in warning.

"Listen!"

THE purr of an approaching car became audible.

"It's Markham with the police," said Gallaho.

He ran out.

Nayland Smith was staring curiously at Sir Bertram.

"It was pure gold?"

"Pure gold."

"He claimed to be able to make gold?" murmured Smith. "I wonder . . . I wonder. May I ask, Sir Bertram, how the interview terminated?"

"Certainly. Madame Ingomar, my host's daughter, called out from somewhere in the house. The door was closed, and her cry was somewhat indistinct, but her father, naturally, was disturbed."

"Naturally."

"He excused himself and went to see what had occurred, begging me to remain here."

"He took the ingot of gold?"

"Apparently he did."

"He closed the door behind him?"

"He did. I opened it recently, beginning to wonder what had become of the marquis."

"It may surprise you to learn, Sir Bertram," said Nayland Smith quietly, "that only three or at the outside four of the rooms in Rowan House are furnished."

"What!"

"It was a plot. But by a miracle the plotters have been tricked. I regret to say that this is not the worst. I don't know all the truth, yet, but when the police arrive, I hope to learn it."

Detective Inspector Gallaho appeared in the open doorway, Sir Bertram's chauffeur at his heels.

"Preston!" Sir Bertram exclaimed—"what's this?"

"A very nasty business, sir, if I may say so," the man replied.

"Tell me," Sir Bertram directed tersely.

"Well, sir," Preston went on, looking from face to face, "that Burmese butler who opened the door when we arrived, you remember, came out about ten minutes ago, and I naturally thought you were leaving. As I went up to him in the dark he jabbed a pistol in my ribs, and invited me to jump to the wheel. I am sorry, sir, but I did it. . . ."

"Don't blame you," growled Gallaho.

"Several people got into the car, sir. I had an impression that one was *carried* in. Then, the colored swine beside me gave the order to go."

"Where did you go to?" asked Nayland Smith.

"To an old stable not three miles from here, sir, where I was told to pull up—and I pulled up. This blasted Burman sat with his gun in my ribs the whole time that the party in the car were getting out. But I had my eye on the mirror and I think there were two women and two men."

"Any idea of their appearance?" Smith demanded.

"Not the slightest, sir. It was very dark. I'm not sure, even, of their number. But one of the men was very sick, the others seemed to drag him out of the car."

The roar of the powerful engine of the Flying Squad proclaimed itself; voices were heard.

"Here they are!" said Gallaho.

"Quick!" Sir Denis directed Preston. "What happened then?"

"The Burman jumped off, keeping me under cover. He told me to drive back. I couldn't think of anything else to do, sir."

Uniformed police were pouring into Rowan House.

"NOTHING here!" declared Nayland Smith.

They had searched every foot of the deserted stable.

"A sort of cache?" suggested Sir Bertram Morgan, who had accompanied them, now keenly interested in their quest. "No doubt they kept a car here."

"There's evidence that they did," said Gallaho. "And we'll know more about it tomorrow. But in the meantime," he turned to Sir Denis, "what's the next move, sir?"

Rowan House had proved to be a mere shell, a mockery: the greater part of it unfurnished. The library in Rowan House in which Dr. Fu Manchu had received Sir Bertram, and the corridor leading to it from the Assyrian hall, were the only properly furnished parts of the place, nor was there a soul in it, although the police had searched it foot by foot.

The property had been sold by Sir Lionel Barton, but the last tenant had left nearly a year before. The books and some of the ornaments in the two furnished rooms, unreadable volumes in Sanskrit, Chinese and Persian, had been left behind by the out-going tenant as they had been left behind by Sir Lionel. The Chinese library, with its sliding doors and lacquer fittings, had been a feature of Rowan House during the time that Barton had occupied it. The place had been baited for the evening; a mouse-trap. The caretaker had vanished.

"They've got Sterling!" groaned Nayland Smith. "God knows why they've taken him—but they've got him!"

Sir Bertram was now keenly interested, tuned up for the hunt; his sentiments in regard to Madame Ingomar had undergone a definite change, yet he knew in his heart, although he could not doubt the assurance of the ex-Assistant Commissioner, that if she beckoned to him again—he would follow. . . .

He wondered how far he would go, to what extent he would fall under the influence of those magnetic eyes, that compelling voice. He shuddered. Perhaps he had had a nearer escape than he realized. But the gold had been . . . gold.

The raiding party returned to the depot in the Yard car, and Sir Denis and Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho accepted a lift home in Sir Bertram Morgan's car.

Fog met them in the London suburbs.

IT WAS at some hour not far removed from that when dawn should have been breaking over London, that Nayland Smith prepared a whisky-and-soda for Gallaho and, passing it to him, raised his glass silently.

"I know, sir," said Gallaho; "it's been a very bad show for us tonight."

"A bad show all along," agreed Sir Denis. "Cramped, trammeled, cut off from his resources, Fu Manchu is *still powerful*. First, he gets Petrie's daughter, a wonderful hostage, by one of the most amazing tricks in my experience. He smuggles her into England. And now . . ."

"That's the devil of it, sir."

"The devil indeed. He's got Sterling."

"Dead or alive?"

"Since he is a friend and a first-class type of man (I have worked with him in the past) I prefer to think, Inspector, —alive. I doubt if Dr. Fu Manchu would burden himself with . . ."

"A corpse?"

"A corpse, yes."

Nayland Smith's gaze became abstracted and, plucking at his ear, he crossed the room and pulled a heavy curtain aside, gazing out upon the foggy embankment.

There came a rap on the door.

"Come in!"

Fey entered, despite the approach of dawn, immaculate and unperturbed. Nayland Smith was still holding the heavy curtain aside, and:

"Have you noticed the window, sir?" Fey asked.

"No."

Nayland Smith turned and examined the window.

"By gad!" he rapped.

There was a neat but slightly jagged hole an inch in circumference in one of the panes! He closed the curtains and faced Fey. Gallaho, glass in hand, was staring from man to man.

"While I was walking up and down, sir," Fey went on coolly, "as you told me to do, earlier tonight, or rather last night, sir, *this* came through the window—missed me by no more than an inch."

He handed a small, feathered dart to Nayland Smith.

The latter stepped to a lamp and examined it closely.

"Gallaho," he said, "I should say that this thing had been fired from an air gun. But examine the point."

The Scotland Yard man came forward, eagerly bending over the table.

"It seems to be covered with gum."

"I won't say *curari*, but a very brief analysis will settle the point. The cornered rat is showing his teeth . . . and they are poisoned teeth."

(To be continued next week)

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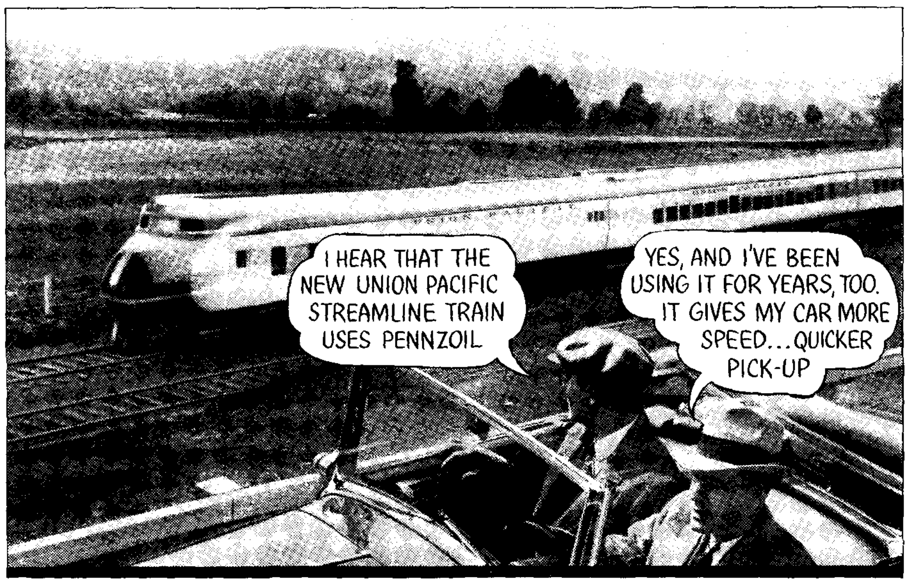
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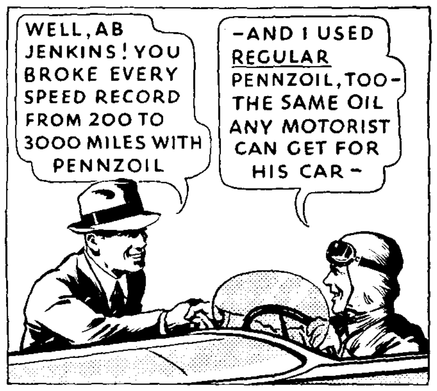
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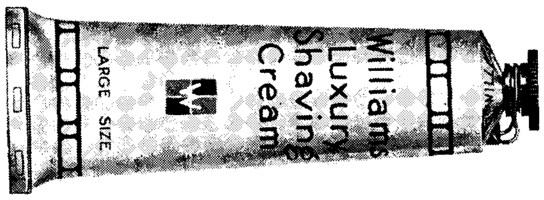

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THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. LaSalle, Montreal, Canada

Dondra Head

Continued from page 13

"I'm ready, Captain."

The master merely nodded. There was something like pride and envy in his hard eyes as he gave terse orders to his mate. Ed Norgard climbed to the deck and went overside in one of the liner's boats, with the chief officer in charge. It was wet and windy, down there on the unsheltered sea, with the men straining at the long oars. Doctor Norgard kept his face toward the lurching hull of the pest ship. Presently he made out her swinging name. Natuna. It was strange to him. He'd never heard of those islands in the southern seas. And her port of registry—Macassar. A man stood in the waist, shouting down at them.

"Stand clear! What have you got for us? I'll throw a line and take it aboard."

"Put the ladder over!" Norgard cried. "I'm coming aboard."

"Aboard! Can't you read signals over there? I said plague. Plague! Do you hear me?"

"Ay; I hear you. Put the ladder over."

There was a moment of astonished silence from the man on the deck swaying above them, while the small boat soared and fell away and soared again, shattering spray aboard. Presently a ladder came bumping down and an uncoiling line. The small boat maneuvered alongside. Norgard made a desperate leap and caught hold of the lower rungs. He climbed aboard. His little medical chest and surgeon's kit came up on the end of the line. He found himself, panting, on a rusty unsteady deck, his white uniform all soiled and rumpled. It was not until then he remembered that he'd forgotten to bring any clothes.

"Your boat's going!" the man on the deck called loudly, flinging up his arm. "What in blazes—"

"Yes; I know. I'm her ship's doctor. They can get along without me."

"You . . ." He stopped short in astonishment; then turned his head to stare across the sea. "You've got your nerve, you have! There are only five of us left on our feet aboard here. I'm Captain Strakey, her master. Haven't you ever heard of plague?"

Norgard didn't answer, but looked at him instead, at his haggard face and the strain and tension of him at what he was going through. Lord! he was a young fellow. Norgard hadn't expected that. Not more than a few years older than he himself. For some reason, he was glad. But his first consciousness was that now at last he was really at sea. He felt the surge and the power of it under his feet; heard the slap and the hiss and crush of it. He picked up his kit.

"Let's get along," he said.

ON THE liner's bridge, Captain Hastings stood staring across the leaping waters through wind-narrowed eyes. Doctor Pythias Grady was at his side. They watched silently as a young man went clambering from a small boat up a tossing Jacob's ladder half a mile away. A bright silhouette in the sunset afterglow, going into the heart of a black pest ship armed with his youth, a chest of drugs, and a set of delicate surgical knives. It was adventure he wanted, so he said. And all things in life were adventurous, if you had the courage to face them.

The mate brought his small boat back, and they hoisted it aboard. The master waved his hand wearily. The telegraph rang. The escape valve, content with that, let off its drumming roar, expiring into silence with a blubbering sigh. The ship drove forward, gathering way again into advancing night.

"I'd appreciate your discretion in this business, sir," was all the captain said to the surgeon from New York.

Doctor Grady nodded. He understood. It wouldn't do to let those people on the promenade know just how close they'd been to the impenetrable shadow of Death. It would spoil their holiday. It wouldn't do at all. . . .

Meanwhile, aboard the ship Natuna out of Macassar, her hollow-eyed master and a grim Doctor Norgard did unbelievable things in an ill-lit, foul-smelling forecastle where agony flamed in the eyes of a Malay crew. Symptomatic treatment, Ed growled to himself. What else could he do? Keep it under control; keep it from spreading any farther. If he could.

WHEN they came out on deck again it was full night. The liner had vanished completely. There was no sign left of her passage. They went aft. From the galley a voice issued, singing. Norgard stopped at that astonishing sound and looked in. The Natuna knew nothing of dynamos, and in the light of a swinging slush lamp the cook, a huge black Negro, walled by ranging shadow, stirred something on the range and sang in a voice that gathered strength, a deep rich bass flinging melody into the night:

"Dere's a great day a-comin'; don' you
get weary.
A great day a-comin'; don' you get
weary.
A great camp meetin' in de Promised
Land.
Dere's—"

He let off abruptly and peered out at them, his white eyeballs roving anxiously.

"What you got to sing for, Cook?" Ed Norgard wanted to know.

"Nothin', suh. Can't do nothin' but sing an' cook. Got to keep my dander up. I—I'm scared."

Doctor Norgard turned away and followed Captain Strakey up to the bridge. There was a man at the wheel. You could just make out his ghostly form in the glow of the binnacle light. Nothing but the frightened eyes and polished cheek bones of the Malay *serang.* But he didn't exist, really. They were alone. Just the two of them. Alone on an unstable ocean in the darkness.

"Where have you been, Captain, to get hold of such a dirty mess?"

John Strakey turned his head slowly. His tight lips exhaled air with a soft hiss. His bright eyes burned.

"You don't know the ports of the Persian Gulf and the southern coast of India? Or the Maldive Islands? Let it go at that, Doctor. You're better off."

"But you can't pick up what you've got on board out of thin air! Where? . . ."

"To hell with that!" Captain Strakey's raw nerves exploded. "We've got it! Here it is. It's this cursed wet monsoon. I had twenty Malay hands aboard this ship. Two weeks ago one of them broke into my spare rice locker. Seven days later he was dead. There were dead rats in there; in the holds; in the bilges. The Malays fell down like flies. Ten of them are under water now. There'll be two more before dawn. The rest you saw in the fo'c'sle. There's myself, my chief engineer, my mate—and you. That's all the white

(*Continued on page* 46)

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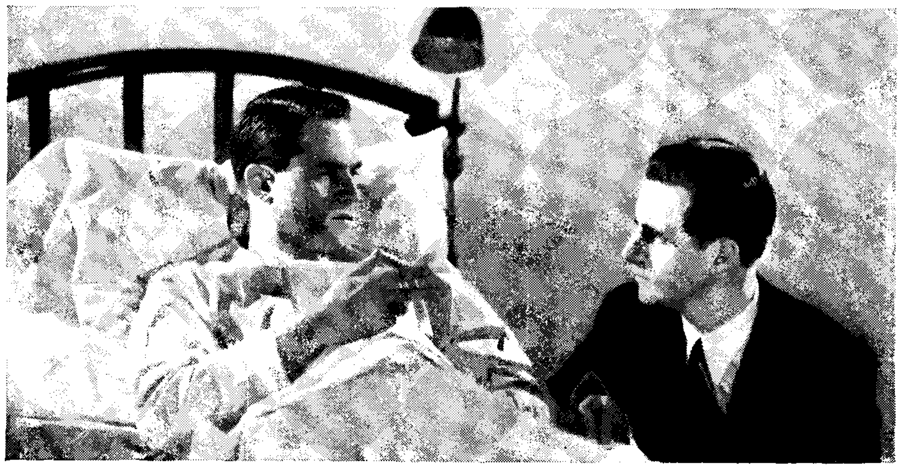

"*Don't risk it, Ed. You see, I had put off getting enough life insurance — waiting for better times. Then this illness . . . and now perhaps I can't* get *it!*"

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Dondra Head

Continued from page 44

men aboard. Mate's asleep. Done in. It's no joke, I tell you! The three of us and a *serang* steering the ship. What do I care where we got it? Here it is!"

He fell back into a wicker chair on the bridge and let his head drop down on his chest.

"Engineer's below," he went on with more control. "I don't know how long he can last. You can't keep steam without firemen. We're doing about four knots. I'm on a course for the Island of Ceylon. We want a hospital ashore. Quarantine, fumigation." He stepped up and clutched the doctor's wrist. "You've got to keep us alive to there! You understand? Doc, you've got to!"

"That's what I'm here for, sir. We'll get those poor devils out under the poop awning. Rig a dodger to keep the rain squalls out. The fo'c'sle's foul with infection. It'll kill them all down there. You make a bed for yourself in the open, too. Keep away from each other, you and your mate. Got any tinned food? Use it. Boil all the water. I'll do my best"—Captain Strakey was looking sharply at him as his sharp-clipped words rapped out. "Use disinfectant every time you touch anything. I'll show you all what I mean. You understand that even then it's likely—"

"Doc!" Strakey broke in suddenly. "What in hell did you come aboard here for? You know what you're into?"

Norgard smiled. "Ay; I know," he said. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"You—"

"I should think when this broke out you'd have abandoned the ship, Captain. You knew—"

Captain Strakey laughed a sudden harsh laugh; then stopped abruptly.

"You don't do that to a ship when you're a seaman. We'll take her in, if we're left on our feet to do it. If you can keep us alive until we pick up Dondra Head."

Quite suddenly the two men understood each other. They went about their work together.

DONDRA HEAD! What a name for a place to sail to! Norgard had never heard it before. Its mystical fascination glittered in his consciousness. And he heard others in the days that followed. They were days of ghastly throat-catching work, and the nights were full of sleepless labor in the shadow of that terror that filled the lonely, wandering ship. The sun burned by day; the monsoon blew through the stars by night. His eyes sank in their sockets until he became one with that haggard company on watch with death.

But in the starry darknesses in odd moments of the middle watch, from the depth of a straw chair on the restless bridge, he heard those names from the captain's lips. Dondra Head. Tanjong Priok. Lombok. Bali. The Spermondes. Macassar and the Spice Islands. The liner was a dim forgotten ghost of the past. What did they know aboard her? He? He was sailing to Dondra Head!

It was eight days before he saw it. In the meantime he became a familiar of the gray, skull-faced ghost who hovered, invisible and omnipotent, about the ship. The cook sang to scare him off, but Ed Norgard knew better than that. He knew that wouldn't do. He fought it with isolation and disinfectant and little steel knives. He hadn't had three hours of unbroken sleep for what seemed to be months. None of them had, but they were beyond caring.

The engineer alone of them all remained untouched, a huge raw-boned man with a purple face who had spent fourteen years in the waters of Celebes. He had three Malays left below with him to help him drive the ship. There were no others left on their feet, except the skinny *serang* who clung to the wheel with emaciated hands. The mate was in the fourth day of his agony. If he passed the fifth, he had a chance. But as Doctor Norgard dragged himself up the bridge ladder in the weird grayness before dawn of that day, he didn't think much of that chance—or of his own, for that matter.

He found Captain Strakey sprawled in his chair up there, very still and quiet, with his eyes closed. Norgard looked at him. Let him be, he thought. Let him be. God knew he could stand five minutes of dozing rest. He turned his pinched face forward and remained motionless at the bridge rail of the island tramp Natuna. There was something happening on the horizon there that was worth a deal for a man to see before he died.

NIGHT was creeping stealthily away across the face of the sea, a sea gray and wrinkled with its age. The low wash of water along the Natuna's hull made more intense the still and hushed expectancy. She seemed alone and forsaken in the center of a vast wilderness of solitude. Great belches of cloud moved with silent certitude toward the east, where a band of gold began to flame. There was a dark outline there beneath the cloud masses, a black, dense shadow obscured by a passing squall like a misty curtain hung from the heavens. Then a spear of crimson ripped it apart; and in the rift a bombshell exploded. Swollen gray masses of vapor swooped down upon it, but the light and the color grew in intensity. Bolts of violet and purple and yellow pried the world apart. The mist streamed upward, shot with flame. In its heart the headland appeared. A dark splendrous mass, full of promise and mystery and sunfire as the dawn marched triumphantly up over the rim of the earth.

Doctor Norgard remained unstirring in the face of that awe and that wonder. The light of it was in his eyes. He knew what it was he had seen. It could be nothing else. When at length he turned his head, Captain Strakey's hollow eyes were on him. Norgard lifted his hand. It came up very slowly, and he pointed.

"Dondra Head!" he said.

"How did you know, Doc?"

The doctor smiled. "I knew."

The master dragged himself to his feet. Norgard reached automatically for his pulse, looking anxiously into those turgid red eyes. Strakey plucked his wrist away.

"None of that any more," he said wearily. "From now on I'm all right. Understand? Who else will lay a course for Colombo and con her in? Who else. I want to know." He grabbed at the bridge rail to steady himself. "The cook will let go the anchor. He ought to know how. He's been with me seven years now. Lord! Seven years. Get him up, Doc, please. I can't walk that far. Tell him to sing when he comes. Tell him to sing, by God!"

That was all Doctor Norgard remembered distinctly. The rest was something of a nasty dream, shot here and there with lightning flames of consciousness. He remembered a coast line black and jagged with jungle in a blazing sun. He remembered torrents of rain, slashing at times with a loud fierce hiss like the roar of thundering surf. He remembered, too, a lean, gaunt man who was master of the ship Natuna, lashed by an end of line in the corner of his bridge, conning her past green and beryl reefs into a harbor that blinded the eyes. He remembered how the native craft dodged away from her, pointing with horror to a flag that flew at her truck. But mostly he remembered the vivid figure of a huge black giant on the forecastle head. How it stood there, black and sleek in the sunshine, with a mallet in its hand upraised to heaven. And he remembered the song that giant sang just before he crashed down his sledge to let the anchor go:

"Dere's a great day a-comin'; don' you get weary.
A great camp meetin' in de Promised Land!"

It was of that Promised Land he was thinking when he opened his eyes in a bed of the port quarantine station. The Promised Land. But he forgot it at once. Because the room was streaming with moonlight and a small lizard was looking at him with little, beady green eyes from a chink in the opposite wall. It was cool. The heady wind was dancing with the window rattans. He heard the voices of the Eastern city chattering and skirling outside, and the brass gong of a temple from the Chinese quarter.

He smiled at something. Something he remembered. He wanted to find out what it was kept them at it. Sailors. He thought he knew now. And there was something Doctor Grady had said about professional fees. Pythias Grady? Why, that must have been ten years ago, at least, when he stood on the liner's deck. He had met a man since then, the master of a dirty island tramp searching for gums and spice and copra. Sailed with him for a week. A week? A century, rather! for he knew John Strakey intimately. Where was it he said the Natuna sailed to? Ah, those names! He'd have to see John about that.

He swung out of his bed; then sat quietly there for a moment. He saw Ethel Doran's face floating before his memory. It was a calm face, a smiling face with courage and strength in the eyes. Something for a man to remember. Ethel would wait. Some women are like that. They wait. Their strength is in the things they let a man do; the things they know their men must do.

He stole out and across the corridor into the room where the captain lay.

"John," he said quietly, staring down at that pain-drawn face. "John, I had to tell you. When we get out of this bloody mess, I want to sail with you. I've got to find out about Tanjong Priok, and Lombok and Bali, and those islands you call the Moluccas."

Captain Strakey looked wearily up at him. Then his eyes wrinkled a little at the corners.

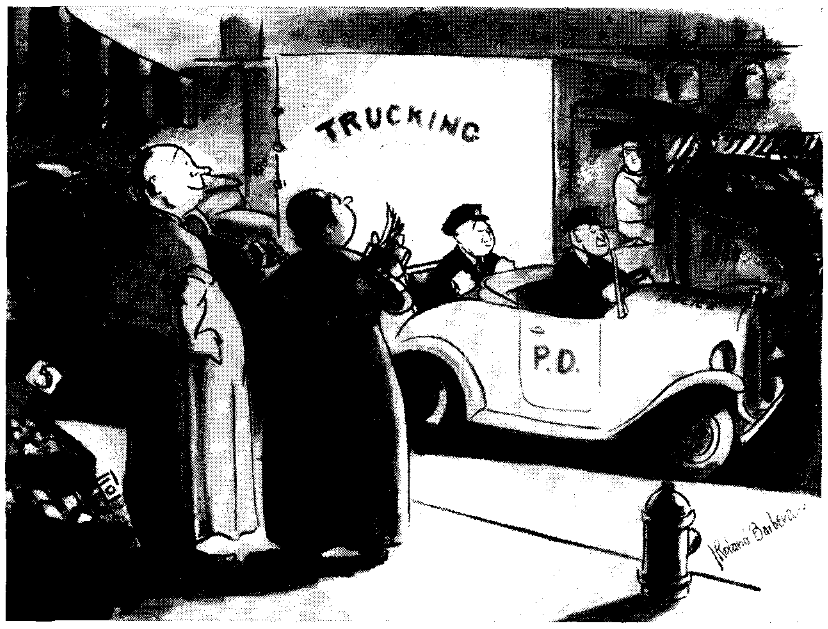
"Doc," he said feebly, "Doc, you can sail with me to hell and back—again—any time you've a mind to."

Norgard nodded and grinned and went out again. And when the house physician came in to look at him later, he asked him about John Strakey.

"The skipper?" the surgeon said. "He'll do. Exhaustion mostly, and perhaps a mild attack. The mate . . ." He shook his head. "The cook's all right, but scared witless. As for that surly engineer, he'll be as good as new once he washes the coal dust out of his ears. The natives . . . " He shook his head again, turned, and then suddenly spun around. "I heard," he said with sharp dryness, "I heard you boarded that plague ship in the middle of the Indian Ocean and brought them in alive. If you don't mind my saying so, Doctor, I think you're a balmy fool."

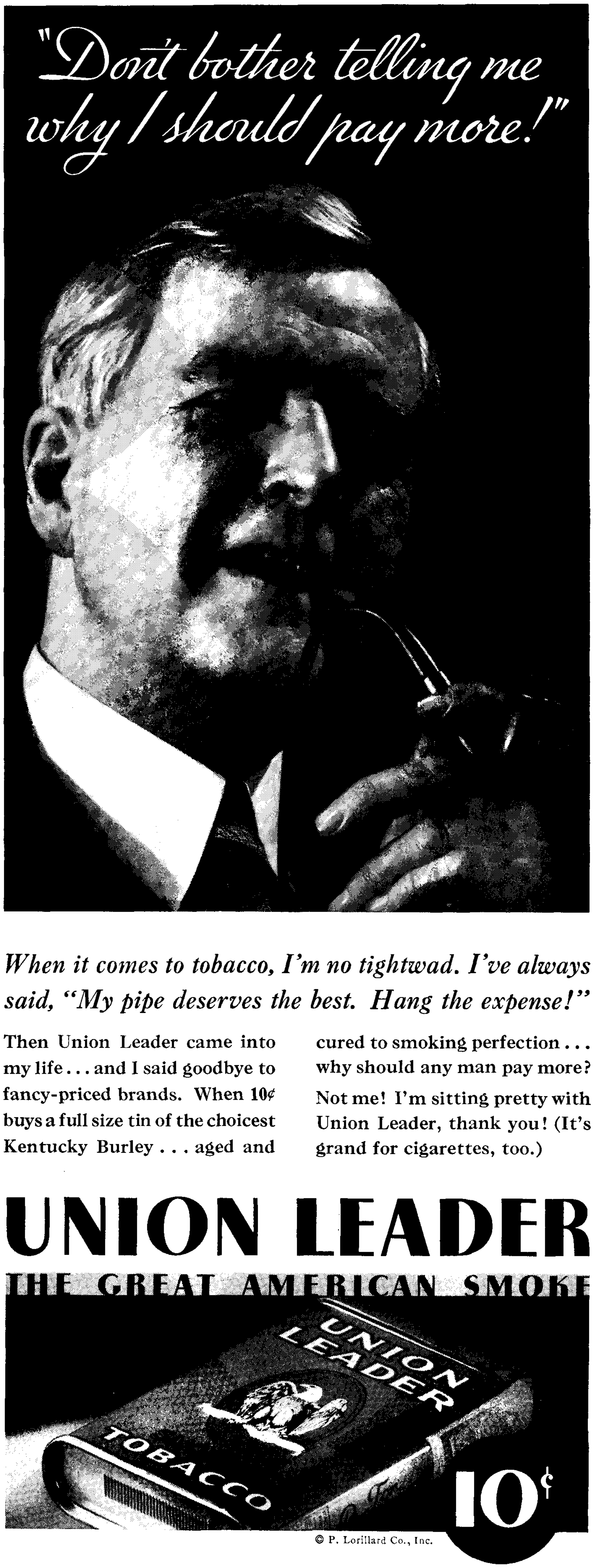
NORGARD didn't answer. He merely smiled as the surgeon left him. He wouldn't understand. Couldn't be expected to. He remained lying there, very still and content with his rest. And he continued to smile to himself. He had seen Dondra Head at sunrise, and the Ceylon coast where the giant lizards are supposed to live. That was a thing for a man to know! You didn't get things like that without paying the fee demanded. It wasn't in cash of the realm you paid. Not by a long way. And there was Lombok and Bali and the islands called the Moluccas waiting for him. No wonder he smiled.

Across the corridor, Captain John Strakey smiled, too. His feverish lips barely twitched. He was thinking of the Doc. Wanted to know about things, did he? It wasn't right, he thought, it wasn't right or decent to give such splendid names to things. They got into a chap's blood, those luring, luring names. He remembered how they had got him. How long now? Lord! Seven years. He could understand, though, Captain John Strakey. He could understand because he, too, was still young. And he knew, perhaps, the meaning of a sight of Dondra Head flaming with color and light across a fabulously purple sea. . . . Dondra Head! . . . He was asleep.



"Well, it looks as if the boys have had another tiff"

J. Roland Barbera



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The Girl who Bet

Continued from page 8

race, or merely a presumptuous kid? On the back stretch he stole a glimpse at the stop watch strapped to his longest finger. He caught the quarter in thirty-eight, or was it thirty-seven? What was two into thirty-seven? Before he could figure it out, the next eighth marker flashed past. Hell! Never mind; he would take the quarters. The half in one fifteen! He began to call to the colt, that cry so different from the layman's whoa—"Hoa! Babe, hoa!" Baby Bumble stretched himself. He flung his funny legs. For the first time in his short life he was being allowed to live!

"Fine, son," murmured Mr. Galloway, low-voiced out of excitement. "You done just like I said. What did you get?"

STAR gulped, horror-stricken; he had forgotten to snap his stop watch at the finish! "Something went wrong with my clock," he mumbled.

"I see," said the Old Man understandingly. "I got him in two eleven for the mile."

"Two eleven!" breathed Star.

"Sure. You run along, now. Leave me and Slime to look after him."

Star started to foot-slog it into town. As he passed along the back of the ramshackle grandstand a figure leaped down at him. He tackled it hard, his right hand going for its throat. To his amazement it was soft and pliable, warm with a warmth that struck at his heart.

"Oh," he gasped, "you!"

Accusation was in his cry. Struck down by betrayal from the person he loved most, he held Mara close and kissed her with the desperation of a lover saying goodby. Her cheeks grew moist, but she was not crying. Then the wet was coming from him! Her arms went around his neck and she kissed him back with all the ardor of her young body. Mr. Galloway ran up, panting.

"What is it, Star? Who is it?"

"Mara."

"Oh, Mr. Galloway," gasped Mara, "I'm so glad you've come! Please tell Star I never meant to hurt him—I'll never give you away. Tell him I love him and I simply adore Baby Bumble."

"Listen, Miss Mara," said Mr. Galloway gravely, seizing her by the elbows, "this can be a big business for all of us. Which camp are you in—ours or your dad's?"

"Yours."

"All right," said the Old Man, "here's your driving orders. You lay off us and our stable until the day of the Kent Stake for two-year-old trotters. Then is when you can help Star if you want to."

"How?"

"In the betting tent, my dear. Not him nor me will dare look Auctioneer Smashey in the eye."

"All right," said Mara, feeling suddenly important.

The great day dawned bright after a week of mixed weather. The Kent Stake had been bid in that year by the Overton meet on the Tryfly track, famous for its first turn, known as the Needle.

"Star," said the Old Man as the call sounded for the first heat of the big event, "they's only three horses out of the nine you got to watch—Abbey Prince Charming, Lipstick Annie and Black Sugar. But the one you got to beat, win or lose your gal, is the Prince. Go to it."

The betting on a harness race, especially one of the great futurity stakes, is a complicated business. Bookmakers sell entries to win at long odds months in advance, but the big money is coaxed out by the all-powerful auctioneer heat by heat during the race itself, usually starting with pools of three hundred dollars each.

Collectively the conspirators had bought a two-hundred-dollar ticket in the advance sales which would draw down two thousand four hundred should the Babe win. This was independent of any share in the purse or of the betting by heats. Mara, doing the rounds of the stables, managed to draw up at Mr. Galloway's shoulder.

"How much on the first heat?" she whispered.

"Eh? Oh, it's you, Miss Mara. Not a cent."

"But Star has drawn the pole."

"That's why," muttered the Old Man gloomily. "Run along, now, and hold your money till I tell you."

She left him, her fine brows drawn in a puzzled frown, and made her way into the betting tent. Abbey Prince Charming, veteran Dagger MacDonald driving, was top favorite in the two-hundred-dollar pools. He was selling for a hundred, Black Sugar for sixty, Lipstick Annie for thirty and the field for ten. Mara could scarcely believe her eyes—Baby Bumble in the field? Then ten dollars would win two hundred. She caught the auctioneer's eye, bought a ticket and hurried out to tell Mr. Galloway the astounding news, but she was too late. From a hundred throats came the hoarse cry, "They're off!"

STAR, on the pole, was feeling happy. He and the Old Man had made up their minds long ago how he was to run this race. Give the Babe the gun, since once he got going he didn't seem to know how to break. Off to a good start, they went hammering down the stretch to the first turn. They headed the field. Then, at the Needle, came a strange jolt like a hurled stone. Baby Bumble broke as he had never once broken in his young life. He went into the air, his barrel bunched, his long legs straggling. The Prince, Black Sugar, all the rest of the thundering troop swept by on the inside.

Never had Star imagined such a moment. For an instant he was stunned. Then his heart and his head went to work. Automatically he had pulled the Babe down out of the air; fifty yards from the finish he asked the Babe for a spurt and got it. They nosed out Lipstick Annie for third place.

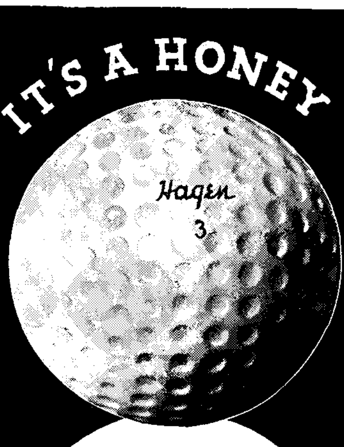
"Great drivin', son," said the Old Man evenly. "I never seen a better comeback in my born days."

Half an hour crawled by, then came the jangling of the bell and the megaphoned cry, "All out for the second heat of the Kent Stake for two-year-old trotters!"

Mara entered the betting tent and stood listlessly on the outskirts of the throng. Abbey Prince Charming, winner of the first heat, one hundred and twenty; Black Sugar, ninety; Lipstick Annie, sixty; thirty for the field. Outrageous! Baby Bumble had come in third, hadn't he? They were betting on drivers, insulting Star! She felt in her purse with clammy fingers. Thirty dollars for the field in the three-hundred-dollar set-ups, and she had only twenty left; she would have to wait for the smaller pools. Slime wormed his way past her and she caught his muttered words:

"The Old Man says for you to lay off."

"IT'S A HONEY"



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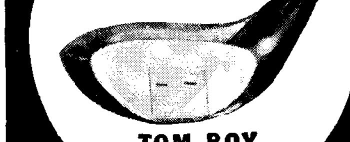

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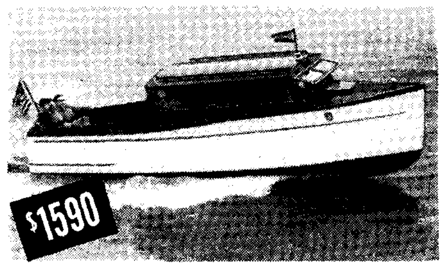

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She wandered out, away from temptation, passed the grandstand and pressed to the rail at the first turn. The colts, hard to manage, scored again and again; but at last they were off. The thunder of thirty-six hammering hoofs, then an instantaneous chaos while the Needle got in its work. The Babe, in spite of going wide, broke again. But this time Star was ready for him and pulled him down for small loss. What hurled her heart into her throat was the near-spill that sent Abbey Prince Charming almost over the bank, threw Black Sugar into the ruck and let Lipstick Annie through with nothing in the way. Star with the Babe started after her, challenging horse after horse until a pocket held him up for a fatal moment. Another black colt was pulling them down from the inside and swept into the straight thirty yards behind the filly but still ahead of the Babe by lengths.

"Lipstick Annie wins, Black Sugar second, Baby Bumble third—Abbey Prince Charming sixth."

IN SPITE of his smoldering anger against the world in general, Star was in the grip of a strange excitement as he followed Mr. Galloway and Slime into the stall for the Babe's rub-down. Mara, feeling that the day was lost and that consequently nothing mattered any more, slipped into a corner and stood disconsolate.

"Well, son, all I can say is what I said before—you done fine; and thanks to the Lipstick filly taking a first, we're still in the running."

Held in the grip of his excitement, Star scarcely heard. "Get this," he muttered. "At the Needle something hit the sulky a jolt both times—not like a rock; more like a chunk of hard clay."

The Old Man shook his head sadly. "I was watchin' and it couldn't be."

"Hey, you, Mr. Galloway," grunted Slime, "git down on yo' knees and look at here!"

In their hurry Star and the Old Man bumped their heads as they sank down beside the colt's off hind pastern to stare at a shallow cut which was barely oozing blood—more a scrape than a cut.

Mr. Galloway straightened. "There's your answer, son. It's the long legs on him. He only just did hit the spokes on the sharp turn, but it was him give the jolt you was telling about. By God's mercy he didn't drive his foot through the wheel."

Star was still on his knees, examining the scraped skin. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, crossed to Mara and dragged a wad of notes out of his hip pocket. "Here's five hundred," he whispered, hoarse with excitement. "If you love me, put it all on the Babe to win the next heat. Get busy and stay busy till it's gone."

As she slipped out, trying to look casual, Mr. Galloway seized Star by the arm. "You gone crazy?"

"No, sir," said Star coolly. "You see, he didn't hit the spokes; his legs are too long. What he caught was the back rim. All we need is another sulky—the widest we can beg, borrow or steal—because two inches more will see him as clear on the Needle as a bright May day."

For an instant the Old Man stared, then started for the door. Star snatched up an extra scraper and set to work to help Slime dress down the colt. They sliced the sweat off his barrel, taped his cut, rubbed him smooth, slipped on his cooling blanket and took him out for a walk. Mr. Galloway reappeared, his face grave.

"Take a grip on yourself, Star. Our sulky is a forty-eight and the best I could locate is a fifty. But that ain't all; its tires is bum. Take a look."

Star examined the exchange bike with despair in his heart. "Can't we get spares?"

"Ain't a spare on the grounds. Even if they was, we ain't got time to put 'em on and git them blowed."

Slime paused in his walking of the Babe. "Why don't you swap the wheels offen your bike, Mr. Star?"

Star's head snapped back. "You get ten dollars for that, Slime, win or lose."

They flew at the job, but had scarcely started loosening the hub nuts when the ominous call sounded, "All out for the third heat of the Kent Stake!"

They continued to work like demons. The final call came, then more calls, particularized and increasingly insistent: "Mr. Star Bracket! Baby Bumble, the Galloway entry! Mr. Bracket, your time is up!"

Mr. Galloway regarded Star's trembling fingers anxiously. "Don't set your hopes too all-fired high, son; by the time we git the hubs snugged home you won't gain more'n seven eighths of an inch on a side."

"Well, that's something, isn't it?" said Star in a hard voice.

Meanwhile Mara was having an overdose of excitement, all the more powerful since she must hide it lest she give the game away. Upon leaving the stable she went straight to the betting tent where she found the field selling for thirty in the three-hundred-dollar pools. She bought it, and bought again; she bought it every time she could catch the eye of the auctioneer. He knew her and was generous. At first he was amused, then puzzled. Why was Stew's daughter buying the field? What would the all-powerful major say when he heard about it? Presently there was grumbling and then protest from other would-be buyers. His eyes began to glide over Mara. What was up? What horse was doing this? It was his business to know. A voice from the rear enlightened him with a cry that fell like a bursting bomb: "Give us a price on Baby Bumble!"

Immediately all the odds were changed and kept changing. The Galloway entry got a price of its own, opening at ten, then selling at fifteen, at twenty. Mara bought on every chance she got, even enlisting the help of a couple of confederates. When she finished she stood to lose five hundred of Star's money and twenty of her own on the heat or win five thousand four hundred less her stake and the commission to the house. Stripped of cash, she issued from the tent to find bedlam around the judges' stand, with the crowd yelling for the start of the race and the new crop of Baby Bumble backers screaming for their horse. What on earth had happened? Star and the Babe were missing.

At that instant Mr. Galloway himself was snapping the check on the colt. "Go it, boy—go the right way of the track or you'll never make it!"

THE horses were scoring—actually scoring! Mara's heart sank into her slippers. Was it a start—was it? Clang and clatter of the recalling bell; her heart leaped back into place. Suddenly a roar rose from the grandstand; the people up there had seen Star bringing Baby Bumble around at a thundering clip. Was he too late?

The starter, busy with the troublesome colts, did not see him. "All the way back, you others," he was shouting angrily, "and hold it till Lipstick Annie takes her rightful place on the pole!"

Star slowed the Babe, brought him up short, whirled and shot him into his proper berth. "Go!" Could he believe it? They were off! "Oh, God," he prayed fervently, "Oh, God—please!—get us around the Needle this once!"

Lipstick Annie and Black Sugar, go-

(Continued on page 50)

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"There's one thing we'll never understand if we live to be a hundred, and that is—WHY don't men know that perspiration odor isn't just a feminine failing? They certainly know they perspire. Well then? Where is the logic for which the masculine mind is so famous? Where there's perspiration there's unpleasant odor. Therefore they need Mum."

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Tumbler Haze Remover—a scientific liquid; safely and quickly removes Lacquer Oxidation.

Tumbler Polish—a scientific liquid; restores original lustre, retards Lacquer Oxidation.

(Continued from page 49)

ing it shoulder to shoulder at the turn, forced Star wide. Perhaps that small fact was God's answer to prayer. However that may be, the Babe did not break; for the first time in three tries he swept into the back stretch with all his four long legs whipping along in a smooth groove. He pulled even with Black Sugar, he was crowding the filly; Star's left foot had been pointing at her rump, now it was at her withers—her nose. The Babe was taking her, he was out and away for the pole! Star began to exult. They would never *catch him now—never! Then* a sound, heard and yet not heard, took on form and began pounding at his right ear. The Prince—how could he have forgotten the Prince! Drive, you idiot, drive!

"Hoa! Babe, hoa, hoa!"

THEY took the turn into the home stretch neck and neck and right there Abbey Prince Charming went under the whip. He responded with all he had and began to edge away. Was that the only medicine? thought Star. He had never lashed the Babe; he had flicked him time and again to teach him the whip, but he had never lashed him. He raised both hands, the whip held high. At that instant came a cry so different from the howling of the mob that it was like a sound apart.

"Hoick!" yelled Slime for Baby Bumble's individual ear.

The Babe heard him. Once before that cry had pulled a trigger, ushering in an unforgettable moment of joy. Now it had pulled it again. As though all else had been by-play, the Babe began to trot. He threw his legs, he laid his belly to the ground. Fling, drive, fling, drive—like mighty pistons running in oil his haunches hurled him forward.

"Keep over!" yelled Dagger MacDonald with the suddenness of a pistol shot. "Keep over or I'll have you barred for life!"

It was the oldest and the best of tricks and it should have worked; it failed for the simple reason that Star did not hear him. His ears were clogged with the din of his own blood. But his eyes were alive. Through dust-clouded goggles they were glued on the Prince's flaring nostril, red as a rose, hot as the heart of fire. Star's hoarse voice, rough with grit, poured out its raucous lash: "Babe! Babe! Hoa! Hoa! Hoa!" He was in a daze—a glorious daze. Under the wire! Then, as the Babe slowed, turned and ambled back, he came up out of coma with a rush. Slime was pounding his back as if it were a drum.

"By a nose! Oh, you Mistah Stah! Oh, you Mistah Baby Bumble! Oh, you two gennelmen!"

With horses back and milling at the judges' stand, Dagger MacDonald raised his bull voice: "I protest the Galloway entry for a flying start the right way of the track!"

Star strained at a lump in his throat; he could not speak, yet he had to, or take it lying down. He swallowed desperately, tears stinging in his eyes. Then came Major Stew Furlong's voice, surprisingly cool and incisive.

"Gentlemen, a thousand eyes saw Mr. Bracket whirl the Galloway entry. Mr. MacDonald withdraws his protest."

The announcer lifted his megaphone. "Third heat of the Kent Stake for two-year-old trotters! Baby Bumble wins; Abbey Prince Charming, second; Black Sugar, third; Lipstick Annie, fourth. Winners of the three heats will be called for their final after the conclusion of the fifth race."

Star slipped his aching feet from the brackets, swung one leg over and slid to the ground. Mr. Galloway caught him by the arm. Mara was nowhere in sight. The major started to approach, changed his mind and walked away slowly, his head hanging to hide the strange gleam he knew was in his eyes. Still guided by Mr. Galloway, Star moved toward the Babe's stall. Mara was standing there, her eyes wide and shining. She rushed at him, threw her arms around his neck, dropped her face against his shoulder and clung to him, speechless. He held her tight, puzzled.

"What's the matter, darling? Is it because you didn't get the money up? Never mind—never mind."

She clutched harder than ever but managed to open her bag and shower a handful of tickets. Mr. Galloway, on his way out to help with the colt, turned back and stood aghast. "You played the three-hundred-dollar pools to the tune of that! Turn her loose, Star, she's cryin' for fun. Pick up the big money quick, because here comes the Babe."

Instantly Mara recovered. Knowing she would only be in the way, she hurried out while Star was still on his knees gathering the scattered slips and packing them in his hip pocket. Then they went to work lovingly on the colt.

The half-hour interval passed like a flash, yet it seemed to have been plenty for the Babe. Under harness again, with forward-pricking ears and mincing feet, he looked as bright as a new dollar.

Mr. Galloway walked along beside the sulky, his hand on Star's knee. "Boy, you're goin' out agin two of the toughest hides in the game—Dagger MacDonald and Elk Edmond. Them two is what you got to race—not no Prince nor Lipstick Annie—and the odds is three to one you're goin' to git licked."

"I'll take you," said Star promptly, "in hundreds."

"No, sir," answered Mr. Galloway just as promptly. "It was you I was talking about. Ain't nobody goin' to git me to bet against Baby Bumble."

The roughing started with the scoring. The veterans razzed the Babe, tried to wear out his nerves before the start, but the moment they realized he wasn't that kind of horse, a grunted signal passed between them and they came up all even on the fourth score.

"Go!"

THEY started hammer and tongs, Dagger and the Elk in an effort to keep the Babe crowded to the pole, Star reaching for the lead that would let him edge out on the fatal turn. He did edge out—too far to get back. But at least the Babe had not broken. Instantly MacDonald shot the Prince into the inside opening, leaving it to Lipstick Annie to stretch herself on the long route. Then Star *heard* a queer sound for that stage of the game—snap, and snap again. The filly was under the whip; Elk Edmond was willing to kill her on the back stretch if only he could pocket the Babe.

Star glued his attention on her, while Dagger hurled gibes at him in vain—lady finger, prick-shell, matinée driver, nipple-nipper were the only printable terms in a torrent of filthy abuse. Star closed his ears, but behind his dusty goggles his eyes stayed wide open. Watch the filly—watch her! Shoulder to shoulder they thundered, but it was only when the curve rose at them from the distance that Elk Edmond really gave her the gun. She responded with all of her breaking heart; instead of Elk's crouching profile, Star was on the verge of seeing his back.

His heart sank. A foot or two more and Elk would foul him with safety, pinch him out and back. Blind rage stirred in Star's veins. Thus far he had spared the Babe, now he picked him up with lifting hands and a single hoarse yell. The colt reached out and dug, struck and drove. He crawled back where he belonged, an inch, six inches.

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FORTUNE SHOES

Suddenly it was two feet. The filly's ears had gone soft, she was down and out of the picture, dead on her feet.

Now for Dagger MacDonald. They were rushing for the curve at a terrific clip, riding for a spill if they tried to take it close. A column of dust spurted into the air when the slithering tires hit the bank, but they both came out of it, the Prince still on the inside. Inch by inch, Dagger started sidling across. Just how much of that would the judges stand for? Then the Prince went under the flail, taking the lash from rump to withers, lash and lash again. He was drawing away! The green silk of the Furlong colors ballooned jeeringly in Star's left eye; soon pebbles and clots of clay would be raining on his goggles. Beaten—he was being beaten! The stab of anguish in that thought was like a spur; he came awake. What would the Babe do under the bite of the whip? Would he hunch his short barrel and break? Would he bolt or perhaps stop short, astounded? Or—would he trot? Now was the time to find out, and he gave him the stinging lash, once, with all his strength.

The Babe took it for what it was—a signal, a command, a prayer on bended knees. He changed form. He flattened into the shape of a flying squirrel. He spread out his round belly and laid it to the ground—lower, lower! He trotted —the gods must have leaned from heaven to watch him trot. The red pit of the Prince's nostril came in sight again, it was coming back, creeping back! Star lifted both hands high and wide. Holding his whip at the salute and the reins loose, he began to chant a pæan of battle to the end.

"Hoa! Babe, hoa! I love you, Babe. Take him! Take Mr. Filthy MacDonald! Take the old crock and put him away! Hoa! Hoa! Hoa!"

They thundered under the wire beneath an avalanche of sound—screams, yells and tearing sobs from throats gone hoarse and raw from shouting. With a terrible ache in his heart Star wondered which had won. Would nobody tell him? Would he never know? At last he could turn the slowing colt. They came back. Now Mara was there at the Babe's head, kissing him, swabbing out his streaming temples with a ridiculous handkerchief. She was crying—crying and laughing at the same time. So he and the Babe had won—they must have!

He felt he must warn her. "You—you can't speak to me yet, Mara. We're still short four thousand."

Then he heard a voice like the voice of far-away thunder: "Baby Bumble, winner of the final heat for the Kent Stake in two four, a new world's record for two-year-old trotters. Mr. Starbuck Bracket! Mr. Galloway! Gentlemen, this way, if you please."

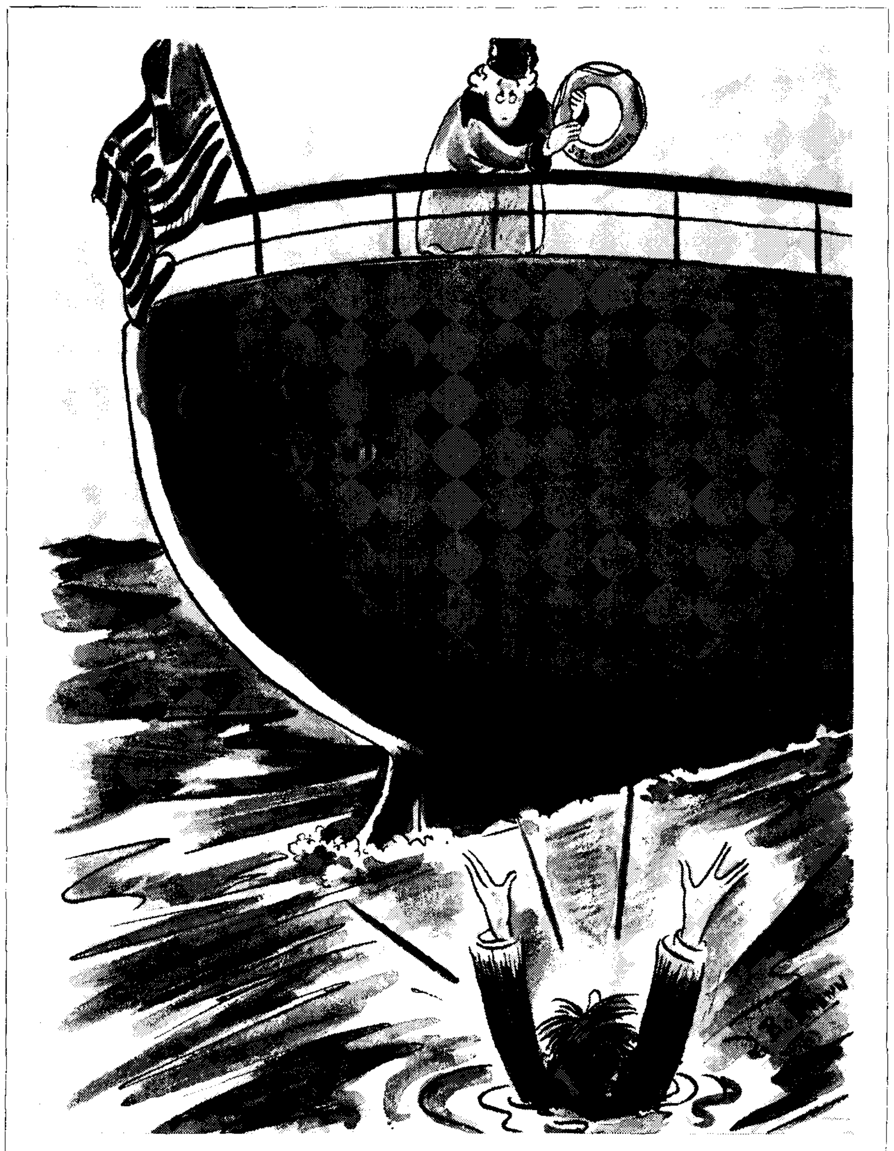
AS STAR half tumbled from the bike, Major Stewart Furlong clamped an arm around his shoulders. "I've been a jealous old fool, Star. I love you, son; always have and always will. You don't only know horses; you've got heart, guts and a brain. What a race, boy, what a race! By a nose—from way back by a nose!"

"By seven eighths of an inch, sir," murmured Star.

"Eh? Well—anyway—I offer you and Mr. Galloway the same price for your colt as I paid for the Prince—eight thousand dollars."

Colonel Kent of Ridge Acres called down from the judges' stand: "My offer is twenty!"

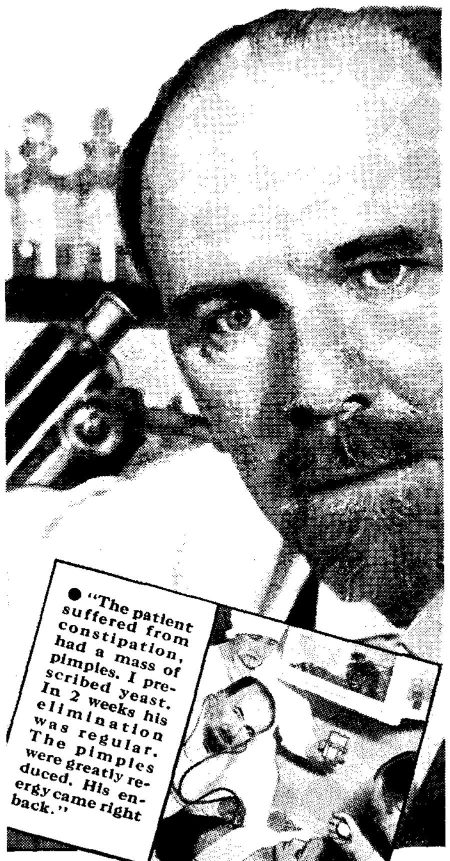
"I said twenty," shouted the major, his eyes bulging. "Here, Mara, lay off the champion. Come, kiss Star instead."



"This?"

Bo Brown

"his energy came right back" says the noted DR. JANUSCHKE



● "The patient suffered from constipation, had a mass of pimples. I prescribed yeast. In 2 weeks his elimination was regular. The pimples were greatly reduced. His energy came right back."

Compare your troubles with those of the patient Dr. Januschke describes above!

IF you're run-down, get tired easily, don't look your best, have stomach distress, sluggish bowels, consider this statement from Dr. Januschke, Physician-in-chief, department of nutritional diseases, City Hospital, Baden, Austria:—

"In stubborn digestive troubles, yeast is my first thought," Dr. Januschke states. "I advise it, too, as a blood purifier for people with pimples, boils and acne.

"Run-down people suffering from lowered vitality, headaches, colds, bad breath, coated tongue, should eat yeast regularly."

Fleischmann's Yeast makes your stomach juices flow more freely. Hence food is better digested, easier to pass along. Also, Fleischmann's Yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles which move waste.

Won't you eat it for at least 30 days . . . 3 cakes every day, as directed on the label? Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest food known to science in the group of vitamins B, D and G. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

Don't miss another day of the greater health and happiness it has brought to millions . . . and can bring to *you!*

● **"My whole system was upset," *writes* Miss Ruth Sutherland, *of Seattle, Wash.* "I had almost constant indigestion, felt dull and heavy after meals. Friends urged me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon began to feel *much* better."**

EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
VITAMINS B G D
BEFORE OR BETWEEN MEALS
IT IS HEALTHFUL
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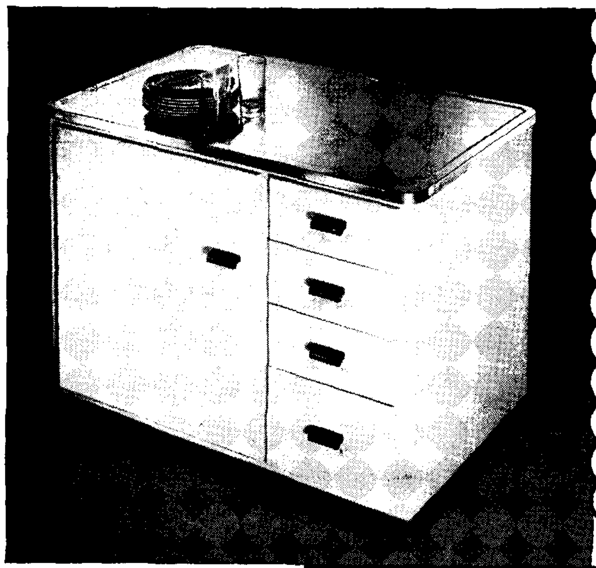


At Left — THE MONEL "HOLDALL" CABINET

The top is solid Monel Metal — armor against accidents. You can't make it rust. You can't chip it. Plenty of storage space for pots and pans behind that broad door. Colors: White, ivory or green. Size: 24 x 36 inches. Designed by Ray Patten. Manufactured and sold by Mutschler Brothers Co., Nappanee, Ind.

At Right — THE MONEL "PLANWELL" TABLE

Its silvery beauty makes kitchen-spent hours pass more agreeably. Its smooth surface speeds the work of "cleaning up". And its resiliency protects fine china against chipping. Colors: White, ivory or green. Size: 24 x 36 inches. Designed by Ray Patten. Manufactured and sold by Mutschler Brothers Co., Nappanee, Ind.

What! Period furniture for the kitchen?

YES, this new equipment in Monel Metal belongs to a period. It should be dated "Tomorrow". In beauty, convenience and efficiency, it is years ahead of ordinary 1934 standards.

Why not have the *kitchen of the future* today? Start with one of the admirable new models illustrated here. Two or three months later, add a grand Monel Metal sink. And keep going until your Monel "ensemble" is complete.

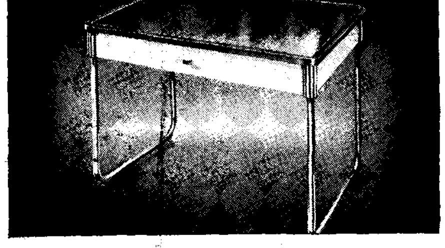
* * *

And below is the famous "SMARTLINE" table designed by Ray Patten. For your kitchen . . . or modernistic living room. Made in three sizes.

Sensible plan, isn't it? One that you can act on right now . . . by visiting your department store or furniture dealer... or by letting your fountain pen have its way with the coupon in the corner.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

● The gleaming gadgets illustrated in circle cannot rust—they are solid Monel Metal with green or amber Catalin handles. Manufactured by The Washburn Co., Worcester, Mass. In addition to equipment shown here, a Monel "ensemble" may include a Monel Metal sink or cabinet top (57 models to choose from) and a range with Monel Metal top and broiler pan grid.



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73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me further information on Monel Metal kitchen equipment.

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The way you Act

Continued from page 26

an unprecedented amount of rapid-fire shouting.

"Hey, Charlie!" he wheezed to Charles MacArthur, who with Ben Hecht had written the play, "you'll have to let the other characters interrupt me more. I'm winded."

They wrote in additional dialogue. Perkins was still panting, however, and so he called on Miss Frances Robinson-Duff at her studio in the East Sixties, New York. Among other things—a great many other things—Miss Duff teaches people how to breathe. By the opening night of The Front Page, Mr. Perkins was yelling with endurance and ease.

"I could never have played the part if it had not been for Miss Duff," he subsequently admitted.

Studio Grind

Osgood Perkins is merely one of the Broadway celebrities who swear by Miss Duff and her methods. Katharine Hepburn, Helen Hayes, Ina Claire, Miriam Hopkins, June Walker and Libby Holman are among the glittering ladies who pay Miss Duff large sums of money. Hollywood has offered fabulous retainers for her services, but she is a little snooty toward the Land of the Cinema and prefers to remain in New York.

Mrs. Elliot and Miss Duff are busy teachers, and rather expensive. They are not within the means of the average young stage recruit, who must seek training elsewhere.

You can find any number of answers in Broadway's back-stage labyrinths to the question: "How can I get on the stage?" Blanche Bates, it seemed, should be in a position to know. She had long been a star of the first magnitude. Her daughter, Frances Creel, was playing a first rôle on Broadway.

"I don't know the answer," said Blanche Bates. "Heavens! I tell them to keep off the stage, that it's hopeless these days. Of course, there was nothing we could do about our daughter when she insisted on trying. Nothing, except help all we could. We sent her abroad for two years and she soaked herself in the literature of the drama. When she returned she got a job or two when plays came to San Francisco and they needed an additional actress. She has a naturally good voice and good posture. But she took lessons in singing and fencing; the latter to give her poise. Finally she got a part in New York, but she still has a long, hard path ahead."

Blanche Bates, in short, was not encouraging; neither was Miss Frances Starr, who recalled her own start. She had appeared in some amateur theatricals at Albany, New York, and one of the local reporters had written a piece about her. She confronted a stock company manager with the clipping.

"Didn't some friend of yours write this?" he asked suspiciously.

"No, honest," said Frances, who was about fourteen years old. "I don't know the reporter at all."

"So you think you can be a Starr?" punned the manager, and was so pleased with his play on Miss Starr's name that he gave her a small part. After that it was the usual story: years of stock and trouping. At last David Belasco saw her and added her to his own troupe.

Yet both Miss Bates and Miss Starr, as well as everyone else, agree that the boy or girl with talent and determination will ultimately overcome all obstacles. They ally themselves with the Little Theaters which have been springing up in large cities from coast to coast. They hitch-hike their way to one of the summer resort stock companies and agree to work for nothing. Some, having the price of tuition, enroll at the Neighborhood Playhouse Studios in New York for a two-year course. This is a non-profit institution, so new that few of its graduates have yet attained prominence. The quality of its training is universally recognized, however.

Thirty or forty boys and girls may be found hard at work at the Neighborhood Playhouse Studios. The curriculum includes *Movement, Speech, Stagecraft* and Applied Techniques. Such eminent authorities as Mrs. Elliot, Martha Graham, Robert Edmund Jones and Herbert V. Gellendré are on the staff. Miss Graham teaches dancing and body coördination; Mrs. Elliot tells the students how to act and speak, as does Mr. Gellendré. Mr. Jones lectures on the theater of yesterday, today and tomorrow. There are no cinch courses at this school. According to the catalogue:

"The art of the actor, the dancer and the designer alike depends on creative imagination and the power of expression: keenness of observation, sensitiveness to musical, dramatic and speech values, *feeling* for composition in movement and color, and a sympathetic concern with the psychology of today built on a knowledge of the drama and other arts of ages past."

The stage-struck girl from Kalamazoo who thinks that the theater is all curtain calls and champagne parties would do well to copy that sentence fifty times. Better, she might visit the Playhouse Studios and realize that she will be thrown out on her pretty ear unless she can stand the grind.

You Need Unconditioning

The methods of Mrs. Elliot, Miss Frances Robinson-Duff and other outstanding teachers of acting may differ in detail. All seek the same end. The ambitious youngsters who come to Mrs. Elliot for private instruction find, like the girl who was to play a prostitute, that they spend much of their time answering questions. Her studio is a laboratory in human behavior where the innumerable emotions of mankind are classified and mastered.

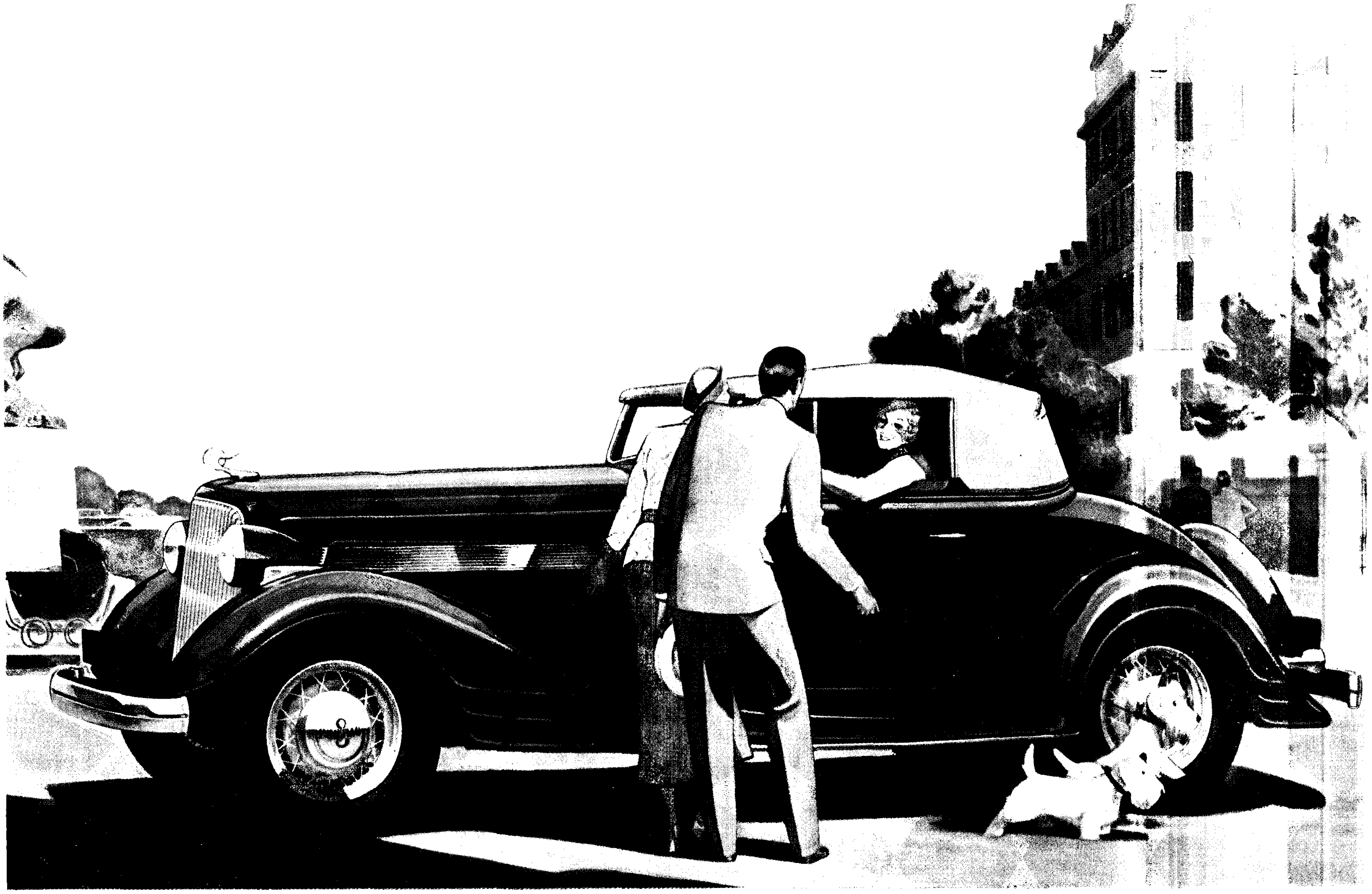
"Give me an example of impotent anger," she orders a young actor. He thinks for a moment and then, in all likelihood, he recalls something from his childhood. He is, perhaps, a small boy whose toys have been taken away.

"You'd stamp your feet, wouldn't you?" Mrs. Elliot asks. "Right. That's the way to show anger."

This description of Mrs. Elliot's method is a reduction to extreme simplicity, obviously. Her teaching is psychological in its basis. How *does* a terrified man act? What does he do with his hands and feet, with his shoulders? To Mrs. Elliot all this is part of what might be termed "conscious preparation" for the stage. Her greatest difficulty lies in eliminating habits acquired over many years. Mrs. Elliot spends many hours "unconditioning" her students. They must learn to sit, walk and stand impersonally.

It is not easy to give an exact definition of the work these teachers do. Miss Duff, I suppose, shows actors and actresses how to avoid being hams. She is a versatile lady, now in her mellow fifties, who once was an actress but

(Continued on page 55)



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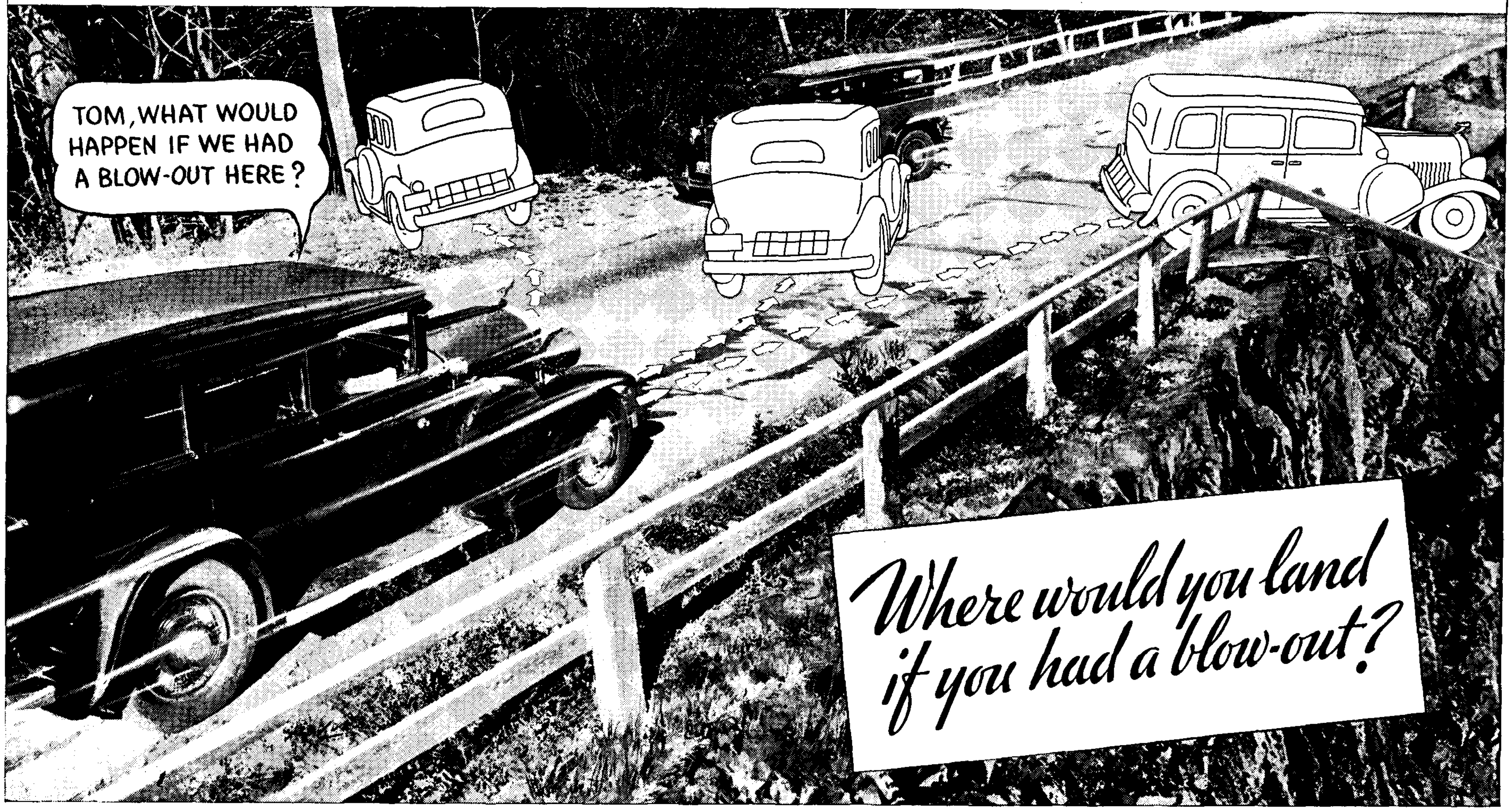
** List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, $715 and up. With bumpers, spare tire, metal tire cover, tire lock and spring covers, the list price is $32.00 additional. . . . Pontiac is a General Motors Value.*

PONTIAC

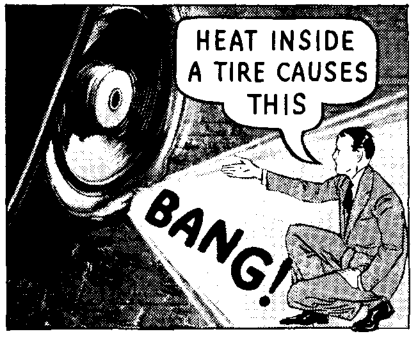
Get a Pontiac Eight for your money

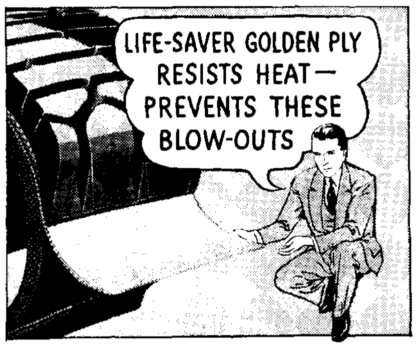
WARNING! EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL


TOM, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF WE HAD A BLOW-OUT HERE?
Where would you land if you had a blow-out?

Look! SEE HOW GOLDEN PLY TIRE SAVES LIVES

...see how it prevents great cause of *blow-outs* ...*gives months of extra mileage free!*


HEAT INSIDE A TIRE CAUSES THIS
BANG!


LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

"2 Killed; 1 Injured As Blow-out Throws Car Out of Control."

TRAGIC headlines like this appear in the newspapers nearly every day. Due to higher speeds and whirlwind revolutions of smaller wheels, tires are running hotter and hotter. And *heat* causes invisible blisters, which grow and grow until BANG! A blow-out! The human toll is terrific. Something *had* to be done.

Goodrich engineers worked like beavers. Night and day. For months. Finally they struck it. The amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. An invention that resists intense heat—that makes "the safest tire ever built" 3 times safer from blow-outs—gives months of extra mileage. These claims are not just shop talk. And here's proof!

Racing daredevils tested the Golden Ply out at breakneck speeds. On the world's fastest track. Gave it everything they had. Rubber got so hot it fairly smoked. *Not one blow-out.* Similar tires *without* the Life-Saver Golden Ply failed at one third the distance the Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns were run. And what's more, the Golden Ply Silvertowns kept right on eating up the miles.

Goodrich Swamped With Orders

No wonder there was such a tremendous demand for this new kind of tire the minute it was put on the market. The Goodrich factory couldn't make them fast enough. Thousands of motorists ripped off ordinary tires from their cars and replaced them with a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns. For months Goodrich was swamped with orders for these new Safety Silvertowns.

Remember, you pay no price premium for this *extra safety*—this *extra mileage.* The new Goodrich Safety Silvertown with the Life-Saver Golden Ply costs no more than other standard tires. So why take chances? Get the tire with the Golden Ply, proved 3 times safer from blow-outs. Get a set of Goodrich Silvertowns now.

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 354, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.

SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE

The NEW Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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The way you Act

Continued from page 52

found larger returns in instructing others. Musicians and singers come to her also; among them were the late Enrico Caruso and Ernest Schelling, the pianist. Miss Duff gave them platform presence.

When in Paris some years ago, she was mildly surprised at a call from Voronoff, the monkey-gland experimenter. He explained that he gave many public lectures and found it difficult to make himself heard. Besides, he got out of breath.

"That's because you don't know how to breathe or use your voice," said Miss Duff. The secret lay in proper exhalation and in using the diaphragm correctly. Mr. Voronoff followed her instructions and went away happy.

Weeping is Physical

But breathing, however important, is only part of Miss Duff's work. She spends part of each day, for instance, alternately weeping and laughing. She can switch from sorrow to merriment at will and, far more important, can show other people how to do so.

"Weeping," she once told a visitor, "is physical. You hold your breath. You pull in your diaphragm. You immediately begin to feel sorry for yourself, and you weep."

Miss Duff was outwardly serene as she spoke. Suddenly her face was contorted with grief. "Oh—oh—I have *such* a wretched time!" she moaned. "I'm sick of life, weary and tired. What's the use of living?"

The visitor looked at her in astonishment, which increased as tears appeared in Miss Duff's eyes. He was about to offer his handkerchief when the lady's lamentations ended abruptly.

"You see?" she asked. "I started with the physical. I held my breath. My throat became choked. I felt miserable and sad, and I wept."

Miss Duff paused for an instant. Then she straightened in her chair and threw out her arms. "It's a lovely world!" she burst out. "Did you ever see such a beautiful sky? I feel like singing, like dancing! I am happy!" The next second she returned to normal.

"Joy expands the muscles," she said, "and fills your lungs with air. So, if you consciously and deliberately expand your muscles and breathe deeply you feel well, happy, joyful. Really, it's all very simple."

But it isn't simple. Not all of Miss Duff's disciples can achieve such virtuosity. Long and patient study are required of the girls and men who come to Miss Duff. They must plow through such mysteries as "semeiotics," "the serpentine movement" and others impossible for this layman to define—Miss Duff has a weakness for twenty-five-dollar words. She has a weakness, too, for involved phrases. Einstein's formulas are child's play compared with one or two of her dissertations on the fine points of acting. For instance:

"All motion is expansive which is objective, which has a relation to the exterior world. Emotion from yourself as a center is excentrix. Again we fold in, contract, concentrate our emotion in subjective states of mind. Motion to a center is named concentric. Motion between these two extremes, being well-balanced, is termed eccentric."

Many a stage pretty has wrinkled her lovely brow over Miss Duff's baffling erudition. But Miss Duff's scholars learn, in time, that these names are not so important as they seem. What she teaches, to put it simply, is the anatomy of expression. The really competent actor, she insists, must be as familiar with this as is the painter with human anatomy. Every little gesture, to Miss Duff, has a meaning all its own. Sorrow and happiness are conveyed to an audience by certain positions of the head, torso, hands and feet. The meaning is made still more clear by the tones and inflections of the voice. To perfect their voices Miss Duff's scholars are required to practice such weird incantations as:

La . . lei . . le . . li . . lo . . lu
Ba . . bei . . be . . bi . . bo . . bu
Wa . . wei . . we . . wi . . wo . . wu.

It is all very noisy and Miss Duff's studio, pervaded with the mad enthusiasms of stage people, is a pleasantly hysterical place.

A really first-class actress, young or experienced, is always willing to work. Ina Claire, after being a star for years, concluded that her voice was bad and growing worse. She had, as the profession knows the ailment, "corns on her vocal cords." She had strained the cords by using them improperly. So she canceled lucrative engagements and went to Miss Duff. She found that she had many additional things to learn and went away babbling that "a whole new vocabulary has been placed at my command," not merely of words but "of gestures, of poses, of movements."

Along toward 1928 a gawky girl with reddish hair knocked on Miss Duff's door. Her name was Kate Hepburn, she said, and she had been playing in stock in Baltimore.

"They told me my voice was tight," she explained. "They said you could fix it."

Miss Hepburn, like Miss Claire, learned that she had other faults as well. To her credit, she followed instructions meekly. During every escape from Hollywood she comes back for more work.

Emotion by Chart

These experts—Miss Duff, Mrs. Elliot and the faculty of the Neighborhood Playhouse Studios—go back to certain fundamental sources for their knowledge of stage technique. The Neighborhood Playhouse students are taken on tours of the art museums to see how immortal sculptors and painters have portrayed the emotions. Miss Duff gladly concedes her debt to an artist, now dead, named François Delsarte. This Frenchman worked out a scientific system for the art of expression. He haunted the museums of Paris and studied the great sculptures and paintings. When he saw a statue which represented terror or grief or defiance he noted the position of the fingers, hands, arms and legs. He checked his information against other statues and paintings. Even more important, Delsarte made countless visits to the Luxembourg Gardens and there, day after day, watched small boys and girls at play. The child, he told himself, is without self-consciousness. When he is angry his gestures are completely natural. It is the same when he is excited or depressed. Delsarte reduced his observations in museums and among the children to formulas which ultimately became known as the Chart of Delsarte.

This was the foundation of the teachings at the Comédie Française in Paris where Frances Robinson-Duff absorbed Delsarte's knowledge and method. She expanded the Chart of Delsarte and adapted it to the American stage when she opened a studio in New York after the war. To the non-professional, Miss Duff's system is very involved and not too credible. The following positions of the feet, for example, are declared to have these meanings:

Weight on heel of back foot—fear. Weight on toe of back foot—defiance. Weight on toe of front foot—exultation. Heels together—inferiority.

These are minutiæ of the Duff formula. There are hundreds of others. You don't believe that these things are true, that people in real life automatically and unconsciously do such things? The skepticism is pardonable. But if you doubt Miss Duff and her teachings you can, if you choose, easily establish their validity. Observe closely the next time you see two men engaged in a bitter argument. See whether the weaker of them, defying the stronger, does not stand with his weight on the toe of his back foot. Watch the next time some friend of yours is particularly happy; you will discover that he has his weight on the toe of his front foot. Or, if you prefer to test yourself, stand by a window and lose yourself in thought. You will find that one foot is behind the other and that most of your weight is on the ball of that foot.

Bluffing It

Finally, as to voices. The audience, as it watches a lovely actress in an emotional scene, is probably unaware of the extent to which her rich and beautiful voice adds to the effect. Miss Duff is almost fanatical on the subject of voices. She is an American herself and otherwise entirely loyal, but she does not think much of the way Americans speak. "Foreigners are delighted," she says, "when they look at our pretty girls, but shocked when the young things open their mouths." People in private life, she thinks, should train their voices just as carefully as do actors. Miss Duff will sometimes accept non-professional pupils because of this conviction.

And still, behind every success story of the theater lies the element of luck. A girl may graduate *summa cum laude* from any school and still fail. Mrs. Rita Wallach Morgenthau, educational director at the Neighborhood Playhouse Studios, warns all entrants that they may do all of the work, do it extremely well, and yet fail to find a place on the stage. The unexpected is commonplace in the theater. The girl who gets ahead is the one who adapts herself to the impossible.

Last fall Miss Florence Rice, who had done a bit or two, heard rumors of a new play to be called She Loves Me Not. She heard, also, about a part therein; not one of the leads but a very nice part. It appeared, though, that the girl who was hired would have to play the piano and sing a little. Miss Rice did not sing very well and she could not play the piano at all. Even her speaking voice, she had been told, was not too good.

She was determined, however, to have that part. First, she went to Miss Duff and conscientiously practiced her vocal exercises. Then she called on a singing teacher. Third, she called upon a professor of the piano and learned just enough to get through the tune she would be required to play in the show. Fourth, she bluffed her way through the try-outs and got the part.

Mrs. Elliot, Miss Duff and everyone else connected with the theater would agree, I am sure, that the bluffing part was the most important of all.

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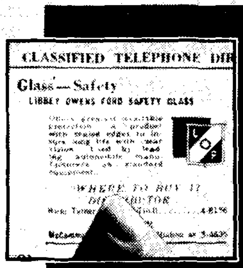

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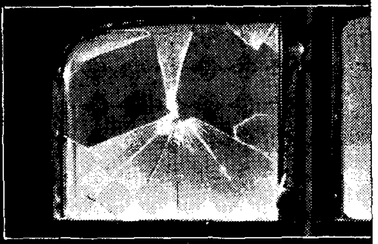
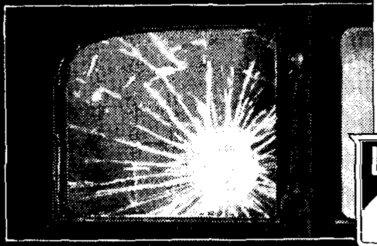
Glass—Safety

LIBBEY OWENS FORD SAFETY GLASS

WHERE TO BUY IT



● This **was** ordinary glass. You have seen windows that look like this. Can't you picture the sharp, jagged splinters that flew when it was broken?



● This **is** Safety Glass. Under severe impact even Safety Glass will crack, may even break; *but the likelihood of injury is* **greatly** reduced.

LIBBEY · OWENS · FORD
SAFETY GLASS

Anglers Away!

Continued from page 16

sword shall die by the sword, and the trout abides by that principle.

The trout has many noble qualities and no one has ever questioned his skill, his courage or his beauty, but a trout, because of his method of living, makes many enemies and one must admit that their enmity is justified. The trout is perhaps the most voracious eater in fresh water. He will eat anything his eyes set upon and his eyes set everywhere. As early as 1800, official cognizance of this trait was taken by Thomas Todd Stoddart, who said sternly: "A trout consumes a greater quantity of sustenance in proportion to his size than any other fresh-water fish."

A Helping Hand for Nature

Stoddart listed some appetizing tidbits which are to be found on the ordinary menu of the trout. They include "frogs, leeches, all insects, slugs, worms, snails, maggots, cat-bait, flies, beetles, moths and water spiders."

Because of this perhaps, an avenging nature furnishes the trout with a great many enemies. And because of these natural enemies (rather than the skill of man) our streams have to be replenished and restocked by hatcheries. This is not true in all sections of this country, but it is a fairly general existing condition.

Even the sun, friend of mankind, protector of nearly all animals and human life, is a deadly enemy of a trout. Warm water kills the life in a trout. A trout has more enemies than an income-tax collector. Cranes, kingfish, crows, 'coons, fish hawks, mink, otters—all consider trout to be the French pastry of their meals. All sort of vermin feed on the small trout and even beavers, which aren't particularly fond of trout as an hors d'œuvre, kill thousands of them every year. Beavers think that their job in life is to build dams. Now the trout can't penetrate a dam built by beavers. The trout and his brothers and his cousins and his aunts have to stay where they are. There may be a shortage of food in that particular neck of the stream and a trout has to eat.

There is a great difference between the natural and the hatchery method of propagation. In a woodland stream the female trout will spawn in the fall of the year, usually in a falling temperature. One notable exception is the Steelhead trout, which spawns in a rising temperature, just to be different. The female trout must have a small spark of mother instinct, for it usually selects carefully the place where it will deposit the eggs. A careful mother trout will retire to a deep, quiet pool and, with her tail, brush a depression in the gravel at the bottom. She will lay the eggs there and then the male trout will fertilize them. But if the trout family have a caller the next day there will be no answer to the doorbell. Momma and poppa trout have gone on to fresher pastures and have by now completely forgotten the perhaps 1,200 eggs which are waiting to become trout. Snakes, other fish, sudden warmth and a hundred other enemies are ready to destroy those eggs and if two per cent of them hatch it will be a high average.

So man, having decided that nature isn't doing much of a job in restocking streams, stepped in and now we have fish hatcheries which hatch and rear the trout.

When the trout has attained a fine and vigorous manhood (or womanhood) the hatcheries will send them back where they belong, in the streams of the country. Almost every state will give any stream owner all the fingerlings he needs to stock his stream. There is a catch to this, of course. Once the state does this the stream becomes open to the public.

Private hatcheries sell trout at varying prices. Good, healthy, two-year-olds cost about forty cents each. Sometimes they sell them by the pound, and how they fatten those trout up for the market if the sale is on this basis!

Hatcheries have greatly eliminated the hit-and-miss methods used by nature in propagating the species. Let's visit one of these hatcheries and follow the course of a trout's career from that early moment when it is nothing but a proud look in its mother's eyes to the day it is tossed into a stream and told to forage for itself.

The spawning season occurs in the autumn, when the water is getting colder. The female trout—good, strong, maternal-looking fish, are "stripped" by an expert. The "stripping" merely consists of taking the eggs from the trout and depositing them upon a screen. The screen is in water which is kept as near to 52 degrees Fahrenheit as possible, for they hatch best in cold water.

Then the eggs are fertilized. In the natural course of events less than half of the eggs will be fertilized, but the hatchery experts are more careful than nature. The male trout is required to do a more thorough job, and the expert sees to it that each egg is given a chance to become a trout.

Thus, chance, the first enemy the trout makes, is eliminated. In cold water the eggs will hatch in a little more than a month. The time, of course, varies with the temperature of the water and often it takes as long as ninety days. The eggs are kept on the screen in clear, unpolluted water which is free of any egg-eating insects or fish, thereby eliminating other trout enemies. We have a good start on nature now.

About ninety-eight per cent of the eggs will hatch—quite an improvement over the two-per-cent birth-rate which nature allows. At first the trout are only slender, dark splinters, showing nothing of the aristocratic lineage which is theirs. After a few days they begin to show signs of life and, like babies the world over, the first thing they demand is food. Were they in a stream, rummaging about for themselves, they would feed on the tiniest insects, the smallest grubs, but in a hatchery they are given—of all things—beef liver. That beef-liver diet is costly, for these hungry young trout consume plenty of it. It's the best beef liver you can buy and it costs anywhere from seven to nine dollars a hundred pounds. The liver is finely chopped and then mashed into a paste. A feather dipped into this paste is drawn through the water. Now the water is full of tiny beef-liver particles and tiny trout having their dinner.

Personality Counts

These trout grow up, lengthen out, develop personalities. When they are a year old they are as big as your index finger and are appropriately enough known as fingerlings. They are put in a shady run where the water is kept cold and they are watched carefully and fed regularly. They keep munching on that beef liver and putting on weight. They're a year old now and they've been waited on hand and foot since they came out of the egg. Not an enemy has come in sight and they must think that this is a pretty good world after all.

If this is a state hatchery most of the fingerlings will have to go out into the cold world and shift for themselves. If it is a private hatchery most of them can receive free room and board for another year. When they are two years old they will be put in a different run. A hatchery-raised trout, at two years, will weigh anywhere up to a pound and it may have attained a length of ten to twelve inches. Its cousins who have grown up in the streams according to nature will not be nearly as big or heavy.

Another year passes and our pet is almost fully grown. He is a fourteen-inch aristocrat now and he's as strong and healthy as a diet of beef liver can make him. He has been fed other things too, and he has learned to grab unwary insects or flies who alight upon his water, but in the main his diet has been that nourishing liver.

Now the time has come when the trout has to go out into the world. A hatchery gets rid of its two- and three-year-olds, keeping only a few for breeding purposes. The breeders, by the way, are picked for their color, their personality and their general deportment.

The hatchery trout is as strong as good beef liver can make him. His two or three years of regulated diet have done wonders for him. He'll be king of any stream and a worthy foeman for any angler. Now nature can bring on those enemies. Man has made him ready for them.

Let's hear *your* Fish Story

Tell us about the most unusual fishing experience you ever had. Every hand that has held a rod can write an angling yarn. But to make it harder get the name of a witness to your feat.

Collier's will pay $25, $15, $10 and $5 for the four best stories—in not more than 200 words. Closes June 20th.

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Collier's, The National Weekly
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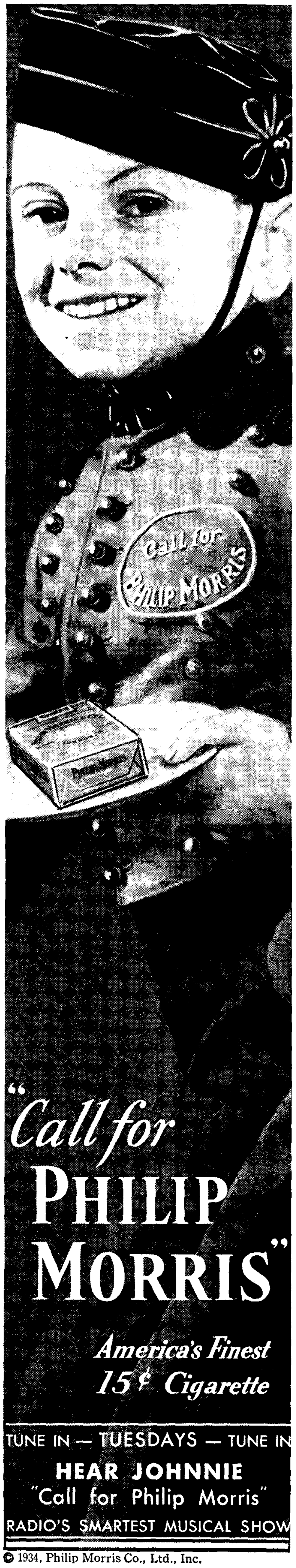
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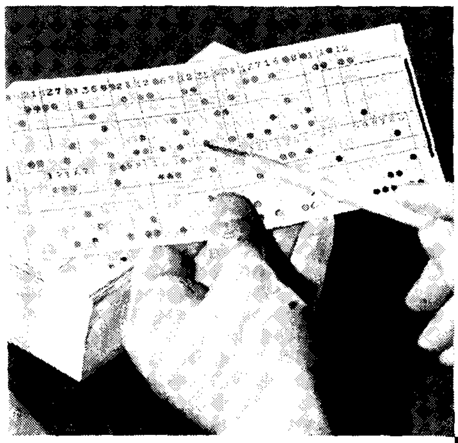
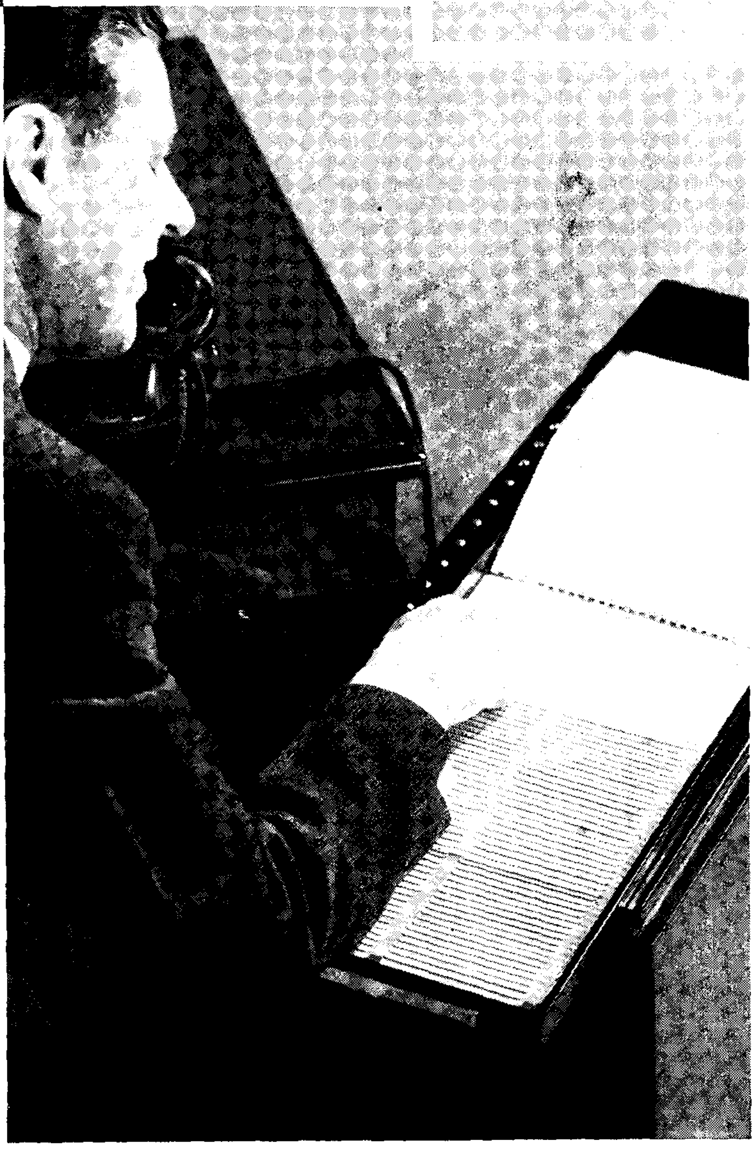


COMPLETE SALES FACTS ON WHEELS

(*below*) That describes the new Kardex Floor Model which permits the executive to have all essential sales records at his desk *on a minute's notice.* All vital information is visible. Colored signals flash a comprehensive summary of your entire sales activity—at a glance . . . the executive can direct sales operations accordingly. Here is positive sales control for any business.

DOUBLES PUNCHED CARD CAPACITY

(*above*) The new Powers Punched Card gives ninety columns of vital information. Utilities, banks, department stores, chains, manufacturers, all types of large businesses are using Powers Punched Card methods for routine accounting and, as a by-product, are getting speed in analyzing payroll, budget, inventory, and sales control figures. Powers Punched Card accounting will supply proof of costs for code authorities and requires no capital investment because machines are leased and not sold. Write for the new book "Management Reports in the Modern Manner."

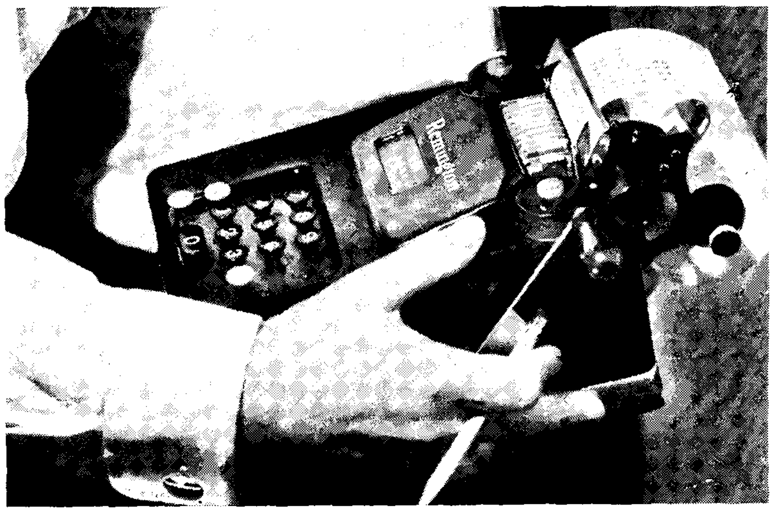


WRITING PERFECTION WITH SILENCE

(*above*) Unless you have actually seen and heard the new Remington Noiseless typewriter, you have no idea what this modern typewriter means in increased office efficiency. Its 23 important mechanical improvements mean better looking letters, more and better carbons, cleaner sharper stencils, silent operation, faster work with a light easy touch, longer life with fewer repairs. The first investment is only a few dollars more than the price of an ordinary typewriter, the upkeep decidedly less. Try it in your own office. No obligation.

WEIGHS 11 POUNDS . . . ADDS, LISTS, MULTIPLIES

(*below*) Twenty big machine features support the claim of this little Remington to be the first complete adding machine that is truly portable. Chief among them . . . lists and adds up to $10,000,000.00 . . . ten key keyboard with full size key buttons . . . visible adding dials . . . correction key . . . non-add key . . . release key . . . automatic ribbon reverse . . . multiplies as well as adds. Takes up less space than an ordinary letterhead . . . weighs only eleven pounds. No experience needed to operate it. A time and money saver in any business or professional office. Price $75.00.



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No More Charmers

Continued from page 9

course, but any intelligent butcher or bartender could have given them a few pointers on some of the details of this international problem.

At Washington, now an economic laboratory, foreign nations are rapidly replacing stuffed shirts and nice old gentlemen with young and alert representatives, mostly bankers, financiers and economists. These newcomers are more interested in Roosevelt experimentation as it affects their countries' trade than they are in cocktails as they affect the American digestive system.

Since diplomats nowadays are reporters even more than negotiators—Mr. Roosevelt having left little on which they can negotiate for a while—foreign governments are sending over men who know the United States. They are placing in Washington men who have been here before, men who, to use the highest compliment one diplomat can give another, "know their way around." Some have American wives, which may or may not be a help, and almost all have many friends on whom they rely for analyses and forecasts of domestic conditions and sentiment. American contacts and experience prevent them from drawing false conclusions, as one did when he thought that the Roosevelt Administration would blow up because Congress overrode the bonus veto.

An Attempt to Keep in Step

They must also be able to obtain, through newspapers, government reports, books, magazines and friends, accurate estimates of American opinion concerning happenings back home, so that they may, if they dare, warn the Foreign Office against actions which may alienate a people who can, more so than abroad, make and unmake governments. It is noticeable that the newcomers who lack previous experience here are men with long service in other world capitals.

In the last analysis, the wholesale shifting of foreign representatives amounts to an attempt to keep up with Roosevelt—and each other. The various groups of countries which have conflicting interests have made substitutions simultaneously or soon after their rivals changed their plenipotentiaries, and a common motive is discernible in them all. They are designed to insure that no one country has an advantage over a competitor insofar as the capabilities of the individual diplomat affect the international equation.

Although a comparative old-timer, "Mike" MacWhite of the Irish Free State should be included among the eminents of the corps. A roguish, broguish Irishman of engaging and twinkling frankness, his job is to preserve good will for Ireland, and nobody could do it better. He loves the "Yanks" if only because he hates the British. Unable to speak Gaelic, he delivers speeches at international conferences in French rather than in the tongue of Ireland's mother-in-law. "Beat the British, ye Yanks," is his whispered invocation at every world parley.

Italy led off in the diplomatic reorganization when it replaced Nobile Giacomo de Martino with Signor Augusto Rosso, a hard-headed, pink-faced Milanese who is known back home as "the American uncle" because of his wealth. De Martino was an irritable, querulous fellow of the pre-Mussolini era, who shut himself in the splendid embassy on Sixteenth Street and fumed at newspaper attacks on the Fascisti. Almost every day he bounced into the State Department to demand censorship of the press, until he finally committed the mistake of insisting that Smedley D. Butler be punished for uncomplimentary remarks about Il Duce.

Signor Rosso is an altogether different type, quiet, deliberate and studious. Mussolini's contact man at Geneva, and one of Italy's diplomatic stars, he can interpret for our officials the meaning of his boss' moves in Central Europe. A bachelor, he prefers to entertain quietly, conversing with a few male friends, rather than to throw lavish parties. He has a rare sense of humor for a diplomat, most of whom are stuffy and solemn.

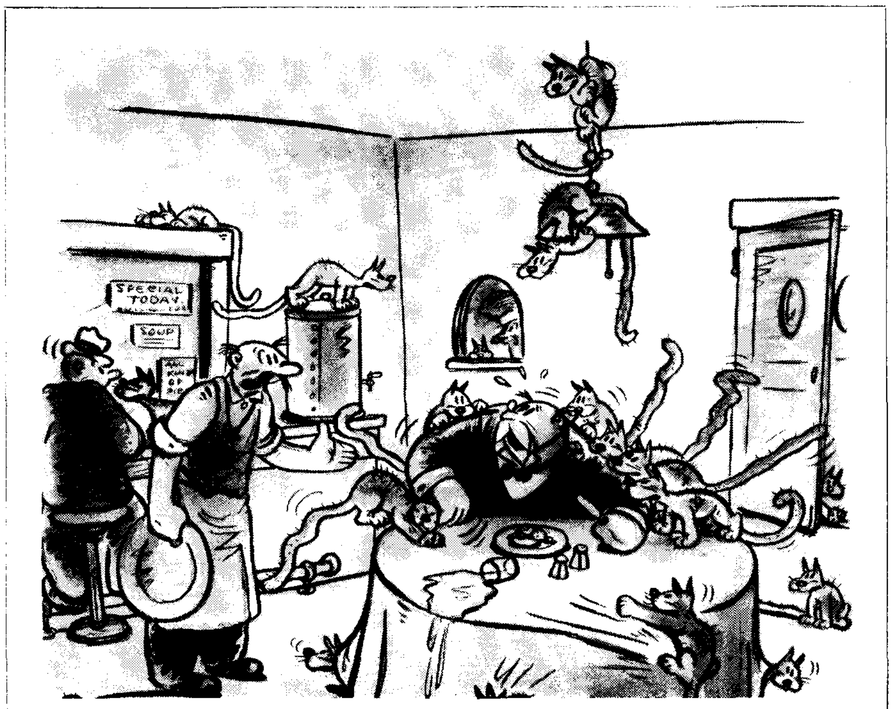
France immediately produced a man supposed to have an advantage on his Italian competitor. Ambassador André de Laboulaye got the Washington post, so it is rumored, because he served here when Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and the two are supposed to call each other by their first names. A trim, well-groomed man, who buys all his clothes in Bond Street, he cannot do much more than keep his ear to the ground while he waits for anti-French sentiment over war debts to subside. Though he does not measure up to Signor Rosso, and Italy is much more popular at the moment than France, he should serve the Quai d'Orsay more effectively than Paul Claudel, whose poetic and artistic temperament was a handicap to a clear understanding of the NRA, the AAA and all the other alphabetical mysteries.

Watchers Across the Sea

Germany left no doubt of her interest in American experimentation. Right after Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration and his first golden experiments, she sent over Dr. Hans Luther in place of the fluttering Friedrich W. von Prittwitz und Gaffron. Dr. Luther was Minister of Finance when the mark became more valuable as wall-paper than as a medium of exchange, and nothing in the Administration's cupboard of remedies can astound him. Whereas von Prittwitz was a slight, ethereal figure, Dr. Luther is mountainously solid, both politically and personally. He has a tremendous head, a round, big-jowled face and a bullet-shaped body weighing more than two hundred pounds. Herr Hitler's policies sometimes make his task difficult, but he is keeping his tongue and temper just as his young and popular staff did, with excellent results, in the first few years after the World War.

The new ambassadors from Russia and Japan came into Washington on each others' heels, and they are two of a kind—hard-boiled, hard-working and realistic. Since Japan's principal problems are political rather than financial and commercial, at least as they affect relations with the United States, Tokyo selected Hiroshi Saito, her outstanding career man, for the post. He probably knows this country better than any other Japanese. Alexander Troyanovsky of Russia lacks this background, but his experience as an economic and diplomatic planner was thought to equip him as the Soviet's first ambassador to the United States. As old friends from Tokyo days, he and Saito see each other often, but whether through friendship or a desire to keep an eye on each other is a question which is puzzling the rest of the diplomatic set.

The Latin-American countries have often sent gay gallants or playboys who did not savvy the Washington scene, even though the interests of the two continents are closely interwoven, but in Felipe Espil, Argentina is credited with having the ablest and most studious diplomat at the capital. A banker, lawyer, linguist and husband of an American wife, he is said to know more about the New Deal than any rival. He reads everything he can find on it, and he invites some of the Administration's leading figures to the embassy for further enlightenment. He has proved to be such an effective spokesman for Argentine interests that other nations below the Rio Grande are recalling their diplomats, as European countries did, and naming men more in Ambassador Espil's class. Brazil has just appointed 42-year-old Oswaldo Aranha, a career diplomat, a powerful political figure, a popular sportsman, and, so his friends are careful to note, "an admirer of President Roosevelt." Just one more example of a diplomatic shuffle which is taking a lot of the joyous sparkle out of life at this world capital.



"Yes, sir, I know! But we've been seein' a mouse around here lately!"

Frank Owen

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The new W. D. C. Snap-Kleen offers a positive check against "juice;" built inside the pipe . . . out of sight!

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No more daily nuisance with messy pipe cleaners. A jiffy shake of the bit does the trick! So easy! So clean!

FREE your tongue from parching, hot smoke . . . the new WDC Snap-Kleen is *air-cooled!* Forget juice . . . Snap-Kleen's new gravity condensation principle *extracts excess moisture* and guards it from your mouth. And, best of all, stop daily messy pipe cleaning . . . *this pipe cleans itself by a snap of the bit!* (U.S. Pat. 1,888,462). Get a Snap-Kleen today. You'll discover a new high in pipe pleasure . . . without any of the usual discomforts.

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THE MILLION DOLLAR PIPE

WDC AIR COOLED *Snap*-KLEEN $2.50

Let's Go Places

Continued from page 18

instead of being the clumsy, laborious work of man, it was cut by a tremendous ice sheet during the Glacial Age—don't ask us when that was. The steamer twists through mountain ranges, calling at Indian villages, copper mining centers, fur-trading posts, even a city built on a gold mine. You have glaciers and you have roses, which grow almost up to the Arctic Circle. You have the most luxurious American residences and Indian and Eskimo huts. You see the natives out salmon fishing in their prehistoric kayaks.

Hawaii is Worth While

But if the nostalgia of the East sweeps over you, you have only to board a boat at San Francisco for the Hawaiian Islands—Hawaii which has everything, Hawaii which sets the senses reeling, Hawaii which uses up all the adjectives of the travel writers and leaves them sputtering. Volcanoes and dazzling beaches—Buddhist temples and American banks—palaces and grass huts—beautiful native girls and race courses—bazaars and primitive dances—ukuleles and perfect roads—color poured on by the bucketful, fragrance you actually taste, romance all the writers and painters who have fallen its victims merely skim. And $300 will give you all that for three weeks. Once having been there, you sort of lose interest in heaven.

But before we get any deeper into this, perhaps we should take up the question of expenditures. Here are a few items (which you will want to check for any last-minute changes).

With New York as a starting point, you can take the following all-expense tours:

For $75 or Less

7-day Havana cruise
13-day cruise to Miami

For $125 or Less

11-day cruise to Haiti
12-day cruise to Halifax, Nova Scotia and St. John's, Newfoundland
13-day cruise to Spanish Honduras, Jamaica and Cuba
12½-day cruise to Canada and Bermuda

For $150 or Less

11-day Kingston cruise
12½-day West Indies cruise
16-day Bermuda cruise
23-day West Indian cruise, 13 ports
12¾-day Nassau, Miami, Havana cruise

For $200 or Less

18-day Panama, Colombia, Havana cruise
18-day Costa Rica cruise
18-day Spanish Main cruise
20-day Mexico City tour
28-day West Indies cruise

On the Pacific seaboard the prices are quite as alluring. Just look them over.

All-Expense Cruises

6-day cruise from Los Angeles to Victoria and Seattle, $150; 12-day cruise from Seattle to Alaska (Inside Passage), $155.50; 20-day round-trip boat and train tour from San Francisco to New York, through Panama Canal, stopping at Havana, Colombia, Panama, El Salvador, Guatemala and Mexico, $260; 21-day cruise from San Francisco to Hawaiian Islands, $300.

If you're in the South, there is that incomparable cruise from New Orleans across the Gulf of Mexico into the land of the Mayas and to Mexico City. The nine-day, all-expense cruise from New Orleans to Progreso, Yucatan, including Chichenitza, can be done for $150. You may never have heard of Chichenitza in your life but after that trip you'll talk of practically nothing else. It isn't a tour, it's an experience—like falling in love. It *is* falling in love.

If you have $300 to $500 tucked away in your jeans, I don't know any place you can't go. The world is your oyster.

But boats aren't the only way of getting around. They're just one of the cheapest and nicest. Did you ever consider the horse as a means of transportation? Personally I couldn't get through the summer without a horseback trip, never could. And no matter who you are, you can ride as well as I did when I started—and get no sorer. There's nothing tricky about such a trip. You simply go where there are country roads or bridle paths, rent a so-called horse and ride. We used to tie a bundle, mostly books, to the saddle and just start—not knowing where we were going but somehow getting places, seeing things, meeting people, stopping overnight at a farmhouse or inn, in the heat of the day plunging into streams or lounging in fields or woods, reading, picnicking on a hill at sunset, eating raspberries off the bushes.

In almost any part of the country, even right up to the maws of the great cities, you can get good riding. And if you don't want to take your riding in this gypsy fashion, how about a dude ranch, where riding is made fool-proof? There's a life for you! And not only in the West, but in the East and South you can go a-ranching—in Virginia and Florida—riding through scenery the West would have to work hard to beat. But if you're near the West, then the perfection of ranching is right around the corner. Fresh morning air in the corral, mounting from summer to winter in the Rockies, trails on the top of the world, camp, coffee, cowboy songs, home by moonlight! Can man demand more of life?

At Home on the Ocean Wave

But just as there are some for whom the ocean wave hath no charms, so there are those who will have no truck with horses. So then, what about a walking tour, your good knapsack on your back, your sturdy Alpine staff in hand? I don't know why we don't do more of that sort of thing here—the Alps simply bristle with gusty walkers, and I'd like to know if our twenty-one National Parks, including Glacier, Yellowstone and Yosemite, aren't as good as the Alps any day? And I'm none of your hundred percenters, either.

And camping! There's something to drive a man—yes, or a woman or a boy or even a dog—clean crazy! The sight of a camping outfit in a sporting goods store these spring days! I don't know anything more calculated to make the breast feel like a bird cage, the legs to twitch and the temperature to rise to a flat 104°. Tents, grills, guns, tackle, air mattresses, washstands, set the pulse prancing, and even the pots and pans are by no means repulsive. . . . With such a kit, you go in—in—in, back of beyond, where you breathe such gulps of pine-soaked air and peace and woodsiness and earthy smells that at the end of two weeks you'd take on Clyde Beatty's act. And this you can do almost anywhere in these United States.

But suppose you have a hankering for making things go yourself—a motor boat, a canoe, a sail boat? Well, why not? Such things can be hired. Did you know there are inland waterways clear from the Canadian border to Florida—and you can get maps of them? I know a man who takes his sail boat, under power, down them every year; and a quaint and charming voyage it is, too.

Even a houseboat is not beyond the dreams of avarice. I know two girls who rented a houseboat off Long Island last summer, lived and entertained on it, and were the most popular girls for miles around. By houseboat we don't mean those expensive, sea-going cruiser types of boat, but—you know—the flat-bottomed scow type, with geraniums in the windows, deck chairs, meals under an awning, the kind that never get more than a few miles from home but, anchoring in protected waters, combine the pleasures of a cottage at the shore and a life on the ocean wave. They do this sort of thing a lot in England.

If you want to take a motor trip, consider the seasoned advice of an expert, an official of the Automobile Club, whom we have consulted. A great many motor tourists, he tells us, come home from their trip discouraged and ready for a two weeks' rest because they fail to observe the rules of the game—picking the right territory to tour in, covering a limited number of miles a day, starting early in the morning and traveling light.

Ahead of the Traffic Jam

First of all, you should plan the trip carefully, deciding what sort of thing you are most interested in, whether it is scenery, sports, places of historic interest, art centers, big cities, etc., and then tour in the territory where there is the most of this sort of thing, say around Boston for historical association, the National Parks for scenery, Virginia and Maryland for beautiful old houses, for pre-history out from Albuquerque, still a mirror of aboriginal life, etc.

For the utmost enjoyment, 250 miles a day should be top, except, of course, where the roads unroll like a carpet before you as in California, and if you want to do something on the trip besides shattering space, 150 miles is plenty. Above all, start early in the morning—yes, we mean 6 A. M.—when the road is yours. Stop for breakfast about eight or nine o'clock, lunch between twelve and one o'clock, make your whole 150 miles before lazy tourists are up, in seven hours flat—and have the whole afternoon for sight-seeing, resting or sports.

And consider en route the wayside inn, the municipal camps, tourist camps, camp sites, etc., each of which, you'll find upon investigation, is an animal of a different breed, according to whether it is a private enterprise, run by a local community or by the state. Many of these are located in charming surroundings, have every convenience, are well run, and are much cheaper than hotels. Naturally, you'll want to be choosy about them but you can get expert advice from your local automobile club.

A friend of mine climbed a neighboring hill to see the Acropolis by moonlight. Having seen, she sat and wept, overcome by that beauty. A little, old lady came up to her.

"I know just how you feel, my dear," she said. "Your feet hurt."

Of course, if you're like the little old lady, you won't want to take any of the suggestions I've made here—but I rather think you're the kind who would climb a hill to see the Acropolis by moonlight.

MAKE SHAVING
A PLEASURE . . .
Not a
Punishment!

The way some men start the daily shave you'd think they were about to undergo a major operation. A shave *can* be simple and pleasant. Just splash a few drops of Pinaud's Lilas de France (Lilac Vegetal) on your face *before* you lather up. It holds the hairs in place and smoothes the path of your razor. *After* the shave dish some Lilac on the face and revel in the cool, tingling sensation. Feel safe—knowing that Pinaud's Lilac braces the skin and *heals* the little razor-nicks, too!

Buy a bottle of this famous skin lotion at your drug store or favorite toilet goods counter. Insist on the *genuine* with the Ed. Pinaud signature in red across the label. Pinaud, Inc., 220 East 21st Street, New York City.

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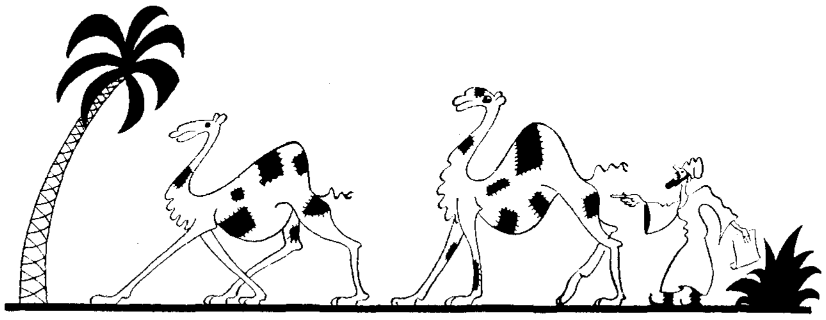


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The camel's skin never heals from a cut or sore. Moreover, it is insensitive. Therefore the owner finds it both necessary and easy to sew a piece of leather over each wound. After a hard life, many old camels are all shreds and patches.—*By Frank Van Benschoten, Syracuse, New York.*

Sea water contains a mysterious substance that no chemist has been able to isolate. Fish go blind and die in artificial sea water made in a laboratory, but live and thrive when as little as two per cent of genuine sea water has been added.

In New York State, a prisoner who is willfully detained after the expiration of his term or a time set for his release may bring legal action against those responsible for his detention. Of two recent cases, one was that of an ex-convict who was awarded a $7,500 verdict against the superintendent of prisons and a member of the parole board who did not free him for 22 months after the signing of a writ of habeas corpus.

"Bear osteopathy" is a favorite treatment in Central Europe. When a peasant has had a hard day in the field and has developed sore muscles, he may employ a gypsy's small trained bear to massage his aching back by dancing on it. Incidentally "Doc" is always heavily muzzled.

Glass, as well as cement and steel, is actually eaten by certain species of bacteria. The famous stained-glass windows of St. Peter's Cathedral in York, England, have today a bad case of "glass disease." Certain sections of them are damaged to such an extent that they have lost their transparency.

Real duels of honor are fought in France at the present time on an average of one every six days. When the customary weapons—swords—are chosen, each combatant takes a bath and alcohol rub, and dons sterilized clothing. Then the swords are disinfected not only in the beginning but throughout the battle whenever they touch the ground. The gentlemen are afraid of infection.

The only authenticated case of the rescue of a man from the stomach of a whale occurred off the Falkland Islands in 1891. A member of the whaler Star of the East was presumably drowned while aiding in the capture of a large sperm whale. Next day he was found in it—a raving maniac. In three weeks, however, he had recovered completely.—*By J. G. Kempf, St. Mary of the Woods, Indiana.*

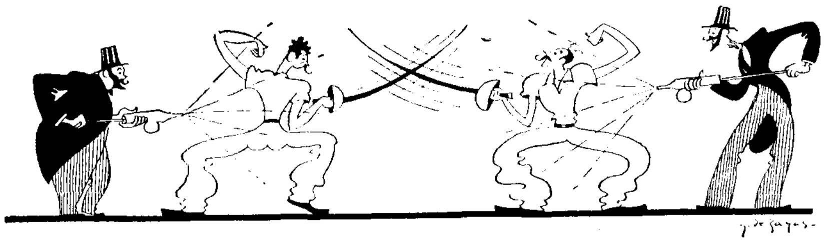
Although the practice of impressing wax seals on documents with a metal implement is of great antiquity, there was a time in England, not many centuries ago, when court officials and others used their teeth instead, biting their dental imprint into the wax to authenticate the seal. —*By Thelma Young, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Excepting signs of external violence, there is no one infallible indication of death. In fact, there are many physical conditions that so closely resemble the cessation of life that it is almost impossible to distinguish between this apparent and true death. There have been a number of cases in which all heart, pulse and respiratory activity ceased for many hours, yet the person was actually alive—and lived.

The purest natural water is not sufficiently free of mineral salts for use in the boilers of modern ocean liners. On some ships, 500 tons of water are required every 24 hours, all of which must be distilled. If any undistilled water, even a cupful, accidentally gets into the supply lines, an automatic alarm immediately notifies the engineers.—*By Jack A. Waring, Jr., Chicago, Illinois.*

Nine states in this country still have no laws to prevent marriages between persons suffering from such serious mental and physical afflictions as imbecility, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, idiocy and venereal disease.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Cincinnati Quits Burlesque

Continued from page 11

their own. They organized a new purely municipal political party and penetrated every election precinct with their organization.

"For forms of government let fools contest," said Alexander Pope. To this the new mayor, Murray Seasongood, replied:

"Carl Schurz once said that if Gabriel writes your charter and Lucifer administers it you will get bad government, and if Lucifer writes your charter and Gabriel administers it you will get good government. But I say that if Gabriel administers your government it will be a better government if Gabriel also writes the charter than if Lucifer wrote it."

To which I would like to add that if Lucifer writes the charter it will be pretty hard for Gabriel to get a chance to administer it. Under this charter the Cincinnati reformers undertook to cripple the one big ring which is the center and base of all the other rings that prey on city government—the officeholders' ring—the machine. I talked to Henry Bentley, head of the Charter Party, about this. He said:

"The machine in city politics is really the cheapest and most effective method of controlling the facilities of the government for dishonest politicians and predatory business men. The business men do business with the political gang leaders. The gang leaders milk the business men. Both milk the public. And the power is preserved through the activities of the city employees who supply the votes and are paid by the city.

"What is more, this local machine is the foundation not only of the city gang but of state and national political machines. Very noble gentlemen make lofty speeches in conventions and Congress. But the backbone of the party is the local machines—for they exist in every city. And the life of the party machine lies in the local jobs—for after all the federal jobs are quite few. In Hamilton County there are 6,800 on the city and county pay roll. There are 680 voting precincts. This is ten to a precinct. If each officeholder can control only three votes along with his own, that will make 27,200 votes. And the records show that for twenty years 23,000 votes were all that were needed to control a primary in this county.

"Here in Cincinnati we have sought not just to defeat the gang at the polls but to demobilize their army of mercenaries."

This was done by applying a rigid civil service to city jobs and making it an offense punishable by dismissal for a city employee to take any part in any way in a political election.

Brothers at War

Have you ever stopped to think why election day is a holiday? It is to close up the city offices and enable the employees to swarm around the polls. In Cincinnati, the city hall and every other city building is going full blast on election day.

Men should be chosen to do city work on merit as in every other sound business. "Why should a street sweeper be selected," as Mr. Seasongood puts it, "because he believes in the League of Nations? The test should be—Does he know dirt when he sees it and is he able to sweep it up?" That's the test in Cincinnati.

One other blow was aimed at the gang and its sheeplike votes. If you talk politics now in Cincinnati, it will not be long before someone begins talking about PR—proportional representation. I talked with one of the old-line leaders.

"Can you imagine a thing like PR?" he said. "It just ruins party responsibility. It does away with majority rule. It's un-American." Oddly enough, some of Cincinnati's most gentle-blooded Republican leaders like Robert Taft, for instance—also a son of President Taft—will tell you the same thing. (It is an interesting item that the two Taft brothers—Charles and Robert—law partners as well as brothers—are on opposite sides in this war, Charles a Charter Party leader; Robert the Republican leader.) PR means proportional representation—Cincinnati's method of voting. Here's the way it works:

The voters elect nine councilmen. Nomination is by petition only. The Charter Party nominates nine candidates. The Republicans name nine. There may be some independents. All the names appear on the ballot in a single column. They appear in different order on different series of ballots. The voter does not vote for nine candidates equally. Opposite the name of his first choice he puts the figure "1." Then he indicates his second choice, his third choice and as many more as he wishes. On the first count only his first choice is counted.

By the Law of Averages

After the votes are cast they must be counted. Under our present system the nine candidates getting a majority of the votes cast would be elected. But proportional representation is designed to do away with majority rule. The object of this ballot is to name nine men, each of whom will represent, not a majority of the voters, but a large section of voters. Each one of the nine men elected is elected by a different group of voters. That is why it is called proportional representation. Now let us watch them count the votes. Let Charles Taft describe it:

"Let's start at the precinct polling place. The votes are all cast. The polls are closed. The ballots are not counted, but are sealed up in the ballot box. The box is then delivered to the Music Hall with a statement of the number of ballots cast. In the Music Hall, sections are set apart for each of the twenty-six wards in the city. The ballot box is delivered to the ward section set apart for its proper ward. Then it is opened and the ballots are counted in full view of everyone.

"Only the first choices are counted. The ballots as they are counted are separated into stacks—one for each candidate. The ward section tables are supplied with bins for each candidate. There were thirty-nine candidates and hence thirty-nine bins. Each candidate's ballots were put into his proper bin. When all the boxes from a ward were counted, we knew how many first-choice votes each candidate had in that ward. When all the wards were complete we knew how many first-choice votes each of the thirty-nine candidates had.

"But this did not settle the election. The election did not go to the nine men having the highest number of votes. No man could be elected unless he had a certain number of votes. This was called the quota. Now how is the quota arrived at? There were 119,730 votes cast. It was possible for ten candidates each to get a tenth or 11,973 votes and so be elected. But if you require each candidate to get, not 11,973, but 11,974, then only nine could be elected. That, therefore, is the quota. It is arrived at by dividing the total number of votes cast by ten and adding one.

"When the counting of the first-choice votes was ended, only two men—Dixon and Seasongood (Charter Party Candidates) had reached the quota. They were therefore declared elected. But seven more had to be chosen.

"Dixon had 21,699 votes. He needed only 11,974. He had therefore 9,725 too many. The city says to those 9,725 voters: 'Mr. Dixon is elected without your votes. Now, since your votes need not be counted for Dixon, for whom would you like to have them cast as second choice?' Therefore Dixon's surplus of 9,725 votes were recounted, but this time the second choices only were counted. But which 9,725 of Dixon's votes were selected? Various ways could be suggested to do this fairly. But, as it happens, the law of averages saves us a lot of trouble. If you will just arrange all of Dixon's votes numerically and then withdraw every other vote until you have 9,725 and then count them, you will be doing it in the easiest and quickest way. And as it happens, curiously, the result will be the same to within a fraction of one per cent as if you had adopted the most elaborately worked out mathematical system for achieving fairness.

Smashing the Machine

"The same thing was done with Seasongood's 8,569. All these second-choice votes were added to the first-choice votes for the other thirty-seven candidates. After that none had yet achieved his quota. Then the last man was eliminated and his votes released so that they could now be counted—using only second choices—and the second choices added to the other candidates'. When this was done a third man—Field—had attained the quota. This method was continued, distributing surpluses and eliminating last men until all the required nine men had been elected."

One thing must be observed about this. Almost every man's vote counts for the naming of some candidate. Out of the 119,730 votes cast, 107,766 of them had expressed an effective choice. Those nine men elected represented those 107,766 voters divided into nine choosing groups. That is, 90 per cent of the voters whose votes were valid had a representative on the council. In the 1921 election under the old system, the gang got 69,000 votes, the opposition 61,000. Those 69,000 votes had elected the whole council and all city offices. The 61,000 who voted for the defeated candidates were without representation. Mr. Taft, after explaining this, asked, "Which is the more democratic system?"

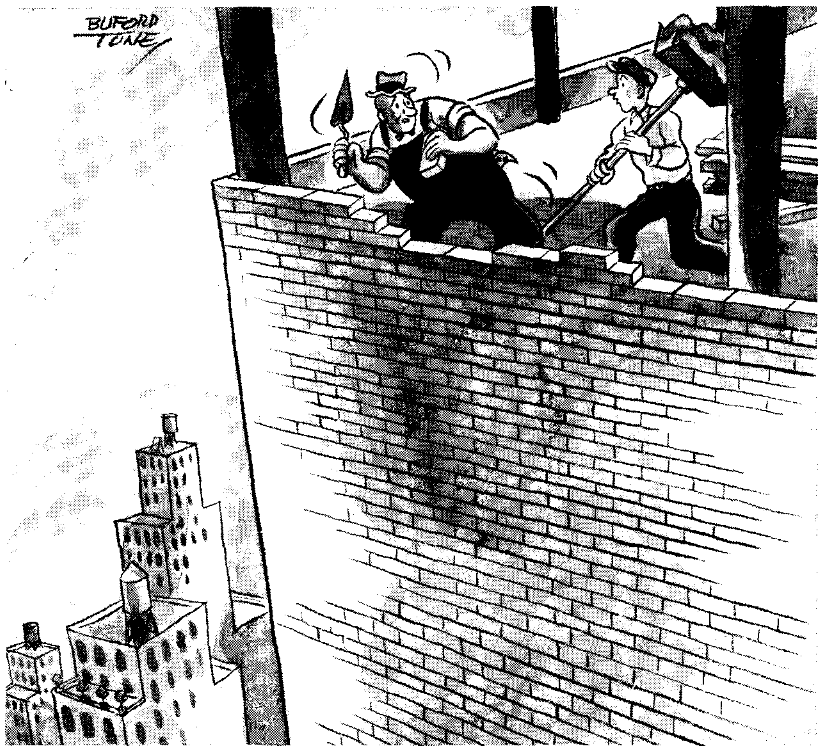
The reason this system has dealt such a blow to the machine is simple. It is practically impossible for them to train their hordes of ignorant, sheeplike voters to do more than vote the first choice and some of them a second choice. Thus the machine can elect two or three representatives to the council. In the last election the Republicans did elect four out of the nine. But all four of those elected do not by any means represent complacent and obedient machine candidates.

That is why any old-time political leader in Cincinnati will tell you PR is "un-American" and a blow at the party system—at party responsibility. It sounds a little odd to hear a citizen of this well-governed town now look you naïvely in the eye and talk about "party responsibility." Cincinnati had party responsibility under Cox and Hynicka for forty years. They are still paying for that amazing experience. Indeed, the Republicans have just about decided, after forty years at the feed trough with Hynicka and Cox and nine years in the wilderness, to clean up the party.

Hynicka was succeeded by Fred Schneller, a pale shadow of the powerful Hynicka. But Schneller represented the old school. He is the boss of the old 18th Ward, now the 16th—which was made up of the poorest colored people in one section and the underworld in another. Schneller inherited his leadership from his uncle, Lou Kraft, who under Hynicka ran, from his gambling joint over the notorious Colonnade saloon, the gambling concessions of Cincinnati. Schneller was Republican boss, as far as any boss existed, until after the last defeat. Recently Robert Taft and Willis Gradison, a leading stock broker of the city, have attempted to clean up the party and it is said that Robert Taft has superseded Schneller.

Another reason why the Cincinnati

(*Continued on page* 64)



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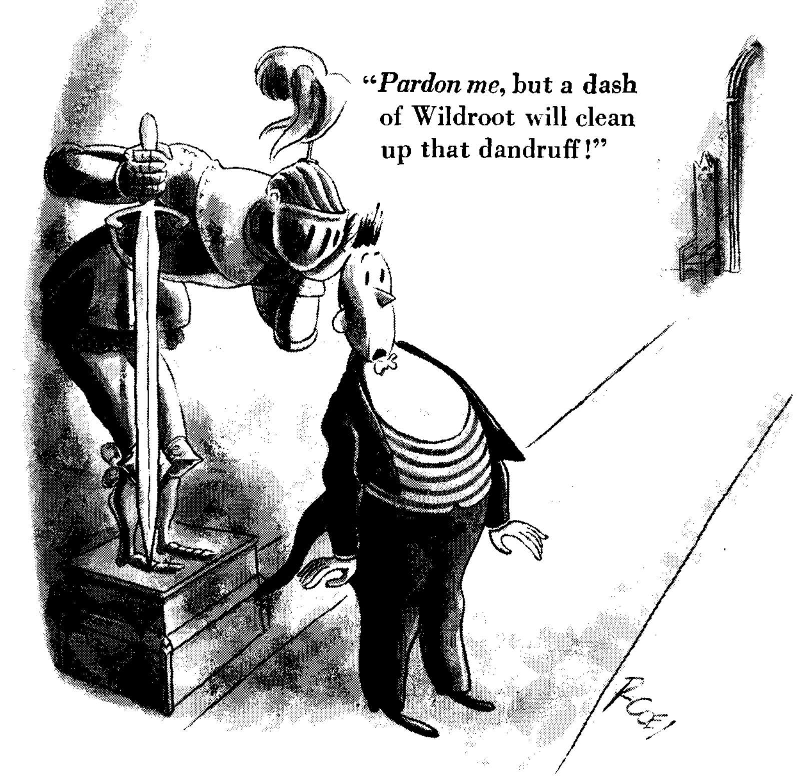
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Cincinnati Quits Burlesque

Continued from page 63

experiment has lasted so long is summed up well by Mr. Bentley, who through all these battles has been the campaign leader.

"We didn't make the mistake here," he told me, "of supposing that we could do this job and be nonpartisan. This is the worst blunder of reformers. Controlling a city is politics. You have to have a party to get anywhere. So we organized a party—a political party, and we called it the Charter Party. We dedicated it to the ideal of good city government and nothing else. And we recognized that you can't have a party without an organization. Hence we built an organization which penetrates every precinct in the city.

"We made it a unique organization. First, we kept it alive and functioning between elections. Second, we made it different from every other such organization by having as workers only citizens who did not seek office. This apparently is a negation of all political experience. The answer to that is that we have won seven elections in a row and mighty few old-line political organizations manned by city hall and courthouse mercenaries can show such a record."

Women Effective Precinct Workers

Having watched politics for many years I wondered how the Charterites got precinct workers. This is where all citizens' movements fall down. Here again the Cincinnati leaders have made what I regard as a real political discovery. Ever since the suffrage was given women I have watched to see what influence they would have on politics. Up to now it has been negligible. Women leaders have been worse than futile. In New York their story has been almost tragic. I put down but one political achievement to women. They have civilized the polling places—that is all.

But now Cincinnati has found a real political talent in women. They can be organized into the most effective precinct workers. Citizens' movements have never been able to get men to go from door to door, to buttonhole voters, to keep everlastingly after registration lists, to carry the voter to the polls on election day. But in Cincinnati the women do this work amazingly well. The female of the species is deadly in the precinct. She is a demon on the telephone and at the front door. She will drag the careless citizen to the registration office and then to the polling place. Once there, the job is turned over to the men who act as challengers, watchers, election officials. In the story of Cincinnati I did not find anything more important than this.

The results of these intelligent efforts of Cincinnati's citizens have been astonishing. It is not too much to say that, taken by and large, Cincinnati is today the best-governed city in America.

A city is a business enterprise. It spends huge sums of money. It builds roads, streets, buildings, buys vast quantities of materials. In the old days this business was in the grip of certain rings of favored lawyers and contractors and merchants who had staked the city out and divided it up among themselves. A certain lawyer in Cincinnati collected fees from contractors on the basis of half a cent a gallon for tar and a cent a yard for crushed stone going into county road work. Once the city got a judgment for $280,000 against a construction company. The company appealed. The boss sent for the appeal judges and suggested that they reverse the judgment. They did. One judge who insisted he must "vote with the law and the evidence" was not renominated.

You understand now why under the old régime tar and asphalt cost $34.26 and under the new $26.05. This is not a comparison of depression and antedepression prices. It represents 1925 and 1926 prices. In the "good old days" the boys spent $67,817 a mile for sewers. The city manager did the same job for $47,476. Under the glorious era of "party responsibility," oiling streets cost $5.75 for a 50-foot lot, while under the city manager the cost was, the first year, 97 cents and after that nothing to the property owners.

Simple facts like this could be multiplied until they would fill pages. The First Charter Party Council selected Colonel C. O. Sherrill as city manager. He was an honor graduate of West Point, served in the army as an engineer and was then Superintendent of Buildings in Washington, D. C. With Murray Seasongood as mayor and Col. Sherrill as city manager, the city of Cincinnati was literally rebuilt in the next four years. More new streets were laid in three years than had been built in ten under Hynicka's régime, and all the streets of the city were repaired and put into first-class condition. The entire city plant—buildings, equipment, machinery—was made over, restored and put into the best condition possible.

This was an amazing achievement and was recognized by all the citizens of that favored city. Seasongood was succeeded as mayor by Mr. Russell Wilson, assistant editor of the Times-Star, and Sherrill, resigning after four years of service, was succeeded by the present city manager, Mr. Clarence A. Dykstra. Mr. Dykstra, a native Ohioan, was a lecturer on public administration in the University of California, Los Angeles, and a director of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power when he was selected. He has been in office for four years and has made a record no less extraordinary than Col. Sherrill's. Through these troubled years the city has paid off almost all of the deficiency bonds left by the old gang—which means it has actually paid part of the running expenses of the city in those years. It has taken care of the crushing relief liabilities of the depression years, has not only kept up but actually improved city services, yet has reduced the tax rate as well as the taxable base—the assessment rolls—and has reduced the city's bonded indebtedness by four million dollars.

Answering the Critics

I talked to many people in Cincinnati to learn what criticism there could be of these five administrations. Last year there was a very bitter city election. I read patiently newspaper accounts of that battle—the speeches of the opposing Republican candidates and orators. I also talked with some of the leaders. As a complete outsider, with no personal ties to color my views, I must confess I was amazed at the weakness of the criticisms.

First of all, there was absolutely no complaint of dishonesty or corruption of any sort, against police, city employees, officials.

Second, I found no charges of oppression or of bad service or inefficiency. It seemed to me this was a singular tribute to the men who were holding the jobs. In fact, I found pretty nearly

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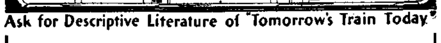

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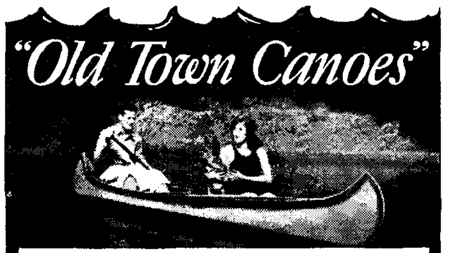

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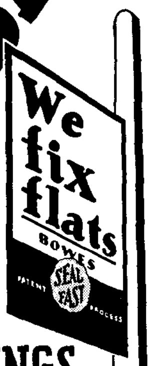

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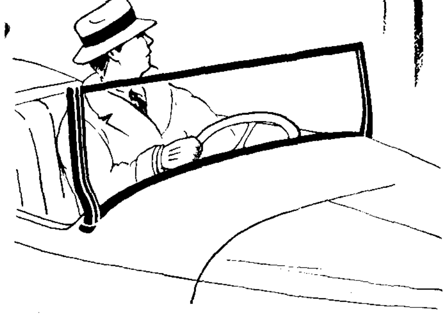

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everywhere a general admission that the city had been well run.

The attack was based on two or three purely oratorical and emotional flourishes. It was:

First, that the "reformers" were insulting Cincinnati by assuming a holier-than-thou attitude.

Second, that proportional representation was destroying party responsibility.

Third, that Cincinnati didn't need to go to other cities for men to run its affairs.

Fourth, that it was wrong to permit outsiders to bid on city contracts.

Fifth, that the city was spending too much money.

The first objection to the assumption of superiority is unimportant. The objection to proportional representation is equally unimportant. It comes from the gangsters and from some of those more respectable persons who invent arguments for gangsters. As to going out of town for a city manager, that argument was repeated soberly to me by men who were content to serve placidly under the rule of Hynicka, projected from his burlesque show house in New York. The Chamber of Commerce went to Huntington, West Virginia, for its executive vice president. The gas company, which was actively interested against the Charter Party, is owned almost wholly outside of Ohio and went to Kansas City for its president. The University went to Swarthmore for its present able president. And, to cap the argument, this city has had under its two managers from out of town the ablest government given any city in America.

Your Monthly Bill

As to spending too much money, the city has insisted on not reducing the services to its citizens. I spoke to Mr. Dykstra, the city manager, about that. What he said is illuminating:

"Citizens talk about taxes as if they were some sort of vague tribute paid to governors for which nothing is given in return. After all, a city government is an operating corporation. It renders certain utility services. The electric light company serves you with light and power. The city collects your waste. The gas company furnishes you with fuel. The city furnishes you with water and lights your streets. The street railway company sells you transportation. The city sells you education for your children, police protection, fire protection and so on.

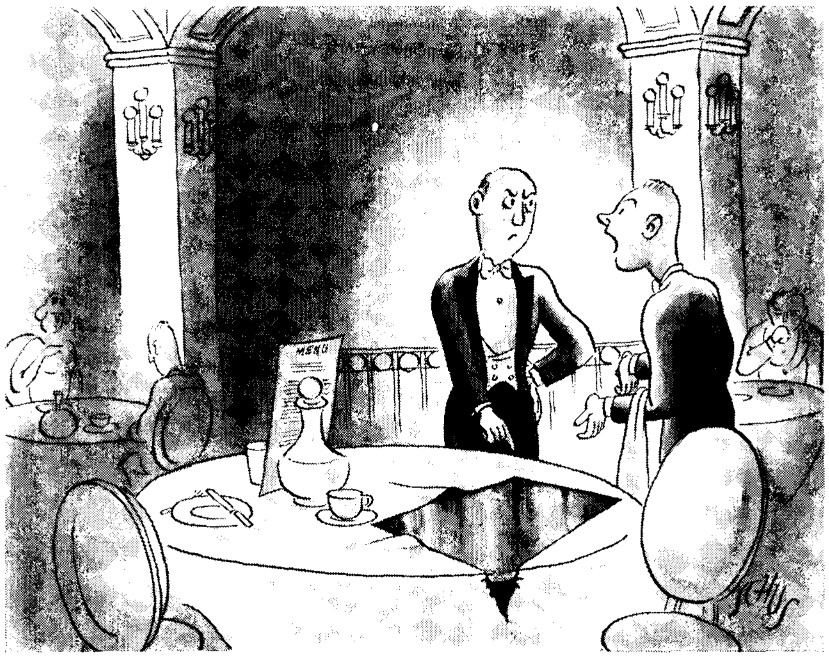
"Perhaps it would be better if citizens, instead of getting what are called tax bills yearly or twice a year, got bills from the city monthly for the services rendered. For instance, regularly a wagon drives up to your home, the man goes to the back door, collects the waste and returns the container to the house, takes away the waste and destroys it in a sanitary way. If the city sent you a bill each month for this service—and you owned a home appraised at $5,000 in Cincinnati—your bill would be fifteen cents a month. Surely that is not very much.

"Near your home is an engine company. All around are other engine companies ready to swarm into your neighborhood in case of fire. What is this service worth? How much would you pay for insurance if this service did not exist? To say nothing of the mere human protection it affords you. Well, if we sent you a bill for it monthly in Cincinnati the bill would be forty cents a month. You would get a bill of forty cents a month for police protection. You would get a bill of nine cents a month for maintaining playgrounds and parks, and seventeen cents for street lighting.

"In fact, if you owned that $5,000 house in Cincinnati, we would keep your streets clean, light them, patrol them, give you police protection, fire protection, collect your waste and garbage, protect your health, maintain parks and playgrounds and swimming pools, and educate your children, not only through high school but give them a university education besides, for nine dollars a month. Is that exorbitant?"

Personally, I have always believed that the cheapest things I buy are the things I buy with my city taxes in New York City, including all the graft and extravagance of that extravagant city. I pay more for gas and electric light every year in my home alone than I do for all the multitude of services which the city gives me.

No citizen of any American city, no leader of public thought in any American city, can afford to be ignorant of what Cincinnati has done for herself. No matter how busted any city or village is, it ought to make, as its first expenditure, an appropriation for an expedition of citizens to this Ohio city to see for themselves and at first hand the achievements of the first reform administration in American political history which has been able to last through five city elections.



"He said something about selling the drawing to Collier's!"

Adolph Schus

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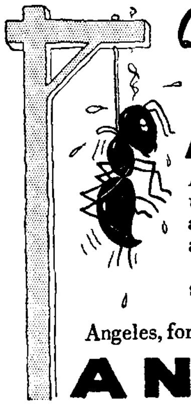

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ANTROL

The Dixie Menace

Continued from page 21

"But, Jim," Mary Jo urged reasonably, "why in the world don't you relax yourself when you haven't anything to do? You work so hard, starchin' ev'ybody up, even po' old Henry. Why don't you let Mr. McWhorter relax and Mike Cherry and G'o'ge Pierce? Mr. McWhorter's got 'em out there dustin' poetry."

Unhappily for the brisk, busy exterior Mary Jo tried to assume, business didn't pick up and Mary Jo in her spare time began to knit a bright woolly afghan for Aunt Het's couch. Her desk filled up with brilliant balls of yarn and every once in a while Jim looked 'em over and showed the whites of his eyes.

NOONTIME, one Thursday, Aunt Het turned up in the office in a mink coat and a big bunch of violets and took Mary Joe out to lunch. I walked out to the elevator with 'em and when I came back Jim had backed up against his desk with his arms folded. He was staring around the office and shaking his head.

"Henry," he said, "does this office look the same to you as it does to me? Where does Mary Jo get all these flowers she drags down here and sticks around?"

"Different places," I said cautiously. "Richmond, Virginia, is in on it."

He sourly eyed a box of candy, some balls of yarn on the window sill and a photograph of Mary Jo's father propped on her desk.

"Looks nice and homelike, doesn't it?" Jim beamed. "With you talking woolly in one corner and Mary Jo talking woolly in the other, all we need now are some nice old plantation darkies singing around under the window, a coupla wing chairs and a goatee for you. It—it's demoralizing!"

"This room," I said, "has begun to relax. It could stand it."

"That's it!" Jim said, struck. "I swear to heaven, this office has got its feet up on a chair, drinking a mint julep. Henry, we state in our catalog that we invite friendly visits. The people that our catalog reaches live on farms and small village streets remote from bookstores. McWhorter sells 'em books about quilt-making, conundrums, dreams, fortune-telling, tea-cup reading—"

"Listen, fella," I cut in, alarmed, "is this a pep talk? Because I prefer to conserve my pep for the evenings."

"I'm identifying," Jim said moodily, "the nature of our trade. Suppose some of it walks into this office with Mary Jo curled up in a patch of sunlight knitting up colors and nibbling candy. What I object to most," Jim added, "are her legs."

"Her legs!"

"She sits over there with one knee crossed over the other—"

"Girls are like that," I protested. "Even that horn-rimmed girl McWhorter got for you out of somebody's boneyard couldn't take dictation unless her knees showed."

"Miss Watson," Jim said impatiently, "had shanks. It's an altogether different matter."

At five o'clock when Aunt Het dropped in again after a matinée to take us home in a taxi with her, Mary Jo was still knitting.

"Really, Jim," Aunt Het exclaimed, "it's delightful in here. It's so cozy. It's beginning to snow."

Jim drummed on his desk. "There's the word, Henry," he said. "Cozy. That's it."

He was beginning to show the whites of his eyes again and I cut in hastily: "Don't wait for me, Aunt Het. I won't be home to dinner. McWhorter's got an idea he can move some secondhand books by mail and I have to go up to White Plains and look at somebody's library.". . .

It was a luckless night. For one thing, the minute Aunt Het left with Mary Jo, McWhorter banged on the door and came in scowling.

"Jim," he blazed, "you'll have to get rid of George Pierce and Mike Cherry. Between 'em, they've mailed to a deacon by mistake 2K613, 5B764 and 1G217."

"Never mind the football signals," Jim exploded. "Tell me the titles."

"Kipling's Plain Tales from the Hills, Mrs. Warren's Profession, and A Farewell to Arms." McWhorter almost choked. "A man named Whigham in Millsville, Pennsylvania, ordered six books for his Sunday-school class. I put the list myself on George's desk and Mike Cherry was helping him. Mike swears George changed the list to get him in bad."

"Get George in here!" Jim roared.

George came in, perspiring.

"The bird that changed those numbers," Jim said grimly, "ends the day without a job."

"If anybody changed 'em," George snapped, "Mike did it himself."

"What's a tough kid like Mike know about Hemingway and Shaw?" McWhorter bawled. "Ten to one he thinks Kipling is a Chinaman."

"Kip Ling!" I murmured.

"Gamey print," George snorted, "Mike looks into. And he's offa me. I've had to bawl him out a coupla times fo' starin' at Miss Eaton."

McWhorter had vanished. He returned, lifting Mike Cherry over the threshold by the back of his neck.

"I took a chance and told him he'd been seen changing the numbers," McWhorter trumpeted, purple with fury, "and he didn't deny it. He thinks it's funny."

"Don't bring him in here!" Jim said, breathing hard. "Pay him off and fire him. He'll get along. His uncle's a politician. I'll write this Whigham a letter."

When I left for White Plains, Mike Cherry was history.

I DECIDED in White Plains that it was certainly not my night. It was snowing hard. The library I inspected belonged to a doctor's estate; it was highly technical and included nothing at all we could use and, disgruntled, I ate in a drug store, traveled back to town and found Aunt Het on a divan in front of an open fire, reading a magazine.

"Henry," Aunt Het bubbled, dabbing one of her hands at me, "you should have seen Jim when he got here. He was simply superb!"

"Jim—when he got here!" I echoed.

"Oh," Aunt Het said blankly, "didn't you know? He called up and took Mary Jo out to dinner. Turned up," Aunt Het added, sniggering, "in his evening clothes. I expect he means to dance."

Purposely I yawned. Aunt Het has a tricky way of looking relaxed and watching you under her lashes.

"Well," I said, "this will be a good night for me to get some sleep."

I didn't sleep. But toward morning I made up my mind to ignore Jim's spectacular step and minimize its significance.

Jim had different ideas.

McWhorter, the next morning, needed Mary Jo in the stockroom and the minute she walked out Jim cleared his throat.

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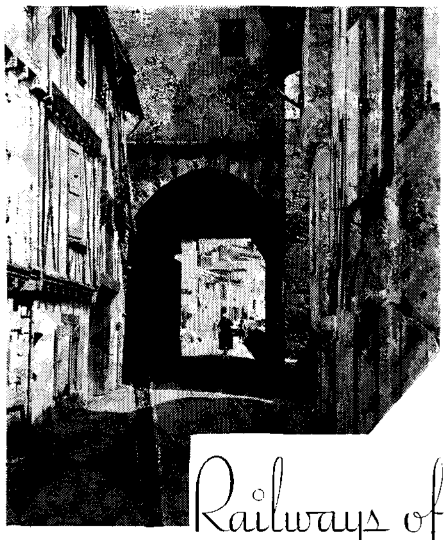

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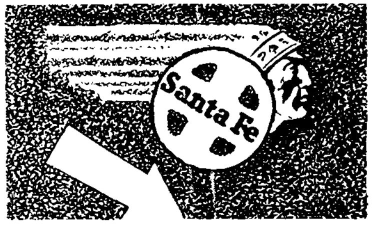

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"Henry," he said, "I took Mary Jo out to dinner last night because—well, as a matter of fact, I didn't think I altogether understood her."

"I've done that too," I grunted.

"I mean," Jim said stiffly, "her attitude about business. Nothing is really important to her, Henry, but happiness, agreeable friends and family—loyalties. Maybe she's right. After all—the purpose of life is—living."

"Fella," I said admiringly, "you've unearthed a profound fact."

That seemed to sting him. "I've made up my mind," he said, irritated, "to move Mary Jo's desk back to the middle office."

"Personally," I said, "I prefer her in here."

"So you can look at her," Jim said coldly. "So you can spring up and pick up balls of colored wool whenever she drops 'em."

Our private office without Mary Jo at the window had all the comfort of an oversized filing cabinet, recently overhauled.

IT IS a painful thing to record the emotional collapse of a businesslike intellect, especially when it's your partner. Nights, Jim Wolverton's mind began to shut up shop and toy with the business of living. In order to understand my beautiful cousin better, Jim bought a new Tuxedo and patronized florists, candy shops, theaters and hotel dancing floors.

Not that he got away with it without some healthy competition. The Richmond line held, particularly a tall, brassy bird by the name of Keith Marshall. Furthermore, at the end of the third week my bills were as big as Jim's and I was just as sleepy. Jim by this time had become so scatterbrained that he didn't even worry about Mr. Whigham of Millsville, Pennsylvania. An impenetrable silence, perplexing to Mr. McWhorter, hung over Millsville and 2K613, 5B764 and 1G217.

Thus matters stood one windy day in February when Jim and I went out to lunch—in different places. Mary Jo, that noon, was alone in the office.

At half past one McWhorter came back from lunch and found the office locked. One of the elevator men, he discovered, had the key. Inside on Mary Jo's desk he found a glass of milk and a sandwich. Neither one had been tasted.

"She left," McWhorter reported, "at one fifteen." And Jim said casually: "Was anybody with her?"

"A man," McWhorter said dryly.

At twenty minutes of three Jim spoke to me for the first time in three days. He said, "Funny."

I said, "Darn' funny."

Jim cleared his throat. "Is that Richmond guy—Marshall—in town?"

"He could be," I grunted. "He usually is. Elopements," I added encouragingly, "run in our family."

At twenty minutes of four, Mary Jo walked in, shining with excitement.

"Jim," Mary Jo gasped, closing the door, "you never will guess what's happened!"

Jim was beyond guessing. He looked downright dangerous.

"That awful old Whigham man in Pennsylvania," Mary Jo went on, her eyes big and dark and solemn, "wrote to Washington and reported you and Henry to the United States gov'ment for mailin' around obscene literature!"

"Kipling and Shaw?" I scoffed. "And Hemingway? He couldn't, honey—"

"But, Henry, he did! He cut little old pieces out of the books and mailed 'em in to Washington. The postal inspector had 'em with him."

"Inspector!" Jim bayed.

"He was the nicest man!" Mary Jo exclaimed. "He looked into practically ev'ything in the office and he said Mr. Whigham was prob'ly an old gooseberry and not to worry and I had to go out to lunch with him and explain it!"

Tight-lipped, my partner tossed some papers around on his desk and grabbed up a pad and pencil.

"This pad'll do," he said to Mary Jo. "Take a letter!"

"Now?" Mary Jo echoed, sitting down in her hat and coat. "Right this minute, Jim?"

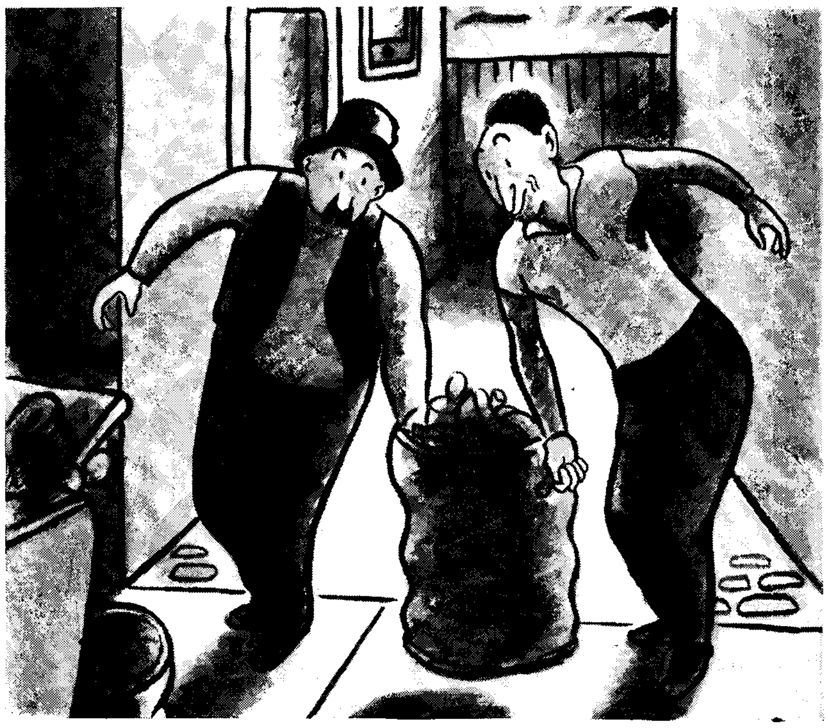
"Right this minute!" Jim said, smoldering. He went off like a machine gun:

"Miss Mary Jo Eaton,
Wolverton and Eaton, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

"My dear Miss Eaton:

"For the last hour all intelligent activity in this office has been suspended —as a matter of fact it has been suspended for days—and it becomes necessary for me to point out bluntly to whom it may concern that if this busi-

(Continued on page 68)



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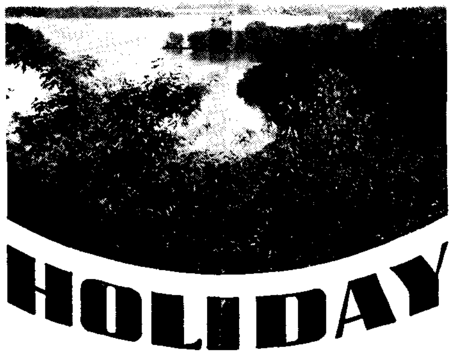

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(Continued from page 67)

ness is to survive—the firm of Wolverton and Eaton, Inc., will have to have more sleep and a sharper division of interests—"

"I'm tremendously concerned, Jim," I murmured. "I really am. Is this a proposal? And if it is, is it a brand-new one? Or is it last week's model, half-soled?"

When Jim blows up, nothing can stop him. He rattled right on with a raving note in his voice:

"Personally I am not up to the demoralizing hazards and suspense of—of—of what has been going on whatever it is—nor am I able to understand how a man who has something to say and means to say it can be so persistently—er—thwarted as I have been for several weeks—however, Miss Eaton, you receive a salary in this organization for listening—I refer to dictation—and I hereby dictate a notification that all along my intentions have been and still are matrimonial. To hell with Mr. Whigham. Very truly yours,
"J. B. WOLVERTON."

Mary Jo composedly closed her pad and rose and her face was completely wooden.

"Just a minute, Miss Eaton!" I murmured. "Take a letter."

My cousin shrieked. Nevertheless she sat down and opened the pad. I dictated as audibly as Jim:

"Miss Mary Jo Eaton,
Wolverton and Eaton, Inc.
New York, N. Y.
"My dear Miss Eaton:
"If you'll marry me, honey, I don't give a hoot what becomes of the business. Devotedly,
"HENRY."

Mary Joe with a baffling air of calm closed her pad again and left the room, dignified, preoccupied and silent, and I had an uncomfortable feeling, as the door closed, that Jim and I had a perfect secretary with no romantic interest in either partner.

I made some absent-minded marks on a sheet of paper and Jim wrote something violent on a pad. The silence stretched out tighter and more of it and presently the door opened again and Mary Jo came in, still in her hat and coat.

"Mr. Wolverton," my cousin said politely, "I'm resignin' my job. I consider it downright embarrassin'," Mary Jo went on with a spirited lift of her chin, "to work here any longer with ev'ybody, even Mr. McWhorter, watchin' you and Henry to see who's goin' to hit the other one first and G'o'ge Pierce makin' bets about it."

JIM blew up again. "Bets!" he roared.

"Don't you fire G'o'ge for bettin'," Mary Jo said indignantly. "I like G'o'ge. It was bad enough to fire poor old tough little Mike Cherry."

"But, Mary Jo," Jim protested, "Mike pulled some literature on a deacon."

"I feel sorry enough as it is about G'o'ge's uncle payin' fo' his ridin' lessons," Mary Jo went steadily on, "when I couldn't even ride with him."

"Who said you couldn't ride with him?" Jim demanded.

"Henry. Henry said Mr. McWhorter wouldn't like it."

"So," Jim said, "you rode instead with Henry. Amazing, isn't it, how much in a quiet way Henry gets done!"

"Honey," I said, beaming, "you can't really mean you're leaving poor old Jim?"

The sparkle under my cousin's lashes looked downright wicked.

"I'm goin' now." Mary Jo crossed the office and opened the corridor door. "I'm quittin' business fo' good. It's ev'y bit as bad as Kentucky. I left some letters on my desk." Her mouth actually twitched. "One is fo' you, Jim, and one is fo' Henry."

The door closed. Jim, muttering, went out and got the letters.

Well, I opened my letter a second ahead of Jim and let out a yell. It was written in shorthand and I headed instantly for the corridor with the letter in my hand. I even went down to the street floor, hoping to overtake Miss Eaton before she left the building but Miss Eaton had vanished. Then I thought of Jim's letter and bolted back.

Jim was pacing around in the office, wiping his face. "Henry," he brayed waving his letter at me, "this letter's in shorthand—"

"So's mine," I told him. "She must have left them on her desk purposely instead of bringing them in here, so she could get away before we opened 'em!"

"What the devil does it mean? Was she sore?"

"It means," I retorted, "that Wolverton and Eaton, Inc., are up another tree."

McWHORTER, half an hour later, was on the switchboard and I told him to call up Aunt Het's apartment and go back to his desk.

Aunt Het answered.

"I won't call her, Henry," Aunt Het said with a darned unladylike snort. "She's sound asleep. All of you need sleep!"

"Asleep!" I muttered to Jim. "Of all the callous, inhuman—"

Jim reached for his own telephone and joined the conversation.

"Listen, Aunt Het—" Jim began.

"Is that you, Jim?" Aunt Het sniggered. "I suppose it's about the shorthand?"

I said: "It certainly is!"

"Well," Aunt Het said heartlessly, "you'll know in time why she did it and serves you right, both of you, with me worrying day and night about my investment. If ever two imbeciles needed a lesson," Aunt Het went on, "it's you and Jim Wolverton. Two young men—two young men! Moving a girl's desk around from pillar to post as if it's dynamite. As for you, Jim Wolverton, blowing up like that in a public office it's an outrageous piece of business and Henry, you're no better. And if you want to find out which one of you that child thinks she'll marry, you'll have to figure out some way of digging it out of the shorthand because I won't allow her to do another thing about it, not a single thing!"

"Phew!" Jim mumbled into a silence. "Did she hang up?"

"Yep," I said stiffly. "Nothing pleases Aunt Het more than to discipline a male relative."

"Well," Jim said, staring glumly into space, "we've found out one thing anyway. She intends to marry one of us. That ought to worry you."

"Not particularly," I murmured. "I'm as optimistic as you are."

Jim grunted. "Henry, what in thunder can we do? We can't get a strange stenographer in here! There's a razzberry in one of these letters and she'd be sure to size the situation up and giggle."

McWhorter opened the door and thrust in his head. "Jim," he said, "there's a public stenographer on the fourteenth floor."

I reckon Jim and I both thought McWhorter had been listening.

"McWhorter," Jim blazed, "I'll trouble you to attend to your own affairs. Hereafter, what you overhear, keep to yourself!"

McWhorter hit the ceiling. "Miss

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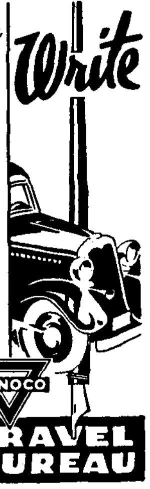

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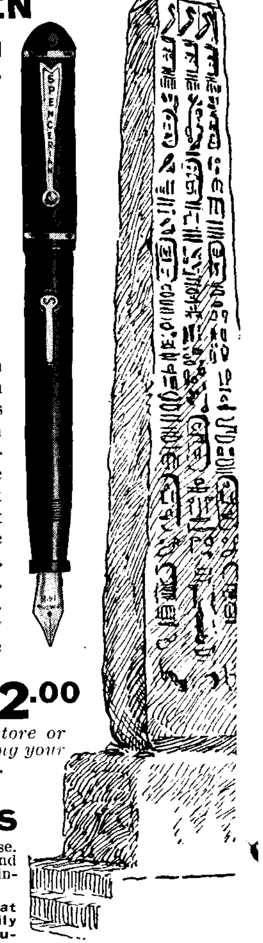

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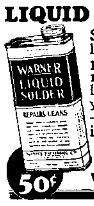

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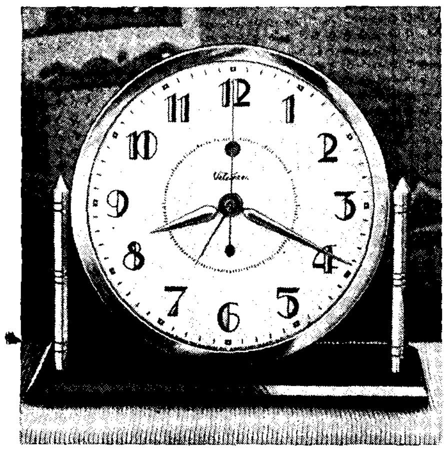

Telechron

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Warren Telechron Co.)

SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC CLOCKS

"Eaton left a note on my desk," he said, boiling mad, "and she said in it to tell you and Mr. Eaton there's a public stenographer on the fourteenth floor. If you'll mail me a check for whatever's due me," McWhorter went on, scorching Jim with a steady stare, "I'll be getting out. In your father's day, we could run a business without postal dicks."

Jim apologized.

"I have savings enough to buy me a farm," McWhorter flung back at him, unappeased, "and I'm quitting right now to buy it!" He plodded out with his head thrust forward, deaf to Jim's remonstrances.

"Henry," Jim said wearily, "you intend to go up to this public stenographer?"

"Well," I admitted, "I've been thinking up a way to go about it."

"Humph!" Jim said. "So have I." He fished a coin out of his pocket. "Heads, Henry, you go up first." It came up tails. Jim said moodily: "I go first. After all, only one of us need go—"

"Both letters better be typed," I said. "It will save a lot of painful conversation."

Jim moved slowly toward the door. "Darned if I'll ever be able to understand, Henry," he said wonderingly, "how a guy as susceptible as you are got in a monogamous state like this!"

After he went I walked around some, raised a window and turned off the steam; but I kept perspiring. Then I had a chill and closed the window and after that I walked out to the stockroom. George Pierce had gone home and McWhorter with a saturnine face was cleaning out his desk. He pointedly ignored me. I was back in the front office when Jim walked in. I'll be doggoned if I didn't feel sorry for old Jim. You only had to look at him once to know he'd found the razzberry. Neither one of us spoke.

WHAT happened after that, my Aunt Het has spread from here to Kentucky.

This public stenographer on the fourteenth floor was a Vassar girl by the name of Lucy Whitfield with the bluest eyes I've ever seen and honey-colored hair.

I knew the minute I walked into Miss Whitfield's office and looked at her once that the jam I was in nobody could straighten out. Love, Uncle Clay's often said, is sometimes like lightning and every step I took after I opened that door, I fell deeper in love with Lucy Whitfield and more horrified at the plight I was in. There was old Jim downstairs with an indigestible razzberry in his letter and here was I, in most unfortunate circumstances, practically engaged to my cousin, Mary Jo.

After all, Mary Jo Eaton *is* my cousin. I have always had for Mary Jo a warm cousinly regard. The unfortunate part of it was that I had impulsively misinterpreted that regard.

"Miss Whitfield," I said, "I have a friend who's a detective but the poor fellow's just come down with something violent and I've offered to follow up this clue for him if you'll be good enough to type it."

"You're Southern, aren't you?" Miss Whitfield said, smiling. She took Mary Jo's letter, slid a paper into her typewriter and typed off the beginning. "So far it says, 'My dear handsome cousin'—"

Doggone it, I almost claimed that letter. The trouble was, you couldn't trust the rest of it. Eventually, leaning over Lucy's shoulder I read the letter through:

"My dear handsome cousin:

"If every time you've fallen in love with me, you hadn't walked off in between and fallen head over heels in love with somebody else, over and over again, honey, I'd feel worse now about this letter. I want to marry Jim. I've been in love with Jim for days and days but Aunt Het said if I could just stall along and not tell him, you'd be sure to fall for somebody else and we could avoid a lot of hard feelings and maybe save the business. M. J. E."

"Funny," Miss Whitfield said, "that's the second detective's clue I've typed this afternoon."

Nobody can tell me old Jim hadn't telepathically picked the idea right out of my mind.

"It must be the same case," Miss Whitfield murmured.

Aunt Het has said since, with her idea of humor, that it was the same case.

I led Miss Whitfield's mind away from detectives. We talked for some time about shows we had both seen and shows we hadn't seen and Russian restaurants.

I WAS late getting back to the office but McWhorter was still there.

"Where's Jim?" I said.

"Well," McWhorter growled, "he came in here about an hour and a half ago, acting dazed and dumb, and upset a bottle of ink on 2M406 and talked me into staying. Then he went out and bumped into a chair and I followed him downstairs. He went off somewhere in a taxi. You better go home, too," he added, grunting. "You don't look much smarter than he did."

I took his advice and went home in a taxi and I'll be doggoned if that partner of mine wasn't up there in Aunt Het's apartment in a corner with Mary Jo, murmuring like a Southerner. Aunt Het was out in the kitchen measuring out a cocktail.

I had a little private talk with Jim in my bedroom and tried to make clear to him the cousinly regard I've always had for Mary Jo and I'll be hanged if he didn't let out a howl and fold up in his chair.

"Cousinly!" he choked. "Cousinly! Henry, I swear to heaven you're priceless. Aunt Het's right. You'll never change. And I came out of Miss Whitfield's office sick—actually sick with worry about you. Mary Jo," Jim added, gasping, "made friends with this Whitfield girl one morning in the elevator."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Mary Jo's—quick-witted!" Jim wiped his streaming eyes. "She said it came over her today, all of a sudden, that if you could just get a good look at Lucy Whitfield, you'd be off again. That's why she sent you up there!"

"You mean," I said scandalized, "that that handsome hussy you're marrying pulled that shorthand business on you and me to get Miss Whitfield into it?"

"Mary Jo said—" Jim's voice shook—"she said when we both blew up in the office she didn't know what on earth to do to stall off a show-down and save the business and then she thought of the shorthand and Lucy Whitfield and took a chance. Not," Jim added weakly, "with your disposition, that it was much of a chance! . . . Oh, my good gosh!" He was off again.

After Jim felt stronger, we went back together into the living-room and Mary Jo said to him in that lazy Southern voice of hers:

"Jim, honey, I've been writin' an ad fo' you. Listen. 'Wanted—a secretary'—"

I didn't hear the rest of it. A couple of minutes later Aunt Het hissed in my ear: "Henry, for heaven's sake, pour the cocktails. You're dreamier than ever!"

It was a honey-colored cocktail only a little darker than Lucy's hair. That girl's eyes are like big blue pansies.

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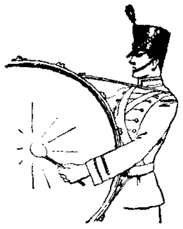

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Ride the River

Continued from page 19

and Lash. He drags a fast gun. Don't be reckless."

"Why did you bring him?" grunted Sycamore, glance passing forward. Young Willy Morgan had drifted back from a flank position to travel beside Con Lash.

"A good man with beef," observed Pearcy. "A good man to ride the river with, whatever else he may be."

"You see what he's doin'?" challenged Sycamore, dourly. "At the end of the trail Con Lash will drift like a wolf. It's outlaw country yonder. He'll take the kid. He's feeding the kid all those stories for a purpose. He'll swing the kid, make a thief out of him."

"Willy's old enough to know left from right. Don't interfere."

"Willy Morgan is a boy," argued Sycamore, "and he loves bright colors. Some day he'll know better, but now he's soft clay to be shaped by a clever man's hands. Con Lash wants a partner he can make do his dirty chores."

"I realize you hate the man," said Pearcy.

Sycamore's long glance flared. "He has smiled people to ruin before."

These easy-moving men of the prairie had a rule of living so simple as to be terribly inflexible. Pearcy knew that, so he only said:

"Feel the change of weather. We'll have rain by tomorrow."

FED and resting, the crew sat about the flame. This was the time when the memories of these men went backward to private histories seldom mentioned and to mistakes that would never die. Sycamore Smith studied Willy Morgan, now sitting at Con Lash's elbow. All the youngster's mannerisms were copied from Con Lash. He rolled his smoke in Lash's stiff-fingered manner, his grin broke ironically at the lip corners, he rode with his free arm hanging straight down. He was a sound lad, but he was young and Lash was his hero. When this drive was over Con Lash would lead him off to the wild bunch. Con Lash had done this before.

Sycamore's lips took on a pressed bitterness. Bent forward, he kicked a stray cottonwood branch into the fire. "There was a man down south one time," he said casually, "who had a brother. Also he had a girl he thought to marry. His name—"

Con Lash's head reared alertly. "Call him Smith. It's a common name."

The crew was still. "Smith was his name then," said Sycamore. "Smith's girl was of a fine family. Smith's brother was young and inclined to be flighty, but honest enough to do a day's work for a day's wages. That was so anyhow until another man came along. We'll say the other man's name was Red."

"Also a common name," murmured Con Lash, never letting his eyes stray from Sycamore.

"THE story is short," drawled Sycamore, watching that winkless glance. "This Red was the sort to please you. He could make himself agreeable to man or woman. In this case he did both. He took Smith's brother and made the boy think there was no fellow on earth like Red."

"Smith," suggested Con Lash, "maybe tried to warn his brother about this Red?"

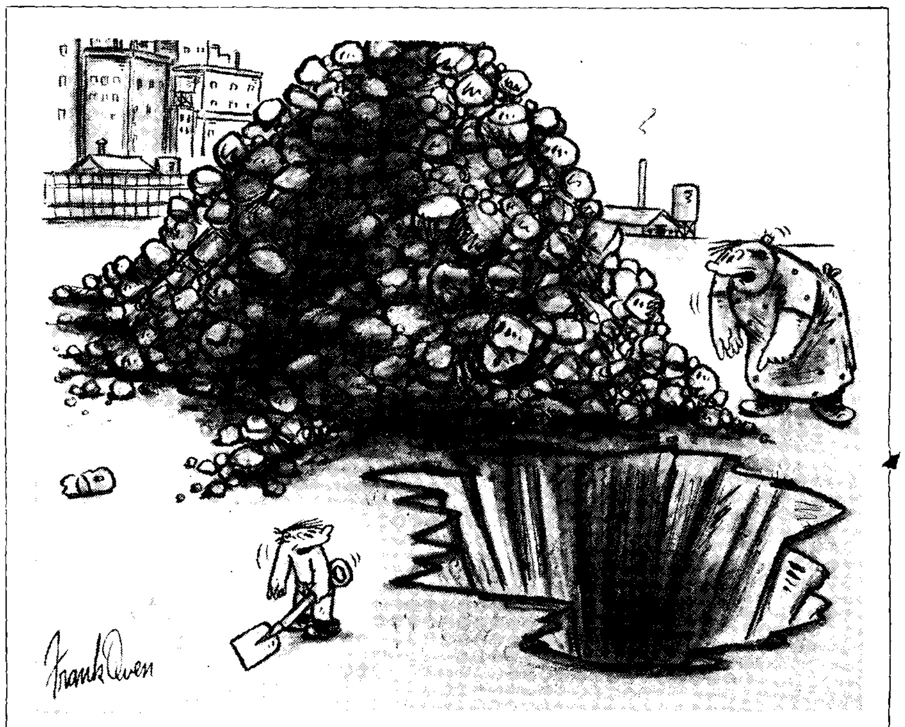
"Just so. But it didn't help. Red made a cattle thief out of the boy by speakin' of the admirable character of an outlaw. The two worked the *rustlin'* business for several months. And whilst about this, Red meanwhile got the girl's interest by his handsome manners and married her."

"Leavin' Smith in the cold?" said Con Lash, contemptuously amused.

"In the cold," murmured Sycamore. The crew, he realized, knew what unspoken things stood behind all this. But the kid didn't. The kid sat there attentively, accepting it as just another story to pass the evening away. "This southern country didn't know Red was a crook," Sycamore went on. "Nor did the girl."

"You're sure?" said Con Lash, words flatter.

"If the girl had known, she'd scorned him. But Red was all things to all people. The day they were married they went up the trail on a bridal trip. Red and the girl, and Smith's brother. The girl on a democrat buggy. That's the last of the girl and Smith's brother. Some months later Red came back alone, sayin' nothing."



"Oh! So I see you've dug up your nickel again!" *Frank Owen*

"This Smith never questioned Red about the missin' people?" droned Con Lash.

"No." Sycamore's tone was slowly sad. "He was waiting for the rest of the story to come. Somewhere up the trail, he found out, Red had collected half a dozen extra men. Their course continued north. What Red did afterward lies yonder."

Con Lash's glance was brightly malicious. "This Red couldn't of been so bad. The boy liked him. The girl married him."

"He had a way," spoke Sycamore. "A smilin', hypocritical way."

Willy Morgan said: "Smith should of done something, Sycamore."

Con Lash's grin was an ironic streak. "That's right, kid. But this Smith appears to have been a dumb ox that couldn't keep straw in his own stall."

"Which is yet to appear," was Sycamore's toneless reply.

They were seemingly barren of feeling, two upright torsos faced across the flame, brightened and dulled by the pulsing shifts of the light. Major Pearcy's voice was as gentle as the southern wind: "Leave the saddles on tonight. There's a hell-bender comin' out of the east."

The last vestige of the breeze died; the pale blue point of the flame rose straight to black heavens.

BROKEN JUG'S cattle crossed the Niobrara by evening of a day that had revealed no sun, that had been filled with a haze the color of tan mud. The river was up.

"Ordinarily you could cross this drink without wettin' your ankles," said Pearcy. "She's climbin' her banks fast. Where's that chuck wagon gone? I think a herd's somewhere ahead of us in this murk. Don't pile into it. I want the beef held close tonight."

Sycamore Smith skirted the edges of the herd in a sudden falling darkness. The camp fire's glow lay formless and faint at a seeming distance. Sky and earth had closed together but there was an absence of pressure in the air, a queer feel of suction, an increase of electric prickling. In the general hush the river's heavy sibilance formed a throaty undertone.

Sycamore rode back to the camp, ate a hurried supper, changed his horse. Tension gripped the outfit; nobody sat quiet. Con Lash had one comradely arm about Willy Morgan's shoulders. Major Pearcy's bemused face tipped to the heavens. "If we're in the center of this," he said, "we'll have beefsteak hangin' to every sage bush inside of fifty miles."

"And maybe some human hide," added Con Lash.

"The trail makes and breaks," assented Pearcy, very quiet.

Sycamore swung out. "Back in a little while," he called. Twenty paces took him beyond the sound and sight of them. He didn't know the exact point of the town, but in this thirsty land he knew it would be hard by the river, living on the strength of the prairie's scarce water. So, following the bank, he raised the blurred gleaming of lights and turned into an undistinguished street bordered by the raw buildings of another outpost in a lonely world. He went, as so often before, straight to the jail office and found a man there—a fine-shouldered man with blond hair, fair features and eyes purely hazel. "Battenburg?"

"Yes," said the marshal. He was at a desk, both arms lying on it. The light of his eyes turned oddly steady.

"A year ago six men and a woman came this way."

Battenburg said, "Yes," gently.

"There was trouble here?"

"It was money they wanted," said Battenburg. "They tried holding up a saloon and got shot out of town. A pair of that party is buried in Boot Hill."

Sycamore's talk crept dryly across the room. "No names?"

"They died too quick to tell. It was the girl that named the dead ones for us, afterward. Orren Peters. And a lad named Jack Smith."

"Brother of mine. My name is Sycamore Smith."

Battenburg hadn't moved. But as the tight moments went by, the color of his glance flowed from hazel to a bright green. The weight of his palms fell on arched fingers. Sycamore's cheeks held nothing; yet below this poker mask a cold fury beat and surged. "I'm not blaming you," he said at last.

"Never know about you Southern boys," murmured Battenburg. "The leader was a wild one. He escaped with three men."

"His name was Lash?"

"So the girl later told us."

"What about her?"

"She didn't know the quality of that man at all. She married him in good faith. What he did here exposed him to her. She was through with him then. That girl's all right. She makes her living here by teachin'."

"Where?"

Battenburg's glance pierced Sycamore. He said: "I want no more trouble for her. She's had enough. Remember that. Last house on the upper left hand of this street."

Sycamore walked from the office and strode into the darkness lying beyond the store lamps. One sally of wind rushed through town; in the north a faint shudder of pale lightning broke the sky and a single pellet of rain struck his hat brim. He came to a last house set back behind white pickets and stopped at the door. "I'm not askin' anything," he told himself sadly. Then he knocked.

The door opened. Against the light her body lay slim and straight. The oval outline of her face was dim, but he saw emotion rip across the level line of eyes he knew so well, and at that moment he wondered how much of the old laughter was left in her.

"Hello, Allyn."

It was casual, for there were reserves he could not break through and there was a hunger for which no word existed. He saw her shoulders tremble. A hand touched him lightly, and then held his sleeve in sudden strength.

"You've remembered me, Sycamore?"

"Why didn't you come back home?"

"I made a mistake and couldn't. I've some pride left, Sycamore."

"It's taken me a year to unravel this, Allyn."

"WHY should you care now?" said the girl, almost crying it.

"I don't change."

"I threw you over for a scoundrel not worth your little finger!"

"If you don't want me," said Sycamore, gently, "I'll be on my way."

"You deserve better! You ought to forget me—!"

"Why do you suppose I'm here?" muttered Sycamore.

"My dear—come in!"

His long arm went to the door frame and supported the forward weight of his body. Wind struck roof and wall gustily. A crystal-and-silver rain beat slantingly across the light. His voice strengthened. "I've got to get to camp before this breaks. We're going to Dakota. When the cattle's delivered I'll come, Allyn."

She caught his shoulders, and the familiar scent of her hair carried Sycamore back through the year of waiting and wiped it out. He kissed her, feeling the desperate grip of her arms.

(Continued on page 72)

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(Continued from page 71)

"I stopped hoping," she said. "But if you are mine again—"

"Till fall," Sycamore called out and went to his horse, and galloped down a street turned semi-liquid. On the prairie a howling wind shook him in his seat. *"I'll kill that man!"* he shouted. A higher and higher wailing rose from the north; the fog was cut apart by the bullet-like drive of the rain. One more distant shudder of light snaked across the far distance, faint thunder rolled. Riding into the Broken Jug circle he dismounted before a dying fire, where the crew stood waiting for certain catastrophe. Con Lash's dark face glistened in the background.

"If they run," boomed Major Pearcy, "it will be west along the river!"

Con Lash came into the small light, cheeks strained. "What'd you find?"

A rider appeared, water roping along his slicker. "We'll never hold 'em if that damn' noise busts any closer!" Lightning swelled through the dense night, momentarily exposing a sea of restless backs and tossing horns.

"Everybody rides!" called Pearcy.

"What did you find, Smith?" repeated Con Lash, more arrogantly.

THE crew never moved. Sycamore's body was a rigid shadow. "So this Red," he said, pushing his words into the wind, "went up the trail and tried *to rob a saloon. He got shot out of* town, leavin' Smith's brother dead. Leavin' the girl behind. He led one to a miserable end and spoiled the life of the other. All there was to the man was a grin covering a rotten heart! But he'll be soon dead!"

Con Lash hurled his taunting words back:

"Ain't you guessin' at that?"

"Get into the leather!" shouted Major Pearcy.

Men ran toward the ponies, struggling into a blast grown wilder. They were barely seated when it struck—a purple blaze sundering the heavens from corner to corner; a blinding brightness followed by titanic crashing. Sycamore got to his saddle, hearing a long cry javelin back. "They're gone!" Shapes of cattle streamed past, the chuck wagon went down and became matchwood. Turning with the stampede, Sycamore shoved his horse into a dead run and curved out of the charging mass. He bent low in the saddle and made contact with the undulating edges of that senseless, bawling jam; he matched the pace, he bettered it. He pulled slowly up to the leaders and passed them and veered his pony dangerously across the pathway of the stock.

Lightning broke again and sky and earth shook with the deep artillery detonations. Sycamore lagged a little, let *the first rank of beef come up to him,* and then began to drop his bullets, one and another, into that mad rush. A terrific cry knifed through the welter of sound—a squalling yell at once mortal and unearthly. Sycamore said, "Goodby!" bitterly. There was no going back now. He rode the crest of the wave, prisoned by it, entirely at its mercy.

IT WAS dreary dawn when Sycamore came slowly out of a ravine five miles north with an exhausted fragment of the herd. Ahead of him a man bent toward the ground, rose and took to the saddle. He rode a staggered circle about something on the earth and fired three spaced shots into the wet air. At that signal of disaster Sycamore swore gently and bolted ahead. Broken Jug riders came sweeping up from all quarters.

A man lay there on the yellow clay, soundless and motionless. Willy Morgan stood over him, his body miserably drooped. The kid's cheeks were creased with tears and in his eyes was a despair that had no bottom. Sycamore *stared down at the figure, identified it* and looked silently across to Major Pearcy. Pearcy said: "Lash."

"That's the yell I heard last night, then," said another rider.

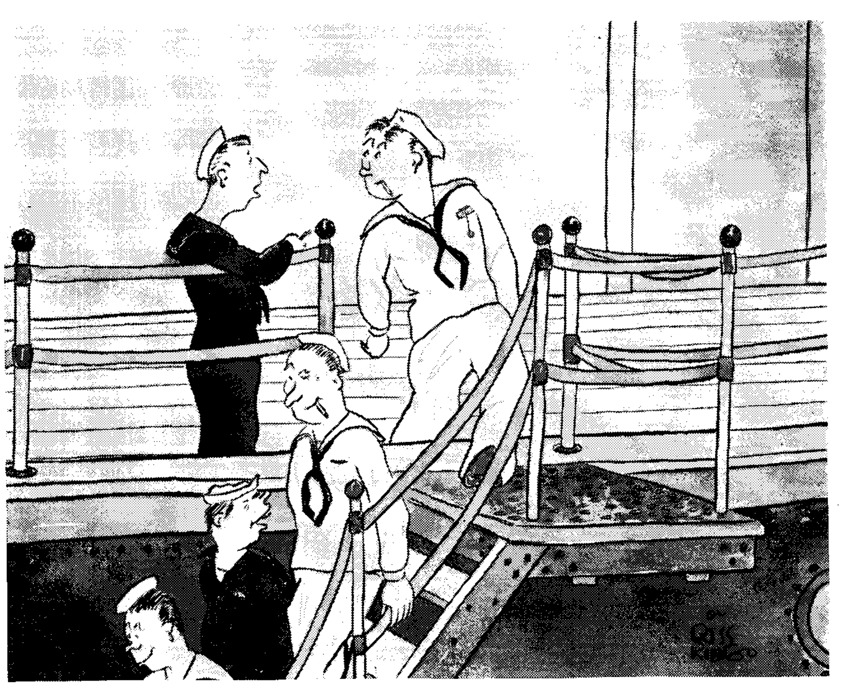
Pearcy murmured: "More Texas blood to christen this northern country."

Sycamore's eyes clung to Willy. The kid's cheeks went hollow and the kid's lips were bitter-tight; stark grief was shaking his immature frame. The trail was cruel, thought Sycamore. It had killed Con Lash; but, and this seemed clearer and clearer, it was making young Willy a man. So he said, softly: "He was a good hand to ride the river with, Willy."

Willy Morgan wheeled, leaped into his saddle and raced blindly away.

"Why," demanded Major Pearcy, "did you say a thing like that? You hated Con Lash. You'd of shot it out with him later."

"The kid," mused Sycamore, "never knew Lash was a crook. He thought Lash was a great man—and he'll try to be the fellow he thought Con was. Never spoil a loyalty like that."

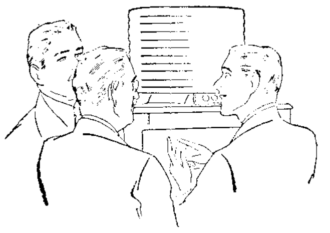


"Naw, I ain't going. My heart's on the West coast" *Russ King*

THEY CREATED A NEW *Style Sensation* *in Electric Refrigerators!*

BEAUTY OF DESIGN now complements the refrigerator mechanism famous for its performance record throughout the world.

Seven years ago General Electric introduced the first Monitor Top refrigerator. 15 previous years of research, in the famous General Electric House of Magic, perfected a matchless mechanism that set a new standard for quiet, dependable, trouble-free refrigeration service at low cost.



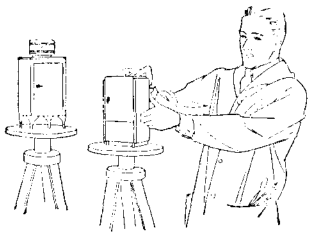
MATCHLESS MECHANISM!

In less than five years 1 out of every 3 electric refrigerators in America's homes was a General Electric Monitor Top. It became universally recognized as the standard of excellence. Even in the movies you will note a General Electric Monitor Top refrigerator is almost invariably shown when the scene represents a modern kitchen.

Here is the refrigerator with a sealed-in-steel mechanism that is built for a lifetime and protected 5 full years—4 years in addition to the standard 1 year warranty—against any possible replacement cost due to failure, for only $1 a year!

To perfected mechanical performance General Electric now adds brilliant beauty and distinguished cabinet styling. The skill and genius of America's foremost designers has been drawn upon, and in these new models General Electric offers you the aristocrats of all refrigerators—the style sensation of 1934!

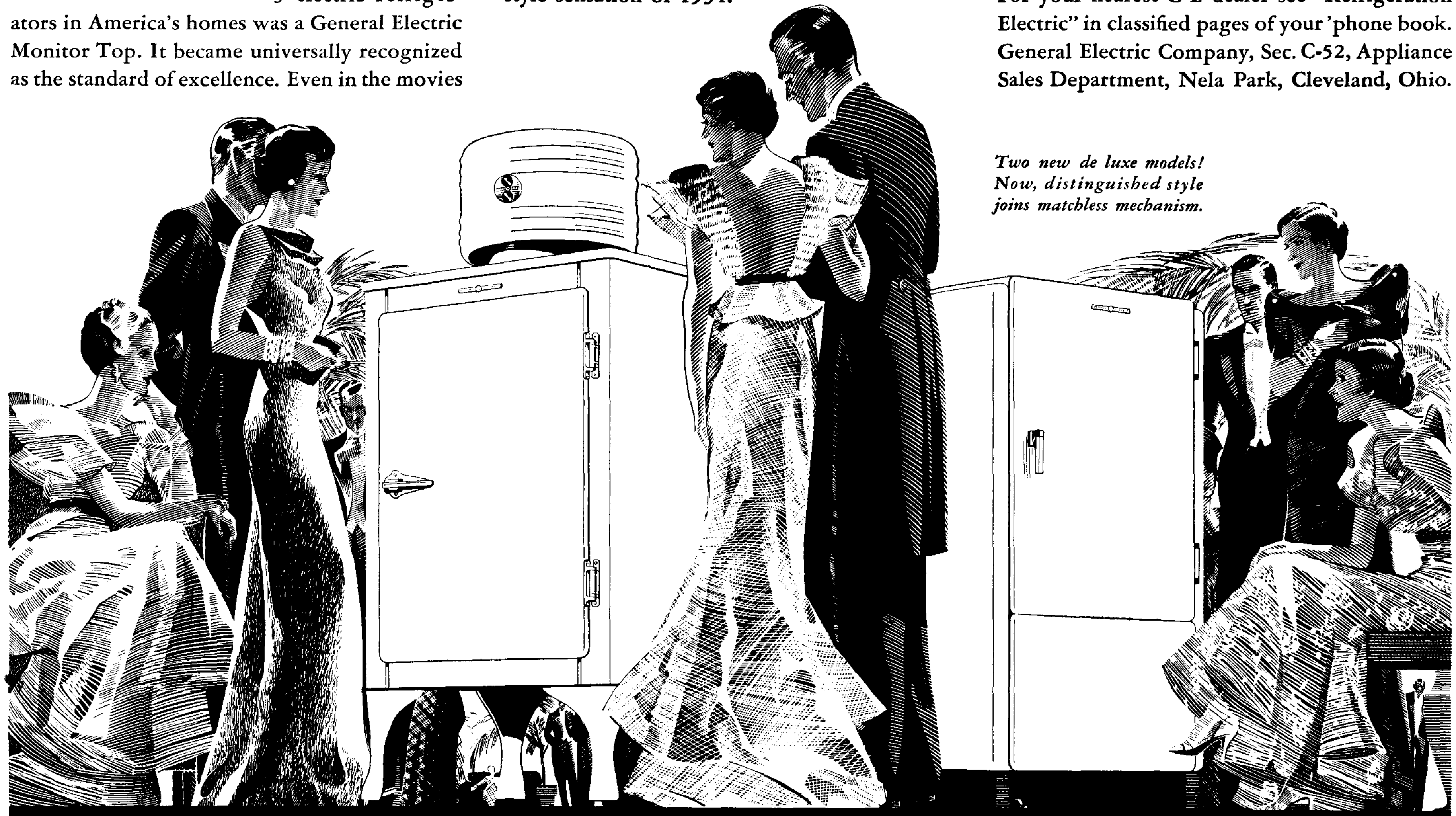
There are only two styles of electric refrigerators . . . Monitor Top and flat-top. See them *both* at your General Electric dealer's display room.



DISTINGUISHED STYLE!

In General Electrics you will, of course, find all the modern features: All-steel cabinets, porcelain inside and out. Sliding shelves. Foot pedal door opener. Interior lighting. Control for fast or slow freezing. Stainless steel quick freezing chamber. Automatic defrosting. Removable vegetable compartment.

For your nearest G-E dealer see "Refrigeration Electric" in classified pages of your 'phone book. General Electric Company, Sec. C-52, Appliance Sales Department, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



Two new de luxe models! Now, distinguished style joins matchless mechanism.

GENERAL ELECTRIC *All-Steel Refrigerator*

Collier's

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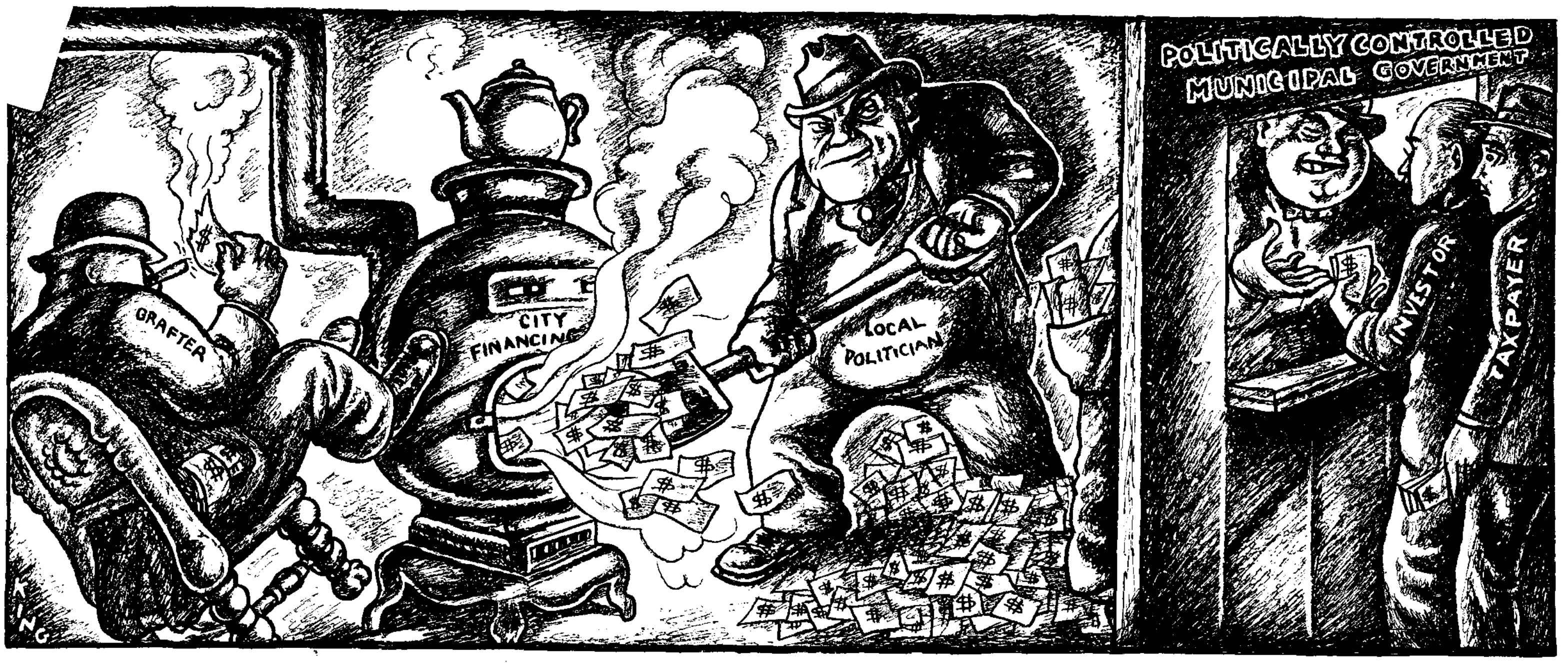


Your City and Your Money

OUT of the tumult and ferment of these times we should get better city and local government. James Bryce's statement two generations ago that "the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States" is still too true. Cincinnati, which John T. Flynn describes in this issue, is news because its managers have been prudent while others were improvident.

The practical basis of the present hope lies in the financial mismanagement of the cities during recent years. Nearly 1,800 American cities have defaulted on their bonds and in many states legislatures have passed or are considering laws to impose some kind of financial control over improvident municipal politicians.

In many places thriftless local authorities have been making pleas for loans from banks. When, as is inevitable, bankers ask about the prospects of repayment, a vast hullabaloo is raised over banker control.

State and federal authorities, like bankers, have to know about the prospects of getting back what they advance to cities. It does local politicians little good, however, to complain about control by Washington or by the state. After all, solvent communities are having no troubles either with bankers or state or national authorities.

The plain fact is that a vast number of cities are in financial difficulty because of extravagance and mismanagement. In 1932 as governor of New York Franklin D. Roosevelt proposed that the state act as receiver for bankrupt local governments. Massachusetts actually took over the management of Fall River financial affairs and New Jersey took control of North Bergen. North Carolina authorized the state to take over the management of any city or local government which failed to pay interest and principal on a debt due.

Reflecting the character of the times, the last decade witnessed an orgy of municipal spending. Schemes of all sorts led to wild extravagance, both in large and small communities. New and magnificent high school buildings, palatial auditoriums, athletic fields, sewered and paved street developments, magnificent park systems—all were launched, providing fat contracts for favored politicians and with no thought as to the ability of the communities to pay.

No wonder that the municipal debt mounted! The total of municipal securities, including short and long term bonds, now reaches more than ten billion dollars. The figure reaches the enormous total of sixteen billions if we include the borrowings of counties, school districts and of other minor civil divisions. In the ten years between 1922 and 1932, the net debt of cities, towns, villages and boroughs increased nearly 90 per cent; and in the twenty years between 1912 and 1932, the debt increased by more than 200 per cent. What an opportunity for the small local politician and for all types of waste and graft!

The situation is serious, not only for the investing public but for the people as a whole. That the investors and the citizens are much the same people is a fact which has been too often overlooked. The chief holders of municipal bonds are the savings banks, the insurance companies, the investment trusts, the universities and other philanthropic foundations. When municipal bonds are defaulted, it is the depositors and policy-holders who suffer, as do the great mass of beneficiaries of our welfare institutions. Average people, then, are the ones who suffer, both through devaluation of savings and through loss of service. Later, the market for new bonds tightens. The interest rate goes up, and necessary improvements cannot be financed.

Investors are already beginning to demand a temporary suspension of further municipal borrowing and an adjustment of essential services to a pay-as-you-go basis. More and more we hear the further suggestion that the states uniformly set up nonpolitical machinery with veto power to supervise local budgets and proposed bond issues. Such measures are now operating successfully in a number of states.

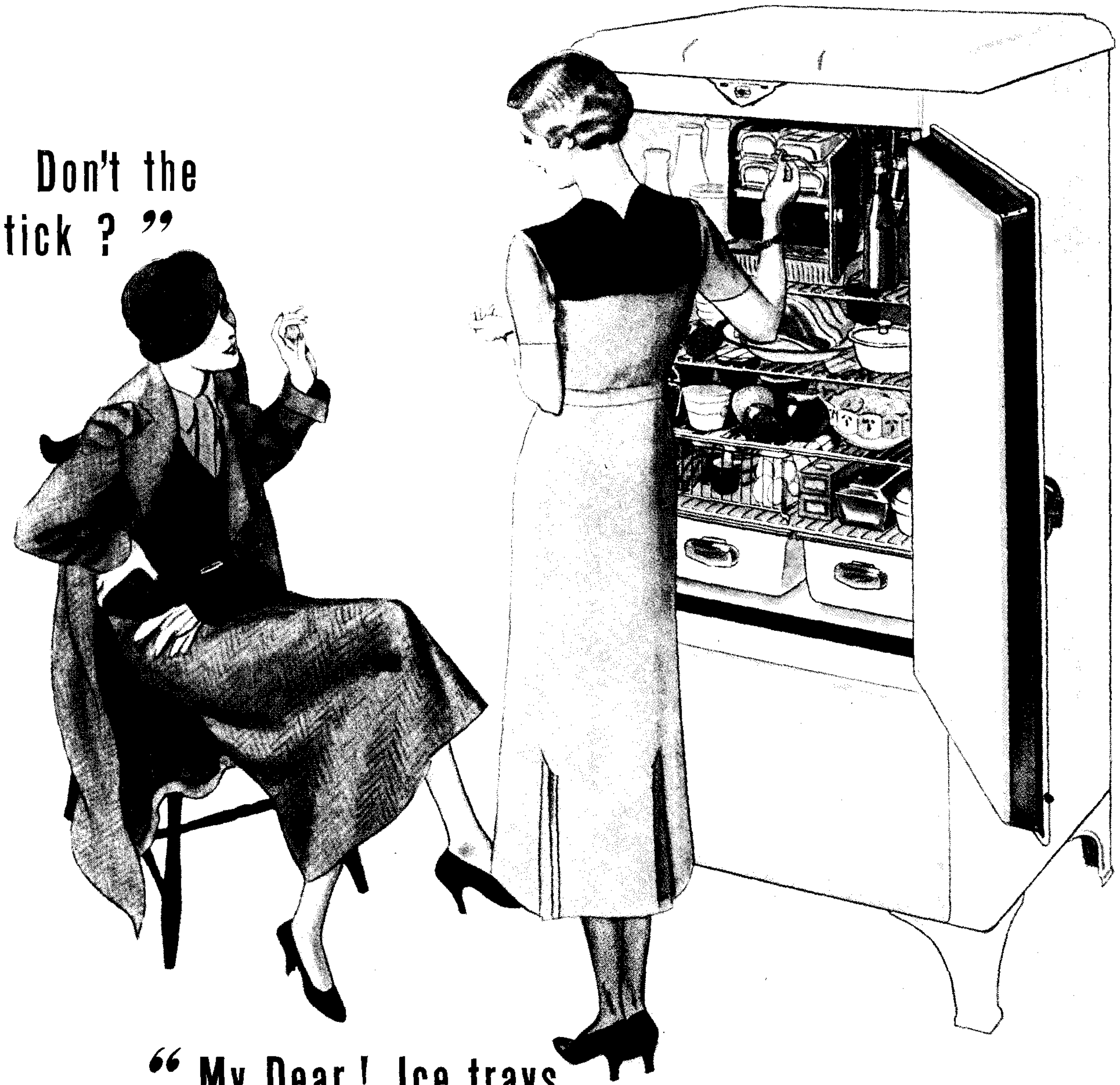
We must cut our suit to fit the cloth. The present tax burden can no longer be carried by most American communities, and the first requirement is to cut down on expenditures to meet the current financial difficulties. In the era of prosperity cities expanded their services beyond the pocketbooks of their citizens. Now there must be curtailments. On the other hand, such curtailments must be intelligent.

When necessity compels readjustment, the first thought of the politician and too often of the unimaginative business man is to cut down essential public services. Schools and health agencies are not ordinarily politicians' pets. Consequently they are the first to feel the pinch of economy.

A community stupid enough to cripple its schools and other vital social agencies rather than to cut out unnecessary political jobs would be doubtless better managed by a receiver or by a state agent. Home rule isn't of much value if we are too busy or too apathetic to exercise it. Certainly home rule is of little value if its chief practical result is to enable political bosses to entrench themselves in power at public expense.

The great desideratum is to take municipal government out of politics, which has run our cities into the ground. National political issues should play no part in determining who shall manage our local housekeeping, the size of budgets and the character of municipal expenditures. Cincinnati has succeeded where others failed because the people of Cincinnati consistently have sustained a nonpolitical municipal régime. Nothing short of the most economical and intelligent business administration must in the future control municipal affairs. The technician must from now on supplant the politician. Otherwise municipal inefficiency, the disgrace of our cities, will continue.

"Why Helen! Don't the ice trays stick?"



"I would never have believed you could get so much food in a refrigerator of that size."

"I probably couldn't in any other. But this is a Frigidaire '34."

"We'll be gone all afternoon. Better not defrost your refrigerator till tomorrow."

"Don't be old-fashioned. My Frigidaire '34 turns itself *on when it's through defrosting."*

"How can you keep all those vegetables so fresh and plump?"

"That's easy! Look at the big *Hydrators they've put in this Frigidaire '34."*

"My Dear! Ice trays that stick are out-of-date...

Ours is a Frigidaire '34"

Perhaps you've thought that *all* electric refrigerators have ice trays that stick and that have to be pried loose. Maybe you've thought *all* were expensive to run. Then you'll get the surprise of your life when you see the Frigidaire '34!

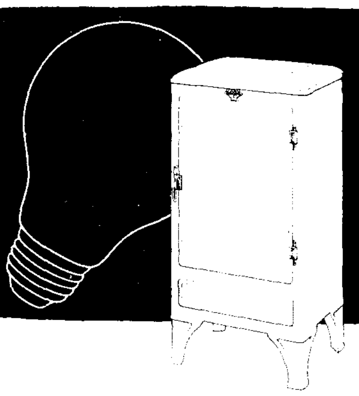
Just think of this: automatic ice tray release... the trays slide out at a finger-touch! Automatic defrosting... turns *itself* on when defrosting is completed! An extra quiet motor that uses an amazingly small amount of current!

The Frigidaire '34 has many other wonderful conveniences and features too. Many models have the Frigidaire Servashelf, for instance, that's *such* a help when rearranging things. The Sliding Utility Basket for eggs and small articles. *Lifetime* Porcelain, inside and out, that's so easy to keep sweet and clean. Special space inside for extra tall bottles. And the Hydrator!... *double* capacity to keep your vegetables and fruit fresh and plump!

Truly, the Frigidaire '34 is different from any refrigerator you've ever seen. But you *must* see it to appreciate its new-day convenience and economy. Won't you visit your nearest Frigidaire showroom and see why everybody's talking about the Frigidaire '34? Learn why so many proud women already are boasting "Ours is a Frigidaire '34."

Amazing Economy!

Here is a Frigidaire that actually uses less current than one ordinary lamp bulb



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- *You can be sure it is pure and wholesome. Coca-Cola is a pure drink of natural products, with no artificial flavor or coloring. Complying with pure food laws all over the world.*

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